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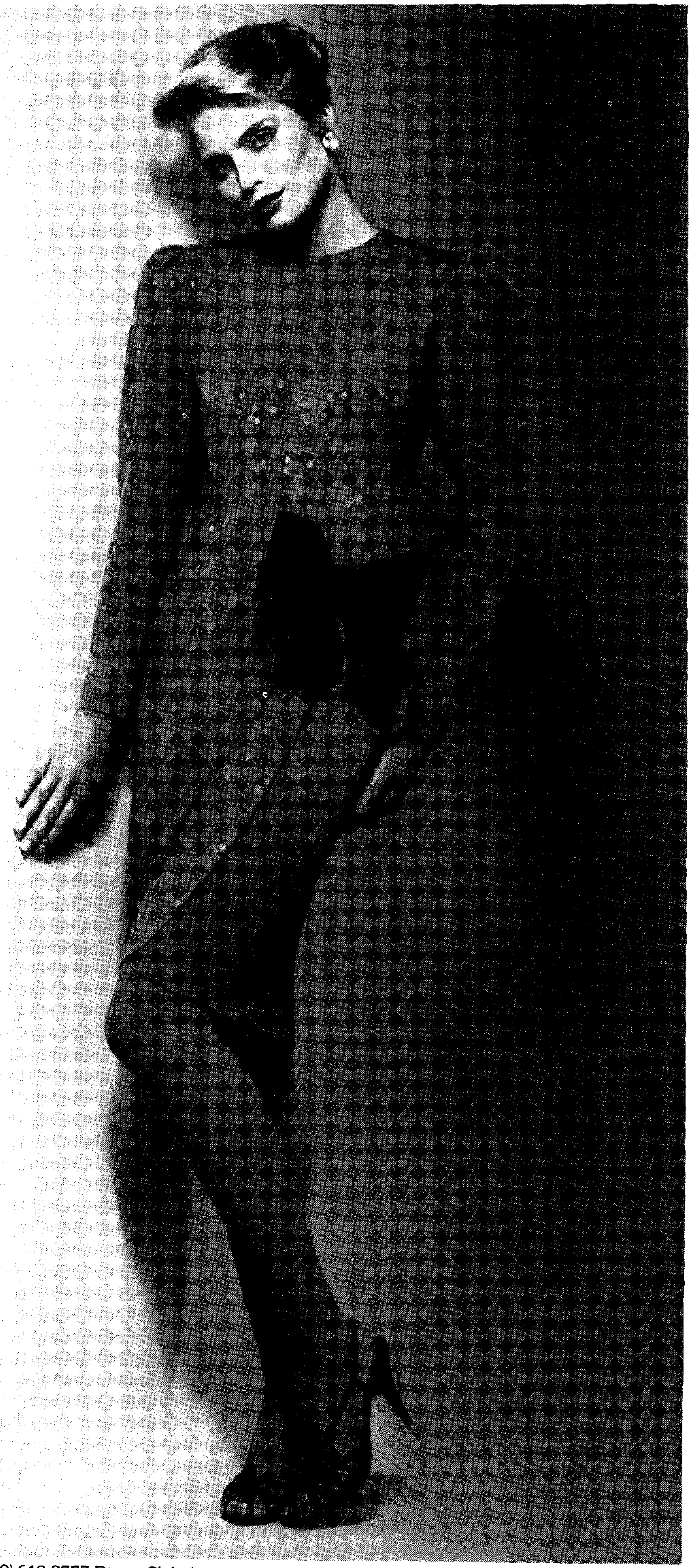

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			12	13	14	15
16	17	18	19	20	21	22

Beckett Plays—Three brief plays by Samuel Beckett. The haunting "Catastrophe," in which David Warrilow gives a silent, eloquent performance, first appeared in this magazine. Alan Schneider is the impeccable director. (Reviewed in our issue of 6/27/83.) (Harold Clurman, 412 W. 42nd St. 594-2370. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.)

Big Maggie—This harsh comedy—an Irish import by John B. Keane—is about a widow and the schemes she devises to initiate her four grown children into the stringent realities of life in provincial Ireland. Ideally, the play should be performed by an Irish company, but the American actors assembled do pretty well under Donal Donnelly's direction. Robin Howard is excellent in the title role. (10/10/83) (Douglas Fairbanks, 432 W. 42nd St. 239-4321. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Breakfast with Les and Bess—Holland Taylor and Keith Charles in a comedy by Lee Kalcheim. (Lambs Theatre, 130 W. 44th St. 997-1780. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Oct. 30.)

Brighton Beach Memoirs—Neil Simon's new and reputedly autobiographical comedy. (4/11/83) (Neil Simon, 250 W. 52nd St. 757-8646. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

La Cage aux Folles—A big, handsomely designed and handsomely costumed musical, starring George Hearn and Gene Barry. The book, by Harvey Fierstein, is sentimental nonsense, but the music, by Jerry Herman, is pleasantly tuneful. Everybody else in New York intends to see the show, so why not you? (9/5/83) (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

The Caine Mutiny Court-Martial—An excellent revival of Herman Wouk's courtroom thriller about a dotty Navy captain in the Second World War. With Michael Moriarty, Philip Bosco, Joe Namath, and half a dozen other admirable actors. (5/16/83) (Circle in the Square, 50th St. west of Broadway. 581-0720. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Edmund Kean—Ben Kingsley in a one-man show that celebrates the disreputable personal life and brilliant professional career of the man who is generally considered one of the three or four greatest actors in British history. (10/10/83) (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 245-3430. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8.)

Fool for Love—Sam Shepard's play is as near a miracle as makes no matter—mysterious, funny, and beautiful. It is about two battling, loving lovers in a motel room at the edge of the Mojave Desert and about many other matters as well. Will Patton and Kathy Whitton Baker have the leading roles. Mr. Shepard directed. (6/6/83) (Circle Repertory Company Theatre, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 924-7100. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

FunHouse—Eric Bogosian in a one-man show. (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 691-6226. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Jewish Gypsy—Mary Soreanu in a Yiddish musical, with English narration. (Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. 921-9442. Wednesdays at 8 and Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Thursdays at 2, and Sunday, Oct. 16, at 1.)

Light Opera of Manhattan—Through Sunday, Oct. 23: Gilbert and Sullivan's **H.M.S. Pinafore.** (Eastside, 334 E. 74th St. 861-2288. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, and Saturdays and Sundays at 3:30.)

The Master Builder—The Ibsen play, with Edward Seamon and Laurie Kennedy. Preview on Wednesday afternoon, Oct. 12. Opens officially that evening. (Roundabout Stage One, 333 W. 23rd St. 242-7800. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.)

My One and Only—Tommy Tune and Twiggy make a pair of delightful lovers in a musical whose book, by Peter Stone and Timothy S. Mayer, succeeds in embracing half a dozen classic Gershwin songs. An irresistible show. (5/9/83) (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 398-0280. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

My Uncle Sam—Mark Margolis and R. Hamilton Wright in a play by Len Jenkin. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7105. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Oct. 23.)

'Night, Mother—A faultlessly written play by Marsha Norman, starring Kathy Bates and Anne Pitoniak. The subject matter is grim—a young woman's determination to commit suicide—but one is often amused as well as touched by the family verities that Miss Norman manages to bring to light as if for the first time. Tom Moore directed. (4/11/83) (Golden, 252 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

On Your Toes—A hit musical of 1936 that deserves to remain a hit, thanks to the music of Richard Rodgers, the lyrics of Lorenz Hart, the choreography of George Balanchine, and the direction by George Abbott, who also helped write the book. This production stars Galina Panova and Lara Teeter. (3/14/83) (Virginia, 245 W. 52nd St. 977-9370. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

The Philanthropist—A revival of Christopher Hampton's play, with David McCallum. Preview on Wednesday, Oct. 12. Opens officially on Thursday, Oct. 13. (Manhattan Theatre Club, 321 East 73rd St. 472-0600. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

Quartermaine's Terms—The title character of Simon Gray's funny, sad comedy is a teacher whom loneliness has made even more bubble-brained than God did. Lee Richardson plays the leading role, and he is well supported by Roy Poole, Caroline Lagerfelt, Colin Stinton, and Barbara Caruso. Kenneth Frankel directed. (3/7/83) (Playhouse 91, 316 E. 91st St. 831-2000. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

Ridiculous Theatrical Company—Presenting

TABLE OF CONTENTS

THE TALK OF THE TOWN 41

"THE PALACE AT 4 A.M." . . . . *Donald Barthelme* 46

"TWO POEMS FROM 1916" . . . . *Marina Tsvetayeva* 48

"EFFIE" . . . . *Gwyneth Cravens* 51

"THE SHIRT" (POEM) . . . . *Roger Shattuck* 52

A REPORTER AT LARGE (LONDON PUBS) . . . . *Bill Barich* 57

ANNALS OF DIPLOMACY (U.S.-GERMAN RELATIONS—PART II) . . *Richard J. Barnet* 94

MUSICAL EVENTS . . . . *Andrew Porter* 168

THE CURRENT CINEMA . . . . *Pauline Kael* 178

COVER: *Arthur Getz*

DRAWINGS: *Dana Fradon, Warren Miller, Jack Ziegler, Everett Opie, Al Ross, J. B. Handelsman, Ed Arno, Mischa Richter, Lee Lorenz, Joseph Farris, Michael Maslin, Bernard Fuchs, Frank Modell, Robert Mankoff, Stan Hunt, Mick Stevens, George Booth, Charles Barsotti*

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Charles Ludlam's **GALAS.** (One Sheridan Square. 691-2271. Wednesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8.)

SHADES OF BROWN—A play set in present-day South Africa, by Michael Picardie. (Henry Street Settlement's New Federal Theatre, 466 Grand St. 598-0400. Thursdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Oct. 30.)

TAKING MY TURN—A buoyant musical with Margaret Whiting, Tiger Haynes, Victor Griffin, Cissy Houston, Ted Thurston, and Mace Barrett, all of them noted singers and dancers who are presumed to be old but whose performances refute that presumption at every turn. The very good songs were written by Will Holt (lyrics) and Gary William Friedman (score). Robert H. Livingston was the able director. (6/20/83) (Entermedia, 189 Second Ave., at 12th St. 475-4191. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

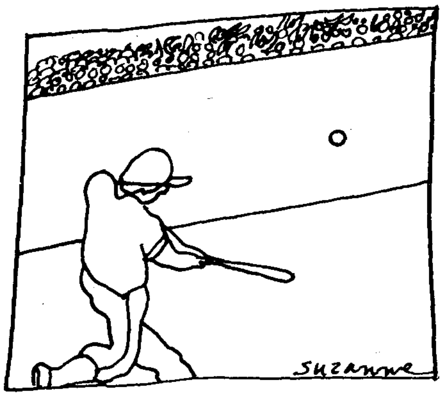
THE VI-TON-KA MEDICINE SHOW—The first production of the twentieth-anniversary season at American Place is this re-creation of the sort of show that toured the country from the Civil War through the nineteen-fifties. (American Place Theatre, 111 W. 46th St. 247-0393. Wednesday through Saturday at 8. Matinées Wednesday and Saturday at 2, and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, Oct. 16.)

YELLOW FEVER—A delightful comedy-mystery that neatly parodies private-eye movies as it goes its merry way. The setting is the Asian section of Vancouver in the nineteen-seventies. R. A. Shiomi was the deft playwright, and the Sam Spade role—here named Sam Shikaze—is assumed by Mako. Donald Li plays Shikaze at the matinée performances. All the actors do well under Raul Aranas's direction. (1/17/83) (47th Street Theatre, 304 W. 47th St. 586-2696. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

YOU CAN'T TAKE IT WITH YOU—The happily slapdash comedy that George S. Kaufman and Moss Hart wrote in the middle nineteen-thirties seems as hilarious as ever. Directed by Ellis Rabb, with a rambunctious cast headed by Eddie Albert. (4/18/83) (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

ZORBA—Anthony Quinn has the title role and stars with Lila Kedrova in this musical based on the novel by Nikos Kazantzakis. The book is by Joseph Stein, the lyrics by Fred Ebb, and the music by John Kander. Previews through Saturday, Oct. 15. Opens officially on Sunday, Oct. 16. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8; opening-night curtain at 6. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

LONG RUNS—**AMADEUS:** Peter Shaffer's method as a dramatist is to devise an intricate puzzle and then resolve it, displaying much wit and erudition along the way. The puzzle in this instance is whether Mozart was poisoned by his contemporary, the composer Antonio Salieri, or, no less wickedly, reduced by him to professional failure and poverty. Daniel Davis plays the villainous Salieri, and Peter Crook plays Mozart. (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Wednesday through Saturday at 8. Matinées Wednesday and Saturday at 2, and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, Oct. 16.) . . . **CATS:** A musical version of T. S. Eliot's "Old Possum's Book of Practical Cats." Music by Andrew Lloyd Webber, choreography by Gillian Lynne, and direction (and some lyrics) by Trevor Nunn. A superb spectacle, which may run for years and give cats the right to vote and hold office. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 239-6222. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **A CHORUS LINE:** A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **DREAMGIRLS:** Michael Bennett's whiz-bang and totally synthetic musical about show biz. The breeze is terrific. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** 9,760 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **42ND STREET:** Pleasantly old-fashioned choreography by the late Gower Champion and a few classic songs enliven an otherwise inert pastiche of the Warner Brothers movie that made Ruby Keeler a star. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 246-0730. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **GREATER TUNA:** Ron Lee Savin and Michael Jeter portray twenty citizens (m. and f.) of the third-smallest town in Texas, in a play that is as broad as a cartoon but is also sharp and satiric and frequently funny. (Circle in the Square Downtown, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Oct. 23.) . . . **LITTLE SHOP OF HORRORS:** Based on Roger Corman's 1960 horror quickie about a man-eating plant, this exuberant, jokey musical is wholly free of camp. The score is by Alan Menken, and Howard Ashman directed and wrote the book and lyrics. Martin P. Robinson designed the menacing plant, and it speaks and sings in the menacing baritone of Ron Taylor. (Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., at 8th St. 477-2477. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **NINE:** A musical version of Fellini's "8½," with charming music and lyrics by Maury Yeston, a stunning set by Lawrence Miller, and sensationally attractive costumes by William Ivey Long, but the book (by Arthur Kopit) is an embarrassing anti-feminist tract. Sergio Franchi is the star. (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 221-1211. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **OH! CALCUTTA!:** A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164. Mondays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **SISTER MARY IGNATIUS EXPLAINS IT ALL FOR YOU** and **THE ACTOR'S NIGHTMARE:** "Sister Ignatius," the second of Christopher Durang's brace of one-acters, is a scathing satire on Catholic education: a crazy nun verbally molests her small pupils until she is given her comeuppance by four visiting alumni. In the curtain-raiser, "The Actor's Nightmare," a businessman dreams that he is on a stage and forced to perform, giving rise to a cluster of shrewd parodies of respected playwrights. (Westside Arts, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **TORCH SONG TRILOGY:** Three plays—humorous, sad, sentimental, and witty—by Harvey Fierstein, which star Jonathan Hadary as a Jewish homosexual hustler and drag queen. Phillip Astor substitutes for Mr. Hadary at the matinée performances. (Helen Hayes, 240 W. 44th St. 944-9450. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **TRUE WEST:** Sam Shepard's comedy about two rival brothers in California, which was given an unsatisfactory production originally, has now been transformed by the clowning of James Belushi and Gary Cole. Gary Sinise was the excellent director. (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. 989-2020. Mondays and Wednesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)



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MISCELLANY

ONE TOUCH OF VENUS—Peggy Cass, David Garrison, Lee Roy Reams, and others in a concert version of the Kurt Weill (music), S. J. Perelman (book), and Ogden Nash (book and lyrics) musical. Jim Dale will act as narrator. (Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. 840-2824. Sunday, Oct. 16, at 4.)

SERIOUS BIZNESS—This little show, written by Jennifer Allen, David Babcock, Winnie Holzman, and Don Perman, and performed by Mr. Babcock, Jill Larson, Mr. Perman, and Nealla Spano, is as witty and humorous as anything in town. (O'Neals', 147 W. 43rd St. 869-4200. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8, and Fridays and Saturdays at 8 and 10:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30.)

DANCE

JOFFREY BALLET—Opening performances of a four-week engagement that will run through Sunday, Nov. 13—Tuesday, Oct. 18, at 7:30: "Dream Dances" (company première), "Round of Angels," and "Cloven Kingdom" (company première). (A benefit performance.) . . . ¶ Wednesday, Oct. 19, and Friday, Oct. 21, at 8: "Suite Saint-Saëns," "Love Songs" (New York première), and "Offenbach in the Underworld." . . . ¶ Thursday, Oct. 20, at 8: "Dream Dances," "Five Brahms Waltzes in the Manner of Isadora Duncan," "Round of Angels," and "The Green Table." . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 22, at 8: "Petrouchka," a new unnamed ballet, and "Cloven Kingdom." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989.)

TRISHA BROWN DANCE COMPANY—A program of avante-garde dance which includes a new work, "Set and Reset," with music composed and performed by guest artist Laurie Anderson. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Thursday through Saturday, Oct. 20-22, at 8; and Sunday, Oct. 23, at 2.)

BERTRAM ROSS DANCE COMPANY—A program of solo works. (Theatre of the Riverside Church, Riverside Dr. at 120th St. 864-2929. Thursday, Oct. 13, and Saturday and Sunday, Oct. 15-16, at 8.)

REBECCA KELLY DANCE COMPANY—A five-day engagement. (Marymount Manhattan Theatre, 221 E. 71st St. Wednesday through Friday, Oct. 12-14, at 8; Saturday, Oct. 15, at 3 and 8, and Sunday, Oct. 16, at 3. For tickets, call 924-0077.)

BETH SOLL AND COMPANY—"Dances of Paradise and Everyday Life," a new full-length work. (Ethnic Folk Arts Center, 179 Varick St. Saturday and Sunday, Oct. 15-16, at 8. For tickets, call 924-0077.)

COURT DANCE COMPANY—A program of Renaissance music and dance. (Marymount Manhattan Theatre, 221 E. 71st St. Friday and Saturday, Oct. 21-22, at 8, and Sunday, Oct. 23, at 3. For tickets, call 255-5545.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town. . . . ¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

ANGRY SQUIRE, 216 Seventh Ave., at 23rd St. (242-9066)—A long, narrow nautical bar and restaurant that's been a Chelsea fixture for years. Friday and Saturday, Oct. 14-15, will be claimed by the **JAKI BYARD** trio; Friday and Saturday, Oct. 21-22, the **JIM MC NEELY** trio will be aboard. Sets at ten, eleven-thirty, and one.

BALLROOM, 253 W. 28th St. (244-3005)—**BLOSSOM DEARIE** is here doing concert-style (sh-h-h!)

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

sets Wednesdays through Saturdays, from six-thirty to eight-thirty.

Blue Note, 131 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (475-8592)—According to the barman, there've been scads of clubs at this address, going all the way back to speakeasy days. JOE WILLIAMS, the former Basie vocalist, is today a winning entertainer, be he singing pop standards, shouting blues tunes, or turning over Vegasy one-liners; through Sunday, Oct. 16. On Monday, Oct. 17, Dona Carter and Craig Purpura will be on hand, and on Tuesday, Oct. 18, singer JEAN CARN will begin a week's visit with her backup team. Music from nine-thirty. Trumpeter TED CURSON conducts after-hours (real late, after two in the morning) jam sessions on Fridays and Saturdays.

Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—The varied roster: Wednesday, Oct. 12, JONATHAN RICHMAN & THE MODERN LOVERS; Thursday and Friday, Oct. 13-14, TANIA MARIA, a dynamo of a Brazilian-jazz singer and pianist, and Pieces of a Dream; Saturday through Monday, Oct. 15-17, rock guitarist Nils Lofgren; Tuesday and Wednesday, Oct. 18-19, bass virtuoso JACO PASTORIUS; and Friday and Saturday, Oct. 21-22, singer PHOEBE SNOW. Shows at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty Sundays through Thursdays, and at nine and midnight Fridays and Saturdays. Dining.

Bradley's, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—Some of the most accomplished and famous pianists, bassists, and, occasionally, guitarists in the world (their names are sometimes posted on a little piece of paper taped to the back of the pay phone) work in this dark-panelled, perpetually (it seems) crowded, talkative New York bar and restaurant. The pianists and bassists: RAY BRYANT and JIMMY ROWSER through Saturday, Oct. 15, and HILTON RUIZ and MAJOR HOLLEY beginning Monday, Oct. 17. Music from nine-forty-five.

Broadway Joe's, 315 W. 46th St., near Eighth Ave. (246-6513)—The poised, swinging JIMMY LYON, who plays piano until ten in Peacock Alley at the Waldorf, a large, *very* subdued room, comes to this convivial, buzzing smallish barroom, where he gets an impressive second wind. He's here from ten-thirty to two Fridays and Saturdays. Dining.

Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—BOBBY SHORT, once the prized fixture of the Café Carlyle—nowadays, a prized visitor—is back, vigorously paying his respects to Coward, Porter, Gershwin, and company, as his ardent followers vigorously pay him theirs. Shows Tuesdays through Saturdays at ten and midnight. Dining. . . . BARBARA CARROLL plays piano and sings a bit, too, in the Bemelmans Bar from nine every night but Sunday.

Carnegie Tavern, 165 W. 56th St. (757-9522)—ELLIS LARKINS has moved back into this dark-brown restaurant around the corner from Carnegie Hall. His delicate, elegant piano solos, performed before hushed, attentive audiences, are encased, at times, in very short sets. Nightly, except Sundays, from eight to midnight.

CBGB & OMFUG, 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—Rock and roll as a garage industry: Wednesday, Oct. 12, Technical Wreck, the Objects, the Mood Elevators, and the Pressure Boys; Thursday, Oct. 13, Broken Glass, A Thousand Violins, and Play by Numbers; Friday, Oct. 14, the Drongoes, the Primary Colors, Cross-Fire Choir, and Bohemia; and Tuesday, Oct. 18, Agipop, the Black Tights, and They Might Be Giants. Monday is showcase night. Music from long after nine-thirty.

Club Jisco, 40 W. 27th St. (532-7666)—A large room (until recently, known as the Jazzmania Society) with ceiling fans, jazz fans, and dancing fans. On Friday and Saturday, Oct. 14-15, trumpeter TED CURSON will head up a quintet; and on Saturday, Oct. 22, organist CHARLES EARLAND will drop in with his sextet. Thursdays are the property of HERMAN ANGEL'S sextet. Live music from ten; taped music from nine.

Cookery, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (674-4450)—JOE TURNER, a first-edition stride pianist and a contemporary of Fats Waller, can be found here every night except Sundays. Shows at nine and eleven-fifteen. Dining.

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16	17	18	19	20	21	22

Eagle Tavern, 355 W. 14th St., at Ninth Ave. (924-0275)—A homey music room for devout admirers of bluegrass, old-time country music, and British and Irish folk music. (Devout doesn't mean subdued; there is plenty of hooting—not the self-indulgent, rowdy kind but the supporting, appreciative kind—and handclapping.) The musicians: Wednesday, Oct. 12, Father Charlie Coen; Thursday, Oct. 13, at eight-thirty, Eric Thompson and Susie Rothfield; Saturday, Oct. 15, mandolin wiz ANDY STATMAN and his Klezmer Orchestra, which plays bluegrass, Western-swing, and Eastern European Jewish music; Wednesday, Oct. 19, Cathal McConnell; and Saturday, Oct. 22, the Double Decker String Band. Music from eight on Wednesdays and from nine on Saturdays.

Eddie Condon's, 144 W. 54th St. (265-8277)—A dark, sleek alternative hangout for traditional jazz (see also Jimmy Ryan's below). The house sextet works Tuesdays through Saturdays from eight-thirty to two. Sunday, Oct. 16, Danny D'Imperio & the Metropolitan Bopera House will perform from about nine-fifteen. On Mondays, trumpeter Ed Polcer heads his group from eight-thirty, on Wednesdays the Bill Simon and George Simon quintet works from five-thirty to eight-thirty, and on Fridays from five-thirty to eight-thirty Danny D'Imperio and Jay Leonhart co-pilot a quartet. Dining.

Fat Tuesday's, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7902)—A spiffy downstairs jazz room that has, for the moment, become a jazz vocalist's room: baritone crooner ARTHUR PRYSOCK is here until Sunday, Oct. 16. Sets begin after nine. Dining. Closed Mondays.

Folk City, 130 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (254-8449)—Folkie City, that is: Friday, Oct. 14, folk-rockers MARY MC CASLIN & JIM RINGER; Saturday, Oct. 15, British folkie Robin Williamson; Sunday, Oct. 16, comedienne Jane Brucker; Tuesday, Oct. 18, Cliff Eberhardt and Peter Spencer; Friday, Oct. 21, Frank Christian and Chris Smither; and Saturday, Oct. 22, blues singer SONNY TERRY. Two shows—the first one getting under way about nine—every night but Wednesday, when the music starts at ten, and Monday, which is hootenanny night and begins about eight.

Greene Street, 101 Greene St., near Prince St. (925-2415)—A big, self-conscious space in which to listen to some worthwhile drummerless music. Wednesday and Thursday, Oct. 12-13, pianist CEDAR WALTON and bassist RON CARTER; Friday and Saturday, Oct. 14-15, singer CARMEN LUNDY; Sunday and Monday, Oct. 16-17, pianist RON MATHEWS; and Tuesday through Saturday, Oct. 18-22, pianist JOHN HICKS. Music Sundays through Thursdays at eight-thirty, ten, and eleven-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at eight-thirty, eleven, and one. Dining.

Gregory's 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—Small enough to be a hamburger stand (it was) and musical enough to be a jazz landmark (it is). Guitarist Matt McErlean's trio can be heard Wednesdays through Sundays; on Mondays, pianist Baba Motta works with bassist John Belzaguy; and Tuesdays belong to guitarist CHUCK WAYNE. All these groups begin about ten. On Sundays from five to ten, Baba Motta is present, and Loumell Morgan plays piano the same hours Mondays through Fridays.

Hanratty's, 1754 Second Ave., at 91st St. (289-3200)—A dining room with a view of a pianist. BILL JONES is the pianist Tuesdays through Saturdays. On Sunday, Oct. 16, Keith MacDonald will take over the keyboard, and on Monday, Oct. 17, DICK HYMAN will drop by. Music Sundays through Thursdays from eight-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays from nine. Dining.

Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (664-9700)—A no-frills, uncarpeted—the music carries more vividly without a carpet to soak it up—traditional-jazz haunt and an alternative to Eddie Condon's (see above), just thirty paces east. A tradition-bound sextet led by trumpeter Spanky Davis occupies the bandstand Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine-thirty to three. On Mondays, trumpeter MAX KAMINSKY leads the group. On Sundays, Kaminsky directs another group of musical archivists from eight until two.

Knickerbocker Saloon, 33 University Pl., at 9th St. (228-8490)—A pleasant corner restaurant and bar that is crowded with good listeners, and for good reasons. The good reasons are the good pianists and bassists: HILTON RUIZ and MAJOR HOLLEY through Saturday, Oct. 15, LOU LEVY and MICHAEL MOORE starting Tuesday, Oct. 18, and the Sunday and Monday guys, JUNIOR MANCE and MARTY RIVERA. Music from ten.

Lone Star Café, 61 Fifth Ave., at 13th St. (242-1664)—Authentic in its Texasness—you can spot the down-home folks; they're the guys in Bermudas and sockless loafers who look like former high-school football players. Wednesday, Oct. 12, John Mayall and Canned Heat; Thursday, Oct. 13, Badfinger, with Tony Kay; Sunday, Oct. 16, Kinky Friedman; Monday, Oct. 17, rockabilly-and-blues composer OTIS BLACKWELL; Tuesday, Oct. 18, soul singer WILSON PICKETT; and Thursday, Oct. 20, folkie RICHIE HAVENS. Music from eight-thirty. Dining.

Lush Life, 184 Thompson St., at Bleecker St. (228-3788)—A simple, unpretentious jazz club that has an exciting, established feel to it, even though it's been around less than two years. The roster: Wednesday, Oct. 12, drummer PAUL MOTIAN; Thursday through Sunday, Oct. 13-16, MOSE ALLISON, the simultaneously rural and urbane singer-pianist; Tuesday and Wednesday, Oct. 18-19, WALTER DAVIS, JR., the all-smiles hard-bop pianist, and his quintet; and Thursday through Sunday, Oct. 20-23, the Gene McDaniels band. Sets begin at nine-thirty. Dining. Closed Mondays.

Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—Pianists ALBERT DAILEY and LOU STEIN play duets through Saturday, Oct. 15; and on Tuesday, Oct. 18, pianist MAX MORATH will take charge. Music Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine-fifteen. On Monday nights from nine to midnight, the New Orleans Funeral and Ragtime Band occupies the bandstand. Dining. Closed Sundays.

Mikell's, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—For more than a decade, rhythm-and-blues headquarters in New York. The lineup: Thursday, Oct. 13, Emilie Long; Friday and Saturday, Oct. 14-15, Latin-jazz percussionist MACHITO; Monday, Oct. 17, Alyce Morris; Tuesday, Oct. 18, Toshinori Kondo; Wednesday, Oct. 19, the Thorne Birds; and Thursday, Oct. 20, Ivy Ray. Music from about ten until two. Dining.

Other End, 149 Bleecker St. (673-7030)—A folk, folk-rock, rock, and, lately, more-than-occasional jazz club. The schedule: Wednes-

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			12	13	14	15
16	17	18	19	20	21	22

day, Oct. 12, the Push, Maiden America, and Social Register; Thursday, Oct. 13, Cody Lee & the Walk, the Tapes, and the Hometown Rockers; Friday, Oct. 14, Bonnie Parker & the Sorrows; Saturday, Oct. 15, Bill Chinnock; Monday, Oct. 17, J'zzing and Billy & the Buttons; Wednesday, Oct. 19, Kevin Sullivan, Via Satellite, and the Gift. Shows start at ten and twelve-thirty. Sundays after ten are jam-session nights. Dining and dancing.

Peacock Alley, in the Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (355-3000)—**JIMMY LYON** is playing piano in this quiet room, which functions as a sort of passageway connecting the hotel lobby with a dining room. Mr. Lyon, who has accompanied Mabel Mercer throughout the past decade, has a touch that seems magically smooth and cushioned, and his timing is unassailable. He's on hand Tuesdays through Saturdays from six to ten.

Peppermint Lounge, 100 Fifth Ave., at 15th St. (989-9505)—A three-story club for r. and d., r. and r., R. and R., and R. & B. *if* you have a proper I.D. Friday, Oct. 14, the Cats of Joyous Recognition; Saturday, Oct. 15, the Searchers and **ALAN VEGA**; Friday, Oct. 21, the Pressure Boys; and Saturday, Oct. 22, the Raybeats. Live music from about eleven-thirty.

Rainbow Room, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (757-9090)—**PANAMA FRANCIS AND HIS SAVOY SULTANS** play absolutely irresistible and uplifting music to Lindy to Tuesdays through Thursdays from seven to one; Fridays and Saturdays from eight to two; and Sundays from six to midnight. Dining and dancing.

Red Blazer Too, 1576 Third Ave., at 88th St. (876-0440)—Traditional jazz off the beaten track—far from West 54th Street and the Village, that is. Different bands work from nine every night but Sunday, when the music begins at seven. Dining.

Ritz, 119 E. 11th St. (254-2800)—A big, fancy (but the appropriate dress is black sneakers rather than black tie) thirties ballroom that presents past, present, future, past-perfect, present-perfect, future-perfect, and imperfect forms of rock and roll. Wednesday and Thursday, Oct. 12-13, and Saturday, Oct. 15, gravelly-voiced British R. & B. singer **GRAHAM PARKER**; and Friday, Oct. 14, Mental As Anything. Shows tend to begin sometime after midnight. Dancing.

Seventh Avenue South, 21 Seventh Ave. S., at Leroy St. (242-4694)—A pleasant second-floor jazz-rock and R. & B. club, with a nice view of the street from the window tables. The schedule: Wednesday, Oct. 12, Keith Loving; Thursday, Oct. 13, Contempo Vibrato, with singer Steve Satten; Friday and Saturday, Oct. 14-15, the sublime soul quintet **STUFF,** with bassist **GORDON EDWARDS,** guitarists **CORNELL DUPREE** and **ERIC GALE,** pianist **RICHARD TEE,** and drummer **BUDDY WILLIAMS**; Sunday, Oct. 16, Betty Barney; Tuesday, Oct. 18, Ed Palermo's big band; Wednesday, Oct. 19, Tiger Oroshi; Thursday and Friday, Oct. 20-21, saxophonist **BOB MINTZER**; and Saturday, Oct. 22, singer Jocelyn Brown. Mondays have been reserved for pianist, composer, arranger, and sage **GIL EVANS** and his orchestra. Music from ten.

Sounds of Brazil, 204 Varick St., at W. Houston St. (243-4940)—The exuberant weekend crush does nothing to dispel the rumor that Brazil is the Texas of South America. The schedule: Wednesday, Oct. 12, pianist **DOM SALVADOR**; Thursday, Oct. 13, Adesanya Adeyeye; Friday, Oct. 14, **PÉ-DE-BOI**; Tuesday, Oct. 18, percussionist **DUDUCA FONSECA**; Wednesday, Oct. 19, Mixed Grill; Thursday, Oct. 20, the African Connection; Friday, Oct. 21, Brazuca; and on Saturdays, **LOREMIL MACHADO & THE SARAVA BAHIA BAND.** Music from ten. Dining. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

Sweet Basil, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—**ARTHUR BLYTHE,** whose alto saxophone sounds lush and full-but-not-too-filling and should be heard live, leads his quintet through Saturday, Oct. 15; Sunday and Monday, Oct. 16-17, will belong to singer **SATHIMA BEA BENJAMIN**; and starting Tuesday, Oct. 18, trumpeter **RED RODNEY** and multi-instrumentalist **IRA SULLIVAN** will arrive with their quintet. Shows from about ten. Dining.

Tramps, 125 E. 15th St., at Irving Pl. (777-5077)—Where the spirit of fifties rhythm and blues and rural blues lives on, thank heavens: Mondays through Wednesdays, Buster Poindexter & the Banshees of Blue work out; and on Friday and Saturday, Oct. 14-15, Delta-blues singer and guitarist **CEDELL DAVIS** will be present. Music after nine.

Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—On Mondays, exciting, adept salsa bands take over the big downstairs room at nine to play for excitable audiences: on Oct. 17, pianist **JORGE DALTO** & his InterAmerican Band and Adalberto Santiago and his orchestra will share the stage, along with guest jazz soloist, alto saxophonist **PAQUITO D'RIVERA.** On Wednesday, Oct. 12, electric keyboardist **JAN HAMMER** *will perform, and on Friday and Saturday,* Oct. 14-15, **BETTY CARTER** will sing at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty. And starting about nine out on the Terrace, singer-pianist **BOB DOROUGH** is here through Sunday, Oct. 16, pianist **RAY BRYANT** comes in on Tuesday, Oct. 18, and every Tuesday resident jazz harpist **DAPHNE HELLMAN** can be found alternating with the visiting pianists.

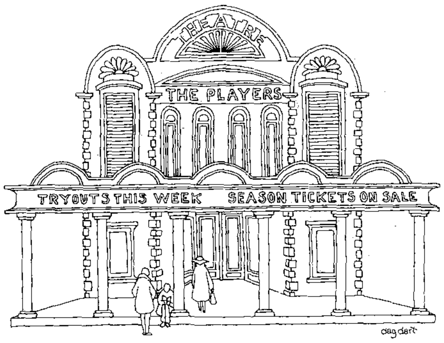
Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—A hallowed basement of a jazz club. **GEORGE COLEMAN,** a true-believer hard-bopping tenor saxophonist, leads a quartet through Sunday, Oct. 16; on Tuesday, Oct. 18, trumpet ace **JON FADDIS** will arrive with a quartet. On Mondays the **MEL LEWIS BIG BAND** takes charge. Music from ten.

Village West, 577 Hudson St., near Bank St. (691-2791)—A pleasant, informal, tile-floored bar and restaurant on Abingdon Square, with live jazz. Clarinettist **BUDDY DE FRANCO** performs with a trio through Sunday, Oct. 16; on Tuesday, Oct. 18, singer **CHRIS CONNOR** will move in for a two-week visit. Music at nine and eleven Sundays and Tuesdays through Thursdays, and at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty on Fridays and Saturdays. No music Mondays.

West Boondock, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (929-9645)—Devoted patrons have sought this place out for years, and it is perhaps the best jazz club in the meat-packing district. One attraction is the authentically prepared collard greens; another is the warm atmosphere. Mondays through Wednesdays are given over to Joe Ruddick and Frank Jollife; and Joe Forrester has the Thursday-through-Sunday shift. Music from eight-thirty until two.

West End, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—Past the steam tables of piping-hot student food, beyond the pinball machines is a room full of mostly swing music. The musicians: pianist **DICK KATZ** on Wednesday, Oct. 12, and Sunday, Oct. 16; saxophonist Haywood Henry Thursday through Saturday, Oct. 13-15; Tristano disciples **CONNIE CROTHERS** and **LENNIE POPKIN** Monday through Thursday, Oct. 17-20; and tenor saxophonist **GEORGE KELLY** & his Jazz Sultans Friday and Saturday, Oct. 21-22. Music from about nine.

Zinno, 126 W. 13th St. (924-5182)—The piano-bass roster: Jim Roberts and Brian Torff through Sunday, Oct. 15, **LEE ANN LEDGERWOOD** and her bassist starting Monday, Oct. 17, and **JOHN BUNCH** and **PHIL FLANIGAN** every Sunday. Music Mondays through Saturdays from nine, and Sundays from eight-thirty.



JAZZ / FOLK / ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

Grateful Dead—Madison Square Garden. 564-4400. Wednesday, Oct. 12, at 7:30.

Lionel Richie—With the Pointer Sisters. (Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 246-4600. Wednesday, Oct. 12, at 8, and Thursday and Friday, Oct. 13-14, at 8 and midnight.)

Caribbean Expressions '83—A four-day program of music and dance. Thursday, Oct. 13, at 8: Groups from Nigeria, the Dominican Republic, and an American calypso company.... ¶ Friday, Oct. 14, at 8: Jelon Vieira Dance Brazil, Roberto Borrel y Su Kubata, and others.... ¶ Saturday, Oct. 15, at 8: Music from Haiti, a steel band from Trinidad, and reggae music from Jamaica.... ¶ Sunday, Oct. 16, at 2: A joint program of music and dance. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. 864-5400.)

Ann Reinking—In a performance entitled "One More Song One More Dance." (Carnegie Hall. 247-7459. Saturday, Oct. 15, at 8.)

Andrew Bolotowsky and Randall McClellan—Alternative Museum, 17 White St., three blocks south of Canal St., at Sixth Ave. 966-4444. Saturday, Oct. 15, at 8.

John Carter—Carnegie Recital Hall. 247-7459. Saturday, Oct. 15, at 8:30.

Royal New York Doo-Wopp Show—Radio City Music Hall. Saturday, Oct. 15, at 7:30.

Stevie Wonder—Radio City Music Hall. Tuesday through Thursday, Oct. 18-20, at 8; Friday and Saturday, Oct. 21-22, at 8 and midnight; and Sunday, Oct. 23, at 8.

WNEW's Make Believe Ballroom—Featuring the Tommy Dorsey Orchestra, Frankie Laine, Helen O'Connell, and others. (Felt Forum, Madison Square Garden. 564-4400. Wednesday, Oct. 19, at 8.)

Claude Bolling—With Charlie Byrd and Eugenia Zuckerman. (Avery Fisher Hall. 874-2424. Friday, Oct. 21, at 8.)

Art Ensemble of Chicago—Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Saturday, Oct. 22, at 8.

Jazz Cultural Theatre—Friday and Saturday, Oct. 14-15, at 10, 11:30, and 1: Walter Bishop, Jr., C-Sharpe, Leroy Williams, and others.... ¶ Friday and Saturday, Oct. 21-22, at 10 and midnight: Jaki Byard and the Apollo Stompers. (Jazz Cultural Theatre, Eighth Ave. between 28th and 29th Sts. 244-0997.)

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

Carol Anthony—Architectural interiors and exteriors combined with landscapes and occasionally figures, all with elements imported from the artist's imagination. Through Saturday, Oct. 15. (Davidson, 43 E. 78th St.)

Robert Cook—Bronzes. Through Saturday, Oct. 22. (Sculpture Center, 167 E. 69th St.)

Heide Fasnacht—Large-scale painted-wood sculptures, plus maquettes and drawings. Through Nov. 5. (Vanderwoude Tananbaum, 24 E. 81st St.)

Alan Feltus—Paintings of groups of women in formal poses. Through Oct. 27. (Forum, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Michael Flanagan—Meticulously painted surrealistic works. Through Nov. 9. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 417 E. 75th St.)

Morris Graves—New paintings. Through Wednesday, Oct. 19. (Willard, 29 E. 72nd St. A Graves retrospective is at the Whitney Museum.)

Anthony Green—Detailed paintings of English gardens and the interiors of cozy cottages, often occupied by the artist himself. Through Nov. 5. (Staempfli, 47 E. 77th St.)

James Guy (1910-83)—Paintings from the thirties and forties whose themes reflect the social problems of their day and whose styles

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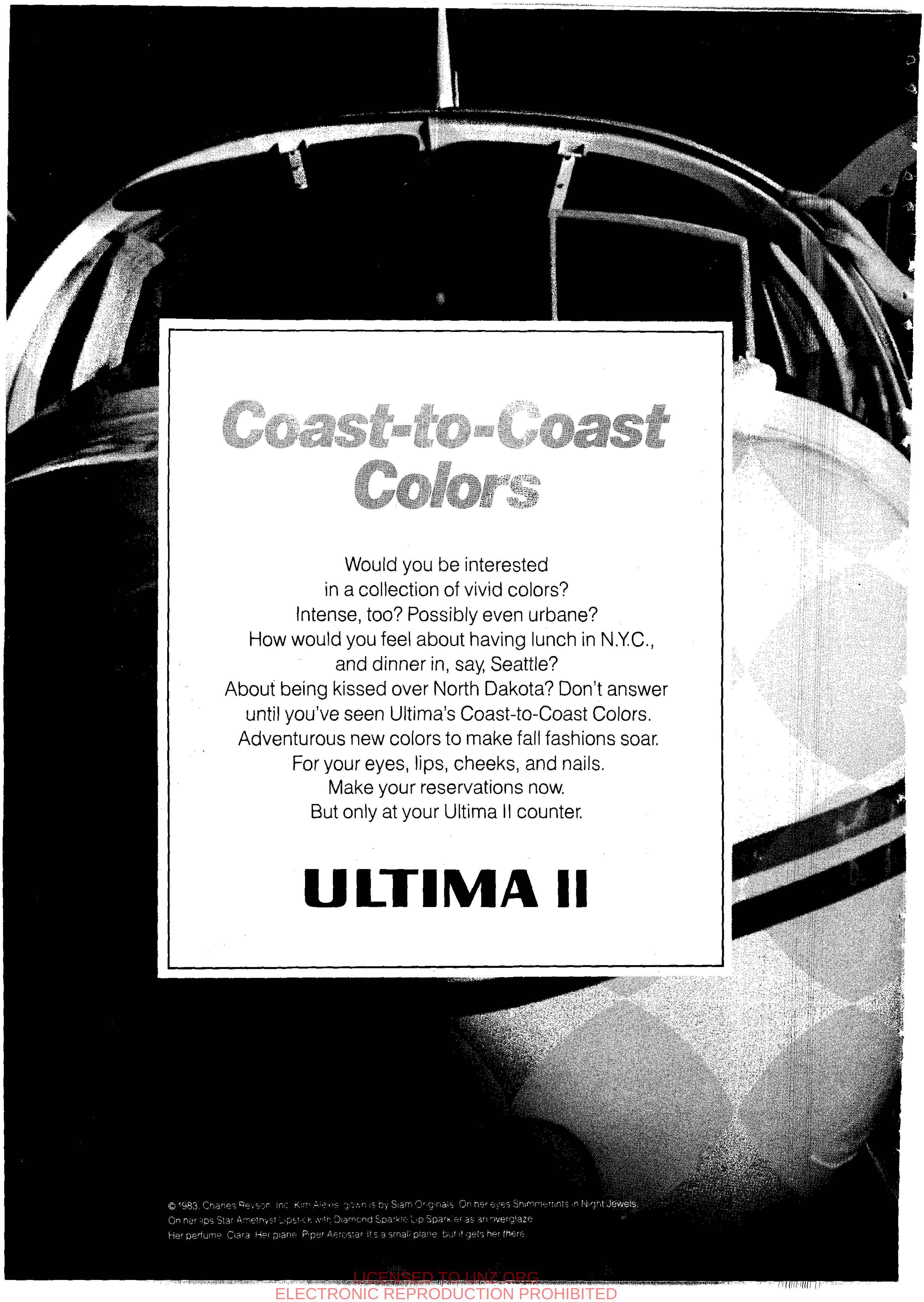

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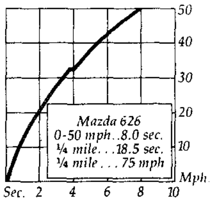

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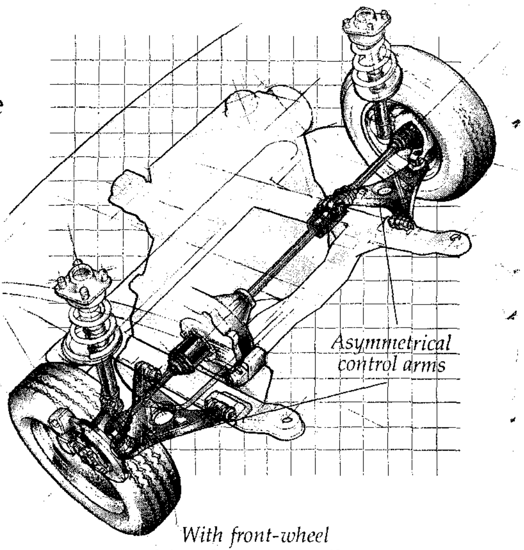

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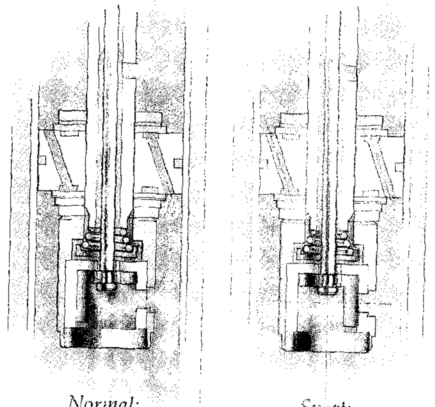

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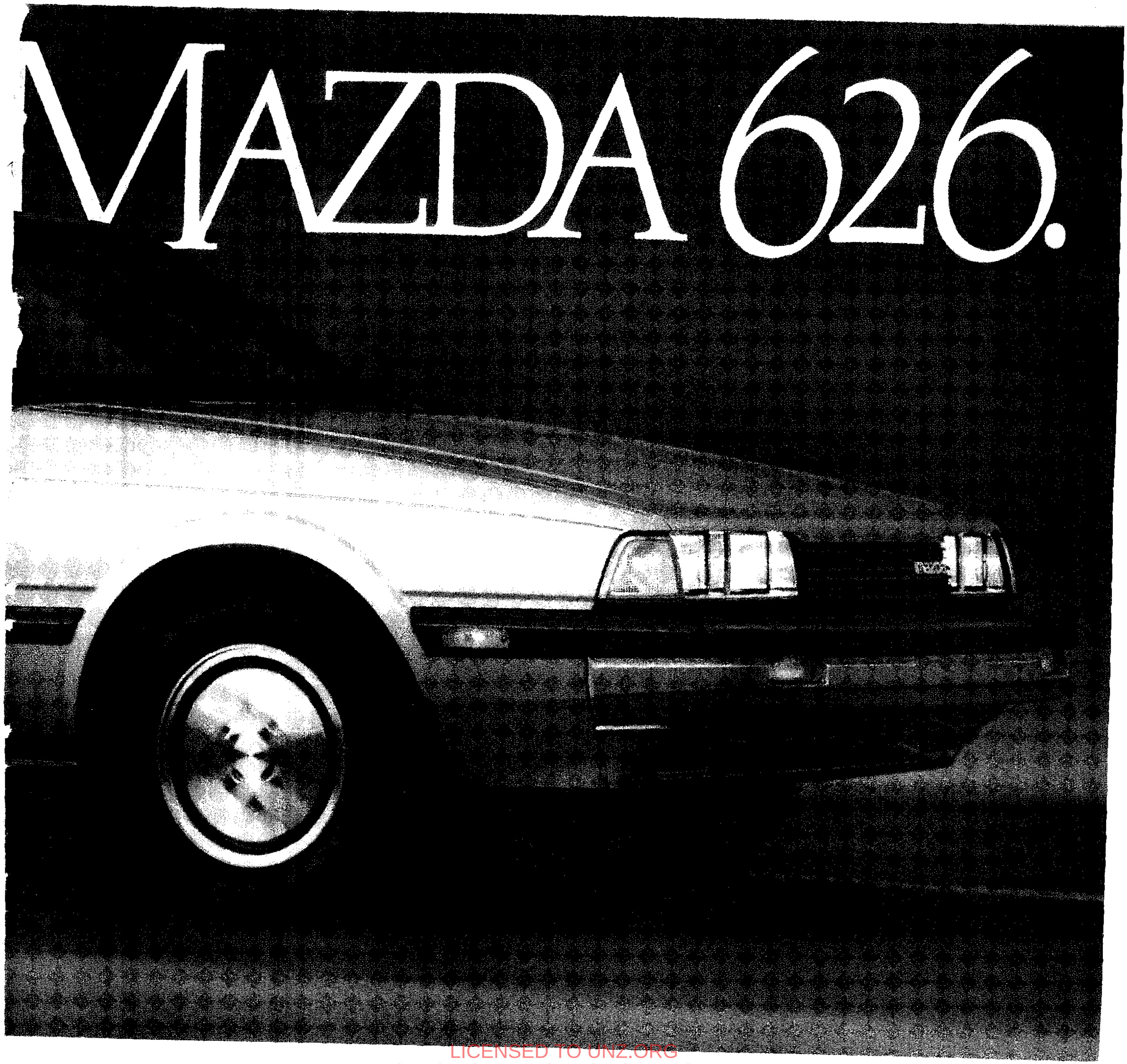

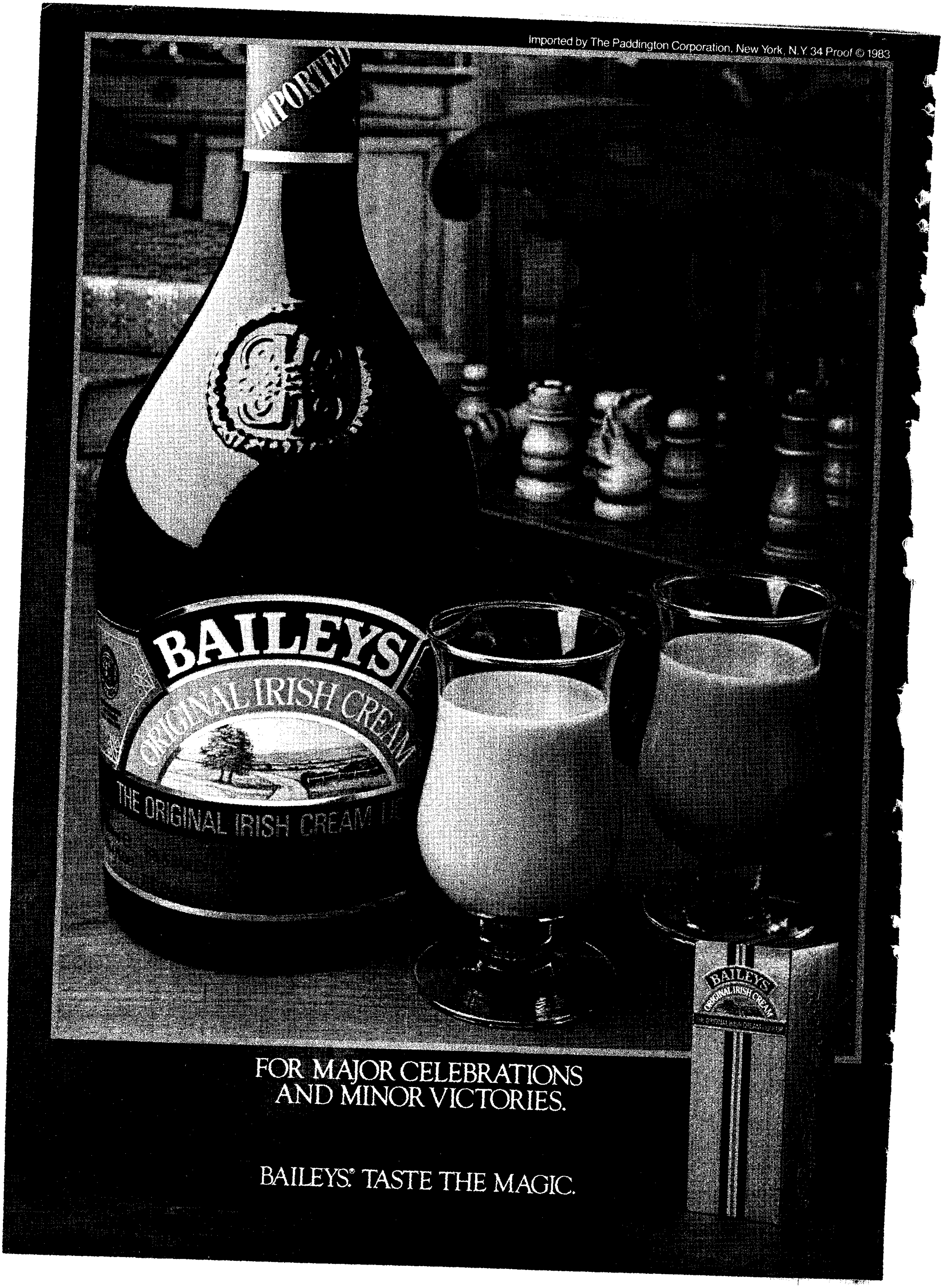
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

range from surrealistic to abstract. Through Saturday, Oct. 22. (Diamond, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

Addie Herder—Collage constructions housed in boxes. Through Oct. 29. (Davis & Langdale, 746 Madison Ave., at 65th St.)

György Kepes—Abstract paintings combining oil and sand. Through Oct. 29. (Saidenberg, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Opens at 1 on Saturdays.)

Louis le Brocquy—A series called "Studies Toward an Image of William Shakespeare," in charcoal, oils, and watercolors. Through Oct. 29. (Gimpel, 1040 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Morris Louis (1912-62)—Six paintings from his "veil" series. Through Nov. 3. (Knoedler, 19 E. 70th St.)

Juan Martinez—New paintings. Through Nov. 5. (Lefebre, 47 E. 77th St.)

Todd McKie—Fanciful paintings. Through Oct. 29. (Acquavella, 18 E. 79th St.)

Lucy Mitchell / Walt Kelly (1913-73)—Small-scale collages embellished with drawings. / "Pogo" comic-strip drawings from the years 1958-71. Through Saturday, Oct. 22. (Graham, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

David Park (1911-60)—A sampling of the paintings and drawings that made this Bay Area artist so influential. Through Oct. 29. (Salander-O'Reilly, 22 E. 80th St. Open Mondays.)

Robert Quijada—Collages and freestanding constructions made of canvas-covered strips of wood. Through Oct. 29. (Ericson, 23 E. 74th St.)

Churyo Sato—Bronze sculptures. Through Oct. 28. (Wildenstein, 19 E. 64th St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

Fritz Scholder—Paintings and monotypes. Through Oct. 29. (ACA, 21 E. 67th St.)

Merton D. Simpson—Abstract paintings. Through Nov. 3. (Stone, 48 E. 86th St.)

Dorothea Tanning—Semi-abstract figures painted in lush flesh tones and seen frolicking in a dreamy empyrean. Through Oct. 29. (Mazoh, 13 E. 76th St. . . . ¶ Schlesinger-Boisanté, 822 Madison Ave., at 69th St. Open Mondays.)

Mary Joan Waid—Paintings of heads and details of heads, vastly larger than life-size. Through Saturday, Oct. 22. (Einstein, 243 E. 82nd St.)

Kay WalkingStick—Large paintings, very heavily textured. Through Oct. 29. (Urdang, 23 E. 74th St.)

Paul Wonner—Still-life paintings that concentrate on light and shadow. Through Oct. 29. (Hirschl & Adler Modern, 851 Madison Ave., at 70th St.)

GALLERIES—57th STREET AREA

Gregory Amenoff—Rich, thickly painted abstractions. Through Saturday, Oct. 22. (Miller, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Jane Armstrong—Marble sculptures. Through Nov. 5. (Deutsch, 20 W. 57th St.)

Rosemarie Castoro—Geometric cutouts of museum board streaked with graphite and assembled in sculptural pieces that have much the same harmony as natural crystallization. Through Oct. 26. (De Nagy, 29 W. 57th St.) . . . ¶ More than a hundred black-and-white drawings that the artist calls "voyeuristic portraits," plus sculptures. Through Nov. 5. (Bromm, 90 West Broadway, at Chambers St.)

Michael David—New abstract paintings that are on standard, rectangular canvases, rather than on the irregular shapes he has used until now. Through Nov. 5. (Hamilton, 20 W. 57th St.)

Willard Dixon—Large oils of vast Western expanses by an artist who grew up in New Jersey and who now seems securely at home on the range. Through Wednesday, Oct. 19. (Fischbach, 29 W. 57th St.)

Valentina DuBasky—Paintings and drawings. Through Nov. 5. (Oscarsson Hood, 41 W. 57th St.)

Jean-Louis Dulaar—Paintings of interiors, often with figures, in which some of the elements (furniture, toys, books) are cut out of wood and collaged onto the canvas. Through Wednesday, Oct. 19. (Heidenberg, 50 W. 57th St.)

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Patricia Tobacco Forrester—Watercolors of trees and lily ponds, a single work sometimes occupying several panels. Through Oct. 29. (Kornblee, 20 W. 57th St.)

Ken Goodman—Stark grisaille paintings in which the artist portrays himself eavesdropping, whispering confidences, expressing alarm, and so forth. Through Oct. 29. (Alexander, 20 W. 57th St.)

Ron Gorchov—Paintings on shaped canvases. Through Nov. 1. (Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

John Gordon—Paintings of lush back yards in middle-class neighborhoods in Iowa. Through Oct. 29. (Tatistcheff, 50 W. 57th St.)

Philip Guston (1913-80)—Late paintings not seen in New York until now. Through Nov. 5. (McKee, 41 E. 57th St.)

Simon Harling / Terry Lee Dill—Small pastoral landscapes. / Small-scale models of real-looking but wholly imaginary high-tech scientific equipment, housed in trestlework towers full of catwalks and filter systems and mazes of pipe. Through Saturday, Oct. 22. (Sachs, 29 W. 57th St.)

Frances Hynes—Cows and barns painted in a direct style reminiscent of Milton Avery's. Through Oct. 27. (Dintenfass, 50 W. 57th St.)

Lester Johnson—Paintings done between 1957 and 1967 in the deliberately crude style and the sombre palette that marked his early works. Through Saturday, Oct. 15. (Zabriskie, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Robert Jordan—Representational landscapes in oil. Through Saturday, Oct. 22. (French, 41 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Gustav Klimt (1862-1918)—Drawings, chiefly. Through Nov. 5. (Galerie St. Etienne, 24 W. 57th St.)

Stephanie Brody Lederman—Mixed mediums on paper. Through Nov. 5. (Markel, 50 W. 57th St.)

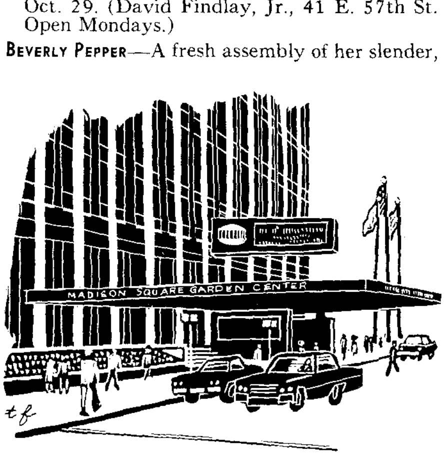
Conrad Marca-Relli—Cutout photographs of contemporary fashion-magazine models are used in a series of collages intended as a homage to La Belle Époque. Through Oct. 31. (Alex Rosenberg, 20 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

John Marin (1870-1953)—Mountain ranges in New Mexico, New England, and the Tyrol, painted with the same verve and analytical skill that shone in his cityscapes and marines. Through Oct. 29. (Kennedy, 40 W. 57th St.)

Ed McGowin—Preparatory studies, in graphite, for an outdoor sculpture. Through Oct. 29. (Iolas-Jackson, 52 E. 57th St.)

Philip Mullen—Abstract paintings. Through Oct. 29. (David Findlay, Jr., 41 E. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Beverly Pepper—A fresh assembly of her slender, towering, upright sculptures. Through Oct. 29. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St.)



Concetta Scaravaglione (1900-75)—Figures by a sculptor who worked in beaten copper, wood, stone, and bronze. Through Saturday, Oct. 22. (Kraushaar, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Bernarda Bryson Shahn—This artist, now in her eighties, is showing her engaging paintings for the first time. She is the widow of Ben Shahn but her works seem wholly free of his influence. Through Oct. 29. (Midtown, 11 E. 57th St.)

David Smith (1906-65)—Paintings from the thirties and forties that reflect some of the influences at work on the emerging sculptor. Through Oct. 29. (Washburn, 42 E. 57th St. and 113 Greene St.)

Tony Smith (1912-80)—Representative sculptures, including an overpowering black geometric presence, ten and a half feet tall, entitled "Tau;" and large paintings. Through Saturday, Oct. 22. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St.)

Steven Sorman—Large abstract works done in varying mediums on polyester drapery material. Through Nov. 5. (Getler-Pall, 50 W. 57th St.)

Elizabeth Thompson—Large paintings and drawings of sphinxes and fountains and architectural ornamentation. Through Saturday, Oct. 22. (Crispo, 41 E. 57th St. Tuesdays through Fridays, 11:30 to 4:30; Saturdays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

Group Shows—At **Marisa del Re**, 41 E. 57th St.: One painting and one work on paper each by nine big-league Americans, such as Kline, Rothko, Stella, Twombly. Through Saturday, Oct. 22. . . . **Tilton**, 24 W. 57th St.: Drawings by Ernst Caramelle, an Austrian; Tullio De Gennaro, an Italian; Alan Johnston, a Scot; and Joseph Nechvatal, from the lower East Side. The gallery, a new one, is the same one previously occupied by the late Betty Parsons. Through Saturday, Oct. 15.

GALLERIES—SoHo

Dotty Attie—Four new works in her usual vein, that is to say storytelling through drawings and insinuating texts. Through Saturday, Oct. 15. (A.I.R., 63 Crosby St.)

Jennifer Bartlett / Jackie Winsor—Paintings. / Sculptures. Through Oct. 29. (Cooper, 155 Wooster St.)

Linda Bastian—Flower still-lifes painted in oil and watercolor on silk. Through Nov. 2. (SoHo 20, at 469 Broome St. Opens at noon.)

Monica Bernier—Portraits of the artist's family, among other paintings. Through Wednesday, Oct. 19. (Prince Street Gallery, 121 Wooster St. Opens daily, except Mondays, at noon.)

Rudy Burckhardt—Paintings of Maine and New York; photographs of nude figures. Through Wednesday, Oct. 19. (Blue Mountain, 121 Wooster St. Opens daily, except Mondays, at noon.)

Ronnie Cutrone—Biblical personages and Mighty Mouse are equally prominent figures in the private ideography of this young artist, who paints on flags, banners, and blackboards as well as on canvas and paper. Through Saturday, Oct. 22. (Shafrazi, 163 Mercer St.)

Don Eddy—Paintings done with an airbrush. Through Nov. 9. (Hoffman, 429 West Broadway.)

Jack Goldstein—A new set of his marvels-of-the-night-sky paintings. Through Saturday, Oct. 22. (Metro Pictures, now located at 150 Greene St.)

Gaylen Hansen—Recent paintings. Through Nov. 3. (Knowlton, 153 Mercer St.)

Jörg Immendorff—Huge, turbulent Expressionist paintings and prints. Through Saturday, Oct. 15. (Sonnabend, 420 West Broadway.)

Christopher Le Brun—In each of these large paintings, strikingly colorful abstractions surround the enigmatic figure of a white horse. The artist is a young Englishman. First solo show in New York. Through Saturday, Oct. 22. (Sperone Westwater, 142 Greene St.)

Donald Lipski—Sleek sculptural works composed of improbable parts—a small movie camera on a tripod is veiled with candle wax, for instance, and a slim, graceful anti-aircraft mis-

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sile lies peacefully on a bed of tiles. Through Saturday, Oct. 22. (Germans van Eck, a new gallery, at 420 West Broadway.)

Francis Picabia (1879-1953)—Figurative paintings from the thirties and forties, and other works. Through Saturday, Oct. 22. (Boone, 417 West Broadway.)

Kenneth Price / Robert Barry—New ceramic sculptures that combine polished surfaces with unfinished ones. / Paintings done directly on the wall. Through Saturday, Oct. 15. (Castelli, 420 West Broadway.)

James Rosenquist—Four new paintings, including a whopper seventeen feet one inch tall and forty-six feet long, depicting clockwork mechanism and cover-girl faces, among other things. Through Oct. 29. (Castelli, 142 Greene St.)

Ce Roser—Collage paintings and tapestries. Through Oct. 29. (Ingber, 460 West Broadway. Opens at noon.)

Lee Sherry—Emblematic paintings and works on paper. Through Oct. 29. (Caldwell, 383 West Broadway.)

Hollis Sigler—Brightly colored narrative paintings. Through Nov. 3. (Gladstone, 152 Wooster St.)

Arlene Slavin—This muralist, whose practice is primarily in public exhibition spaces, is showing a three-part, eight-foot folding screen commissioned by the Hudson River Museum, and other works. Through Nov. 9. (Milliken, 98 Prince St.)

Andy Spence—Minimalist paintings. Through Oct. 29. (Toll, 146 Greene St.)

The New Museum, now in galleries at 583 Broadway, between Houston and Prince Sts.: Sixty-eight artists, all of whom have had a work or two at the museum in the past, are represented by paintings, sculptures, installations, photographs, and video. William Wiley, Lynda Benglis, William Wegman, Nancy Arlen, Brice Marden among others. Through Nov. 27. (Wednesdays, noon to 8; Thursdays and Fridays, noon to 6; Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, noon to 5; except on Wednesdays after 5, admission is $2.50.)

Group Shows—At the **bowery,** 121 Wooster St.: Landscape paintings by seven gallery members, among them Temma Bell and William Faust. Through Wednesday, Oct. 19. (Opens daily, except Mondays, at noon.) . . . **the drawing center,** 137 Greene St.: Works by *ten emerging artists.* Through Oct. 29. (Open Wednesday evenings until 8.)

OTHER GALLERIES

David Finn—Life-size scarecrow figures assembled from castoff clothes and urban rubbish, and given animal masks—a bear, a gorilla, a frog. Through Thursday, Oct. 20. (Ala, 32 W. 20th St.)

Edgar Franceschi / Max Coyer—New paintings. / Photographs of male nudes. Through Oct. 29. (Bouckaert, 100 Hudson St.)

Geoffrey Hellman (1907-77)—A selection of the author's letters and manuscripts. Through Oct. 27. (Bobst Library, third floor, New York University, 70 Washington Sq. S. Mondays through Thursdays, 2 to 5.)

Italo Scanga—Sculptures. Through Oct. 29. (Delahunty, 291 Church St., two blocks below Canal St.)

Sculpture—An exhibit of contemporary Japanese metalwork. Through Friday, Oct. 21. (Parsons School of Design, 2 W. 13th St. Mondays through Fridays, 9 to 9; Saturdays, 9 to 6.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

Wynn Bullock (1902-75) **and Edna Bullock**—Two exhibitions of the independent works of these two photographers. (Neikrug, 224 E. 68th St. Through Saturday, Oct. 22. Wednesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6. . . . ¶ Ledel, 168 Mercer St. Through Oct. 29. Opens at noon.)

Louise Dahl-Wolfe / Paul Outerbridge, Jr. (1896-1958)—Prints by a former *Harper's Bazaar* fashion photographer. / A retrospective, including both commercial and noncommercial photographic works. Through Saturday, Oct. 15. (Grey Art Gallery, New York University, Washington Pl., just east of Washington Sq. Tuesdays and Thursdays, 10 to 6:30; Wednesdays, 10 to 8:30; Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 1 to 5.) . . . ¶ Staley-Wise, 177 Prince St., *also has photographs by Dahl-Wolfe.* (Opens at noon.)

Eikoh Hosoe—More than sixty prints are included in a retrospective of the works of this Japanese photographer. Through Saturday, Oct. 22. (Light, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Annie Leibovitz—Photographs, primarily the studies of rock stars for which she is well known. Through Oct. 29. (Janis, 110 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Lisette Model (1906-83)—Photographs of New York in the forties and fifties. Through Oct. 29. (Sander, 51 Greene St.)

Eadweard Muybridge (1830-1904)—Animal-locomotion collotypes, plus prints from the series on Central America and on the Yosemite Valley. Through Oct. 29. (Wolf, 30 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

International Center of Photography, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St.: A show called "Metropolitan Opera Centennial: A Photographic Album." . . . ¶ A retrospective of the works of Canadian portraitist Yousuf Karsh. Both shows through Nov. 13. (Tuesdays through Thursdays, noon to 8; Fridays through Sundays, noon to 6.)

Studio Museum in Harlem, 144 W. 125th St.: More than a hundred prints by photojournalist Roland Freeman, chronicling the day-to-day activities of contemporary black Americans in rural and urban America. Through Jan. 8. . . . ¶ "A Century of Black Photographers, 1840-1960" has works by little-known artists from the nineteenth century and by their better-known twentieth-century counterparts, among them James Van DerZee and Roy DeCarava. Through Oct. 23. (Wednesdays through Fridays, 10 to 5, and Thursday evenings until 9; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—The Édouard Manet retrospective. Through Nov. 27. . . . ¶ A retrospective of the paintings and works on paper of J. Alden Weir, a late-nineteenth-century painter and exponent of Impressionism. Starts Friday, Oct. 14. . . . ¶ Twentieth-century paintings from the collection of Baron Thyssen-Bornemisza; among the seventy-five works are ten newly *acquired ones, including an O'Keeffe and a* Mondrian. Through Nov. 27. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

Museum of Modern Art, 18 W. 54th St.—A show of large-scale prints by Georg Baselitz (sixteen linoleum cuts) and Rolf Iseli (sixteen drypoints). Starts Thursday, Oct. 13. . . . ¶ The short history of video—its artists and exhibitions—is summarized in a show of photographs and catalogues. . . . **photography:** Frank Gohlke's prints of Mt. St. Helens. Starts Thursday, Oct. 13. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

Guggenheim Museum, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—An exhibit of sixteen of Charles Simonds' clay-brick sculptures of Lilliputian cities and neighborhoods for an imaginary civilization he calls his Little People, including a nine-and-a-half-foot piece (his largest to date) created specifically for the museum's rotunda. Through Oct. 30. . . . ¶ Eleven artists from around the country have been chosen to represent "New Perspectives in American Art." Paintings, sculptures, drawings, and photographs. Through Nov. 27. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.)

Whitney Museum of American Art, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—The Morris Graves retrospective contains more than a hundred paintings, sculptures, and drawings done from 1935 to the present. Through Nov. 27. A complementary show (ending Wednesday, Oct. 19) is at the Willard Gallery, 29 E. 72nd St. . . . ¶ "The Sculptor as Draftsman," a show of about forty twentieth-century drawings by nearly as many artists, including Elie Nadelman, Isamu Noguchi, and H. C. Westermann. Through Nov. 13. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge after 6; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—The permanent collections are the main reason for a visit just now. (Open Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—African textiles and their traditional manufacture constitute an exhibit that comes, for the most part, from the British Museum. Clothing, decorative cloth, puppets, looms, etc. (Open daily. Hours: Mondays, Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays, 10 to 5:45; Wednesdays, 10 to 9; Fridays and Saturdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5.)

Asia Society, 725 Park Ave., at 70th St.—A loan show of Japanese *emaki,* narrative painted hand scrolls. Through Nov. 6. . . . ¶ Photographs of the Japanese crane seen in its native habitat. Through Oct. 30. (The photography exhibit is open daily; the other exhibit is open daily except Mondays. Hours: Mondays through Saturdays, 10 to 5, and Thursday evenings until 8:30; Sundays, noon to 5.)

Cooper-Hewitt Museum, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—"Frank Lloyd Wright and the Prairie School," an exhibit examining the evolution of that style, as well as the results of Wright's collaborations with artists and other architects in designing, furnishing, and embellishing such structures as the Robie house, Midway Gardens, and the Imperial Hotel. Drawings, photographs, sculpture, furniture, decorative glass, and silverware. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

Japan House, 333 E. 47th St.—A Japanese *National Treasure, "Toiletry Case with Medallion Design,"* made in the mid-thirteen-hundreds, is included in a show that focusses on the autumn-grass and water motifs in the classical art of that country. Lacquerware, porcelain, screens, and textiles. Through Nov. 13. (Open daily, 11 to 5, and Friday evenings until 7:30.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—"Four Centuries of Opera," a show that offers original music manuscripts, printed scores and librettos, and drawings for stage designs representing a hundred or so works by Gluck, Mozart, Verdi, Massenet, and Gilbert and Sullivan, to name just a few. Through Nov. 6. . . . ¶ An exhibit of fifty drawings (dating from the fourteenth century to the eighteenth) by Italian masters, among them Canaletto, Piranesi, and Titian. Through Nov. 13. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of American Folk Art, 49 W. 53rd St.—A show of recently acquired works in several

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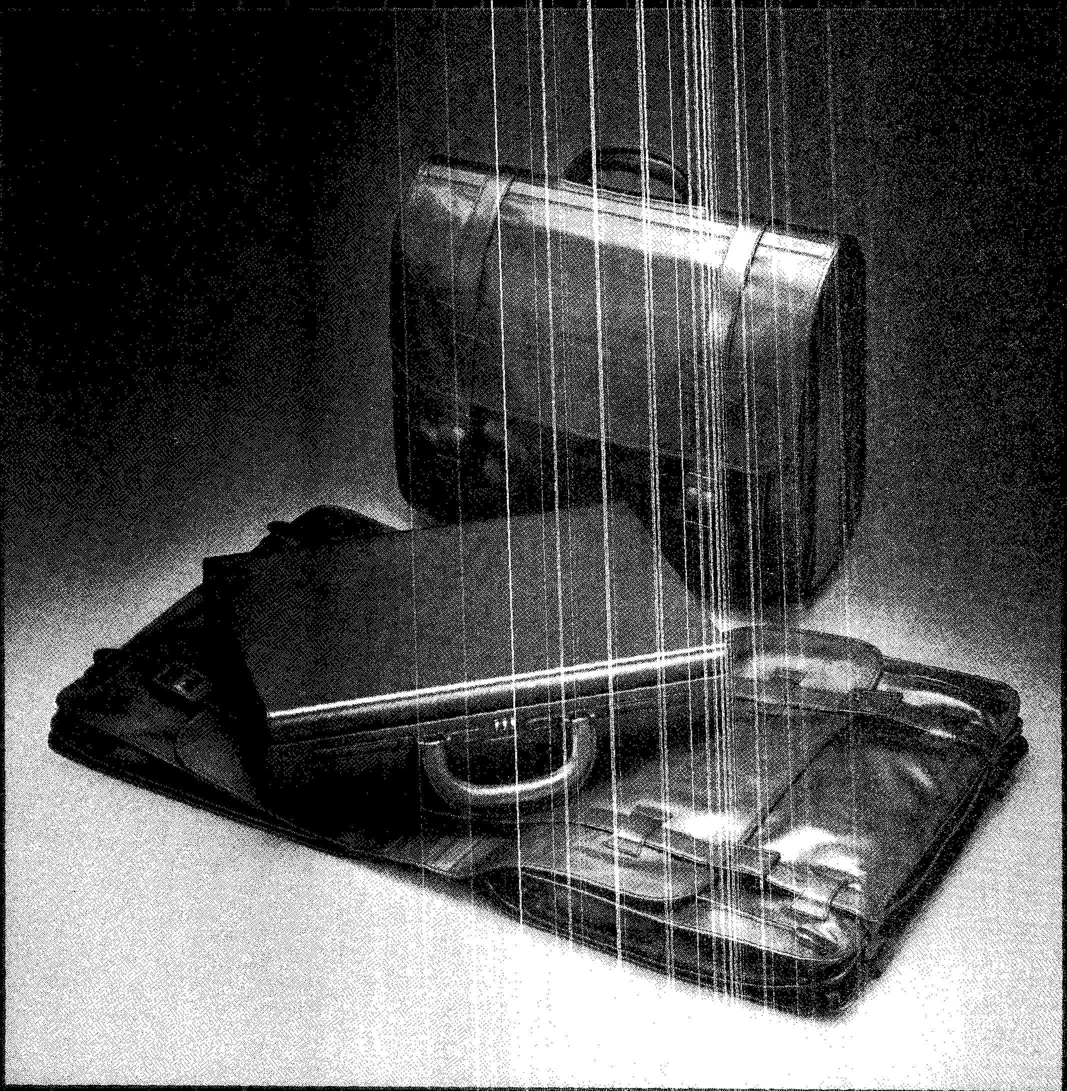

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

categories—painting, wood carving, textiles, and so forth. Through Nov. 13. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10:30 to 8, with no admission charge after 5:30; Wednesdays through Sundays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St.—An exhibition of paintings of New York City by two dozen contemporary artists, among them Rackstraw Downes, Yan Hsia, Philip Sherrod, and Anna Goth Werner. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

New York Public Library at Lincoln Center—An exhibit fêting the Metropolitan Opera in its hundredth year. Among the close to a thousand items (primarily from the Met's own collections) are thirty-five costumes (such as Caruso's from "Pagliacci"), pieces of scenery, props, letters, contracts, and sketches. (Open daily except Sundays. Hours: Mondays and Thursdays, 10 to 8; Tuesdays, 10 to 6; Wednesdays, Fridays, and Saturdays, noon to 6.)

EXPERIMENTAL OUTPOSTS

(Various avant-garde enterprises that may involve not only traditional art but music, video, dance, and so on.)

Artists Space, 105 Hudson St., at Franklin St. Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6.—A new-talent show of paintings and sculptures by a dozen artists kicks off the tenth season here. Through Oct. 29.

Franklin Furnace, 112 Franklin St. 925-4671. Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 6.—Fred Holland (performance), Thursday, Oct. 20, at 8:30. . . . ¶ An installation by Ellen Rumm. Through Saturday, Oct. 22.

The Kitchen, 59 Wooster St. 925-3615.—A program of Russian Constructivist music and performance. Thursday through Sunday, Oct. 13-16, at 8:30: Music of Alexander Mossolov and theatre work from Vsevolod Meyerhold; Golden Eagles (music), Tuesday, Oct. 18, at 8:30.

P. S. I, 46-01 21st St., Long Island City. Exhibition hours: Thursdays through Sundays, noon to 6.—The paintings and sculptures of five of Germany's Neo-Expressionists—Georg Baselitz, Jörg Immendorff, Anselm Kiefer, Markus Lüpertz, and A. R. Penck—occupy the main galleries. Through Nov. 20.

MUSIC

(The box-office number for the *Metropolitan* Opera House is 362-6000; for Alice Tully Hall 362-1911; for Avery Fisher Hall 874-2424; for Carnegie Hall 247-7459; for Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St., 570-3949; for Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd St. Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St., 427-4410; and for Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House, 129 W. 67th St., 362-8719. *Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.*)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Wednesday, Oct. 12, at 6:30: "Les Troyens," with Jessye Norman, Tatiana Troyanos, and Placido Domingo; conducted by James Levine. . . . ¶ Thursday, Oct. 13, at 8: "Peter Grimes," with Elisabeth Söderström, Lili Chookasian, Jon Vickers, and Thomas Stewart; John Pritchard. . . . ¶ Friday, Oct. 14, at 8: "La Fille du Régiment," with Joan Sutherland, Regina Resnik, Alfredo Kraus, and Ara Berberian; Richard Bonynge. . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 15, at 2: "La Bohème," with Mirella Freni, Barbara Daniels, Dano Raffanti, and Brent Ellis; Eugene Kohn. . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 15, at 8: "La Forza del Destino," with Grace Bumbry, Isola Jones, José Carreras, and Renato Bruson; James Levine. . . . ¶ Monday, Oct. 17, at 6:30: "Les Troyens," with Jessye Norman, Tatiana Troyanos, and Placido Domingo; James Levine. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Oct. 18, at 8: "Peter Grimes," with Elisabeth Söderström, Lili Chookasian, Jon Vickers, and Thomas Stewart; John Pritchard. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Oct. 19, at 8: "La Fille du Régiment," with Joan Sutherland, Gwynn Cornell, Alfredo Kraus, and Ara Berberian; Richard Bonynge. . . . ¶ Thursday, Oct. 20, at 8: "La Forza del Destino," with Grace Bumbry, Barbara Conrad, José Carreras, and Renato Bruson; James Levine. . . . ¶ Friday, Oct. 21, at 8: "La Bohème," with Mirella Freni, Barbara Daniels, Dano Raffanti, and Brent Ellis; Eugene Kohn. (A nonsubscription performance.) . . ¶ Two benefit concerts celebrating the hundredth anniversary of the Metropolitan's first performance. Saturday, Oct. 22, at 2: Among the participants will be Roberta Peters, Joan Sutherland, Kiri Te Kanawa, Placido Domingo, Jerome Hines, Sherrill Milnes, and the Metropolitan Opera Chorus and Orchestra. . . . Saturday, Oct. 22, at 8: Among those taking part will be Montserrat Caballé, Marilyn Horne, Birgit Nilsson, José Carreras, Robert Merrill, Luciano Pavarotti, and the Metropolitan Opera Ballet and Orchestra.

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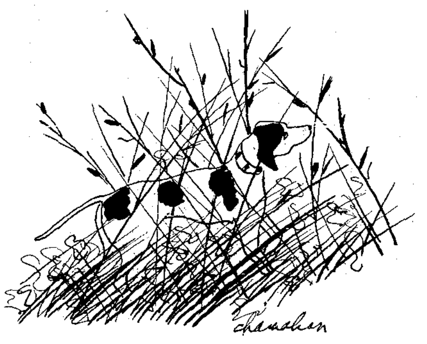
New York City Opera—Wednesday evening, Oct. 12: "Turandot," with Linda Kelm, Pamela Myers, Harry Theyard, and Richard T. Gill; conducted by Christopher Keene. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Oct. 13: The New York première of Carlisle Floyd's "Of Mice and Men," with Carol Gutknecht, Robert Moulson, Lawrence Cooper, and William Livingston; Christopher Keene. . . . ¶ Friday evening, Oct. 14: "Alcina," with Carol Vaness, Erie Mills, D'Anna Fortunato, and John Stewart; Raymond Leppard. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Oct. 15: "Madame Butterfly," with Judith Haddon, Judith Christin, Robert Grayson, and William Stone; Christopher Keene. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Oct. 15: "Carmen," with Susanne Marsee, Elisabeth Braden, Frederick Donaldson, and Robert McFarland; Christopher Keene. . . . ¶ Sunday matinée, Oct. 16: "Candide," with Claudette Peterson, Maris Clement, Muriel Costa-Greenspon, Cris Groenendaal, and John Lankston; Scott Bergeson. . . . ¶ Sunday evening, Oct. 16: "Candide," with Claudette Peterson, Maris Clement, Muriel Costa-Greenspon, Cris Goenendaal, and Joseph McKee; Scott Bergeson. . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, Oct. 18: "Madame Butterfly," with Judith Haddon, Judith Christin, Robert Grayson, and William Stone; Christopher Keene. . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, Oct. 19: "Of Mice and Men," with Carol Gutknecht, Robert Moulson, Lawrence Cooper, and William Livingston; Christopher Keene. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Oct. 20: "Carmen," with Susanne Marsee, Elisabeth Braden, Frederick Donaldson, and Dominic Cossa; Christopher Keene. . . . ¶ Friday evening, Oct. 21: "Candide," with Claudette Peterson, Maris Clement, Muriel Costa-Greenspon, Cris Groenendaal, and John Lankston; Scott Bergeson. . . . ¶ Saturday *matinée*, Oct. 22: "Turandot," with Linda Kelm, Pamela Myers, Harry Theyard, and Richard T. Gill; Christopher Keene. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Oct. 22: "Candide," with Claudette Peterson, Maris Clement, Beverly Evans, Cris Groenendaal, and Joseph McKee; Scott Bergeson. (New York State Theatre, 870-5570. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 1. Through Sunday, Nov. 13.)

Amato Opera Company—Boito's "Nerone," in English. (Amato Opera Theatre, 319 Bower at 2nd St. 228-8200. Saturday, Oct. 15, a 7:30, and Sunday, Oct. 16, at 2:30.)



ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Avery Fisher Hall Zubin Mehta conducting—Thursday, Oct 13, at 8; Friday, Oct. 14, at 2; Saturday, Oct 15, at 8; and Tuesday, Oct. 18, at 7:30: A Bach–Saint-Saëns–Varèse program, wit Itzhak Perlman, violin, and Joseph Robinson oboe. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Oct. 19, at 8: A Stravinsky-Dvořák program, with Mstisla Rostropovich, cello. For the benefit of th Philharmonic's Pension Fund. . . . ¶ Thursday, Oct. 20; Saturday, Oct. 22; and Tuesday, Oct. 25, all at 8: A program that includes the première of Menotti's Concerto fo Double Bass, with James VanDemark, double bass, and Harvey Pittel, saxophone.

Boston Symphony—Seiji Ozawa conducting the opening performances of the season here—a Berlioz-Brahms program—with *Frederica* von Stade, mezzo-soprano. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday and Thursday, Oct. 19-20, at 8.)

Lausanne Chamber Orchestra—Armin Jorda conducting a varied program, with Kathlee Battle, soprano. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday Oct. 12, at 8.)

Vienna Chamber Orchestra—Philippe Entremont conducting and acting as pian soloist, with Ola Rudner, violin. (Carnegi Hall. Friday, Oct. 14, at 8.)

Manhattan Philharmonia—David Gilbert conducting. (Borden Auditorium, Manhatta School of Music, 120 Claremont Ave., a 122nd St. Friday, Oct. 14, at 8. No ticke necessary.)

Musica Aeterna Orchestra—Frederic Waldma conducting *the first in a series of thr* Haydn-Mozart programs, this one with Jac Lateiner, piano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Aud torium, Metropolitan Museum. Saturda Oct. 15, at 8.)

American Symphony Orchestra—Moshe Atzm conducting a Mozart-Berlioz program. (Ca negie Hall. Sunday, Oct. 16, at 3.)

English Chamber Orchestra—Charles Mackeras conducting, with James Galway, flut (Carnegie Hall, Saturday, Oct. 22, at 8, Rossini-Mozart-Delius program. . . . ¶ Ave Fisher Hall, Sunday, Oct. 23, at 3, a Britte Mozart-Beethoven program.)

Beethoven Society—Max Rudolph conducti the Symphony Orchestra of the Curtis Inst tute of Music, with Susan Starr, piano. (Ali Tully Hall. Saturday, Oct. 22, at 3.)

Y Chamber Symphony—Eugen Jochum conduc ing a Mozart-Haydn program, with Veroni Jochum, piano. (Kaufmann Concert Ha 92nd Street Y. Saturday, Oct. 22, at 8, ar Sunday, Oct. 23, at 3.)

Musica Sacra "Basically Bach"—Final perfo mances—Richard Westenburg directing t chamber ensemble in a Bach-Telemann pr gram, with Bruce Fifer, baritone; Rona Roseman, oboe; David Jolley, horn; and t Choristers of the Cathedral of St. John t Divine. (Central Presbyterian Church, Pa Ave. at 64th St. Wednesday, Oct. 12, at 7:3 For tickets, call 873-9546.) . . . ¶ Richa Westenburg directing the orchestra an chorus in a Bach-Handel program, with Mavis Martin, soprano; Kimball Wheeler, me zo-soprano; David Gordon, tenor; and Dav Arnold, baritone. (Avery Fisher Hall. Frida Oct. 14, at 7:30.)

Rockland County Choral Society—Phili Hagemann directing a benefit program of h own music, with Kristine Ciesinski, sopran Katherine Ciesinski, mezzo-soprano; an John Ostendorf, bass-baritone. (Merkin Co cert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Su day, Oct. 16, at 8.)

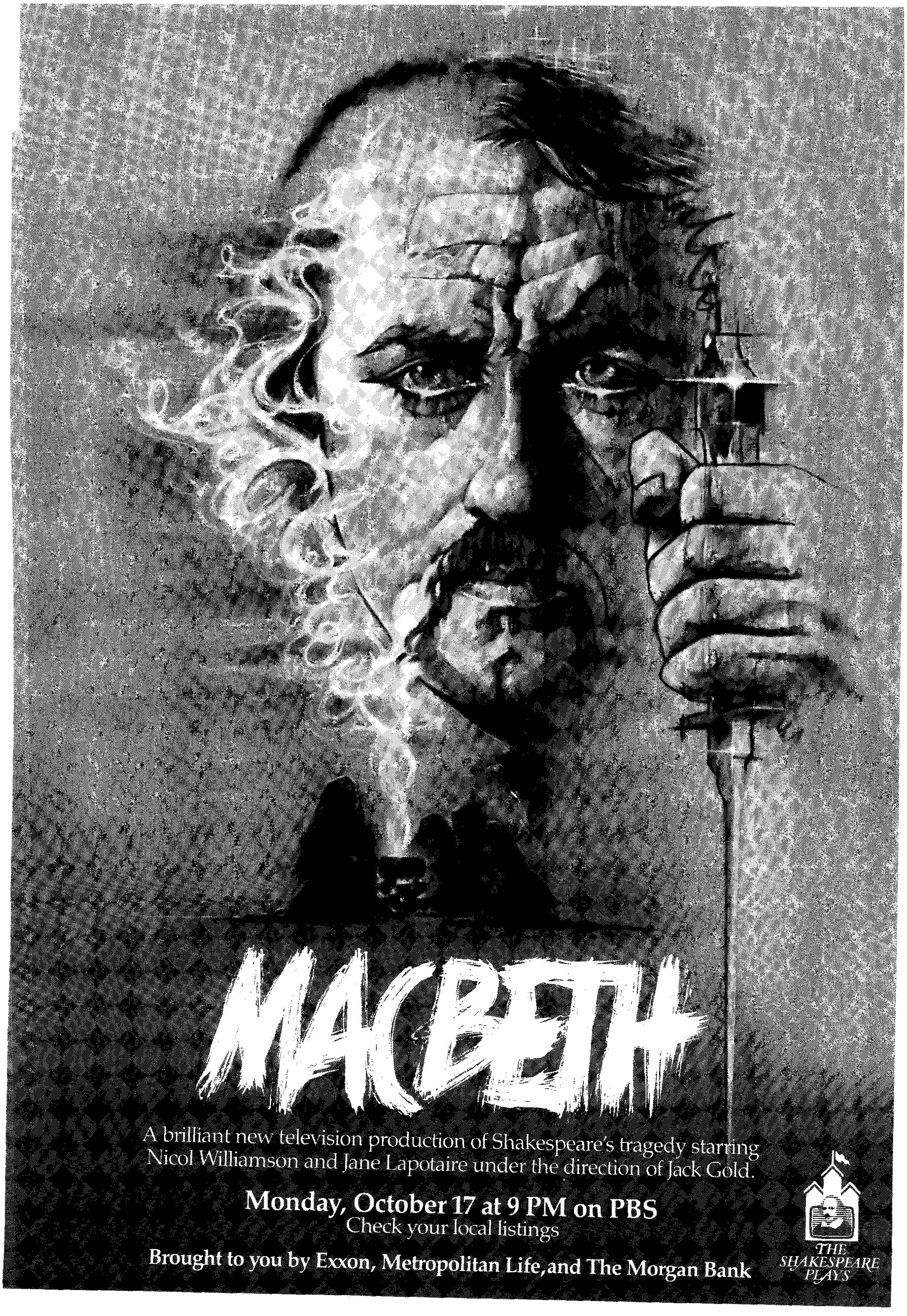
RECITALS

Empire Brass Quartet—Chamber music. (Mann College of Music, 157 E. 74th St. Wednesda Oct. 12, at 7. No tickets necessary.)

New York Harp Ensemble—Chamber musi (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodma House. Wednesday, Oct. 12, at 8.)

Gerald Robbins—Piano. (Alice Tully Hal Thursday, Oct. 13, at 8.)

New Music Consort—A concert in honor of E



A brilliant new television production of Shakespeare's tragedy starring Nicol Williamson and Jane Lapotaire under the direction of Jack Gold.

Monday, October 17 at 9 PM on PBS
Check your local listings

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THE SHAKESPEARE PLAYS

liott Carter's seventy-fifth birthday, at which the composer will be present. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Thursday, Oct. 13, at 8.)

Beaux Arts Trio—The first in a series of three programs presenting the Beethoven cycle of piano trios. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Thursday, Oct. 13, and a repeat performance on Friday, Oct. 14, both at 8.)

Sabicas—Flamenco guitarist. (Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. 840-2824. Friday, Oct. 14, at 8.)

Harmonic Choir—David Hykes directing an eight-member ensemble, which combines ancient and medieval chanting techniques with contemporary musical forms. (Cathedral of St. John the Divine, Amsterdam Ave. at 112th St. Friday through Sunday, Oct. 14-16, at 8. For tickets, call 678-6982.)

Sergei Edelman—Piano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Saturday, Oct. 15, at 2:30.)

Elmar Oliveira—Violin. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Saturday, Oct. 15, at 8.)

Todd Crow—Piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, Oct. 15, at 8.)

Lilian Kallir—Piano. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Oct. 15, at 8. For tickets, call 586-4680.)

Cynthia Raim—Piano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Sunday, Oct. 16, at 3.)

Music Before 1800—The first in a series of five recitals, this one performed by Jaap Schröder, violin, and Elaine Thornburgh, harpsichord. (Corpus Christi Church, 529 W. 121st St., Sunday, Oct. 16, at 3. Tickets at the door on the afternoon of the concert.)

Frances Veri and Michael Jamanis—Duo piano, in an all-Gershwin program. (Alice Tully Hall. Tuesday, Oct. 18, at 8.)

St. Luke's Chamber Ensemble—A program of new music. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Tuesday, Oct. 18, at 8.)

New Music for Young Ensembles—Catherine Rowe, soprano, and the New Repertory Ensemble. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. 864-5400. Tuesday, Oct. 18, at 8.)

Group for Contemporary Music—A program of music by Roussakis, Schönberg, Cage, and Bartók, performed by the Columbia String Quartet. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Tuesday, Oct. 18, at 8.)

José Maria Moreno—Flamenco and classical guitarist. (CAMI Hall, 165 W. 57th St. Wednesday, Oct. 19, at 8. For tickets, call 757-3255.)

Music Today—Gerard Schwarz conducting a chamber ensemble in a program of music by Busoni-Schönberg, Webern, Mario Davidovsky, and William Thomas McKinley, with Margaret Chalker, soprano; Frank Hoffmeister and Douglas Perry, tenors; and Raymond Murcell, bass. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Wednesday, Oct. 19, at 8.)

Cleveland Quartet—With Anton Kuerti, piano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Thursday, Oct. 20, at 8.)

Sequoia String Quartet—With Richard Goode, piano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Friday, Oct. 21, at 8.)

Ravi Shankar—Sitar. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Oct. 21, at 8.)

New York Renaissance Band—A program of vocal and lute music from the Middle Ages and from the Renaissance and Baroque periods, with Stanley Charkey, lutenist, and Judith Jones, soprano. (St. Michael's Church, 225 W. 99th St. Friday, Oct. 21, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center—Josef Suk, violin; Richard Goode, piano; Gervase de Peyer, clarinet; Alvin Brehm, contrabass; and others. (Paula Cooper Gallery, 155 Wooster St. Saturday, Oct. 22, at 6. No seats—just cushions on the floor. Tickets at the door on the day of the concert.)

Andras Schiff—Piano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Saturday, Oct. 22, at 8.)

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Mendelssohn String Quartet—With Judith Mendelhall, flute. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Oct. 22, at 8. For tickets, call 586-4680.)

MISCELLANY

Next Wave Festival—The first two of four new productions, at the Brooklyn Academy of Music, which combine music, theatre, dance, and visual effects. In the Opera House, Wednesday through Saturday, Oct. 12-15, at 8, and Sunday, Oct. 16, at 2 and 7: **THE PHOTOGRAPHER/FAR FROM THE TRUTH,** with music by Philip Glass and text by Robert Coe, performed by the Philip Glass Ensemble, dancers from the David Gordon/Pick Up Company, and a company of actors. . . . ¶ In the Lepercq Space, Thursday through Saturday, Oct. 13-15, at 8, and Sunday, Oct. 16, at 2: **THE WAY OF HOW,** by the George Coates Performance Works, with music by Paul Dresher. Performed by John Duykers and Rinde Eckert, tenors; Leonard Pitt, mime; and Mr. Dresher. (30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100.)

SPORTS

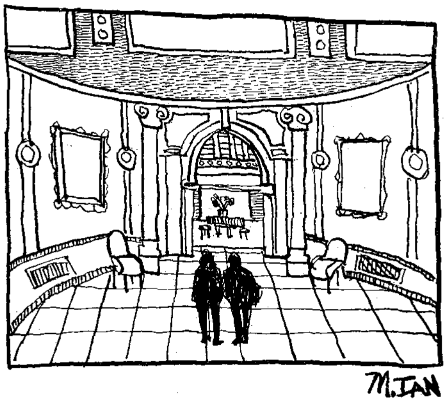
(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden is 564-4400.)

Professional Basketball—Exhibition games—At **MADISON SQUARE GARDEN:** Detroit vs. Washington and Knicks vs. Milwaukee, Thursday, Oct. 20, at 6. . . . ¶ Chicago vs. Atlanta and Knicks vs. Nets, Saturday, Oct. 22, at 6. . . . **BYRNE MEADOWLANDS ARENA** (1-201 935-8888): Nets vs. Knicks, Tuesday, Oct. 18, at 7:30.

College Football—**SATURDAY, OCT. 15:** Army vs. Notre Dame, at Giants Stadium, the Meadowlands, at 2. . . . ¶ Brown vs. Cornell, at Providence, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Harvard vs. Dartmouth, at Cambridge, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Pennsylvania vs. Lafayette, at Philadelphia, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Princeton vs. Navy, at Princeton, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Rutgers vs. Colgate, at Piscataway, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Syracuse vs. Penn State, at Syracuse, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Yale vs. Columbia, at New Haven, at 1:30. . . . **SATURDAY, OCT. 22:** Amherst vs. Wesleyan, at Amherst, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Army vs. Lehigh, at West Point, at 2. . . . ¶ Dartmouth vs. Cornell, at Hanover, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Fordham vs. Hofstra, at Fordham, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Harvard vs. Princeton, at Cambridge, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Holy Cross vs. Brown, at Worcester, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Yale vs. Pennsylvania, at New Haven, at 1:30.

Professional Football—Sunday, Oct. 16: Jets vs. Miami Dolphins, at Shea Stadium, at 1. . . . ¶ Giants vs. Kansas City Chiefs, at Kansas City.

Hockey—At **MADISON SQUARE GARDEN** (all games at 7:35): Rangers vs. Washington Capitals, Thursday, Oct. 13. . . . ¶ Rangers vs. Philadelphia Flyers, Sunday, Oct. 16. . . . ¶ Rangers vs. Calgary Flames, Wednesday, Oct. 19. . . . **NASSAU COLISEUM:** Islanders vs. Philadelphia Flyers, Saturday, Oct. 15, at 7:05. . . . ¶ Islanders vs. Calgary Flames, Tuesday, Oct. 18, at 8:05. . . . ¶ Islanders vs. Rangers, Saturday, Oct. 22, at 7:05. (Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I. 1-516 794-9100.) . . . **BYRNE MEADOWLANDS ARENA** (1-201 935-3900): Devils vs. Quebec Nordiques, Friday, Oct. 14, at 7:35. . . . ¶ Devils vs. Toronto Maple Leafs, Sunday, Oct. 16, at 7:35.



Racing—At **BELMONT:** Weekdays at 12:30 and Sundays at 1:05; through Monday, Oct. 17. The Bertram F. Bongard, Thursday, Oct. 13; the Temple Gwathmey Steeplechase, Friday, Oct. 14; the Champagne and the Jockey Club Gold Cup, Saturday, Oct. 15; and the Beldame, Sunday, Oct. 16. (Frequent trains will leave Penn Station for the track Wednesday through Friday and Monday between 10:45 and 1:10, and Saturday and Sunday between 11 and 1:15.) . . . **AQUEDUCT:** Mondays and Wednesdays through Saturdays at 12:30, and Sundays at 1:05, from Wednesday, Oct. 19, through Saturday, Dec. 31. The Pilgrim, Wednesday, Oct. 19, and the Vosburgh, Saturday, Oct. 22. . . . **MEADOWLANDS:** Weeknights at 8; through Saturday, Dec. 31. The Queen Charlotte, Saturday, Oct. 15. . . . **LAUREL,** Md.: Weekdays at 12:30; through Friday, Dec. 9.

Skating—Rosalynn Sumners, Scott Hamilton, Elaine Zayak, Dorothy Hamill, and others in an exhibition of figure skating, for the benefit of the United States Olympic Fund. (Madison Square Garden. Tuesday, Oct. 18, at 8.)

Trotting—At Yonkers Raceway: Weeknights at 8; through Saturday, Nov. 5.

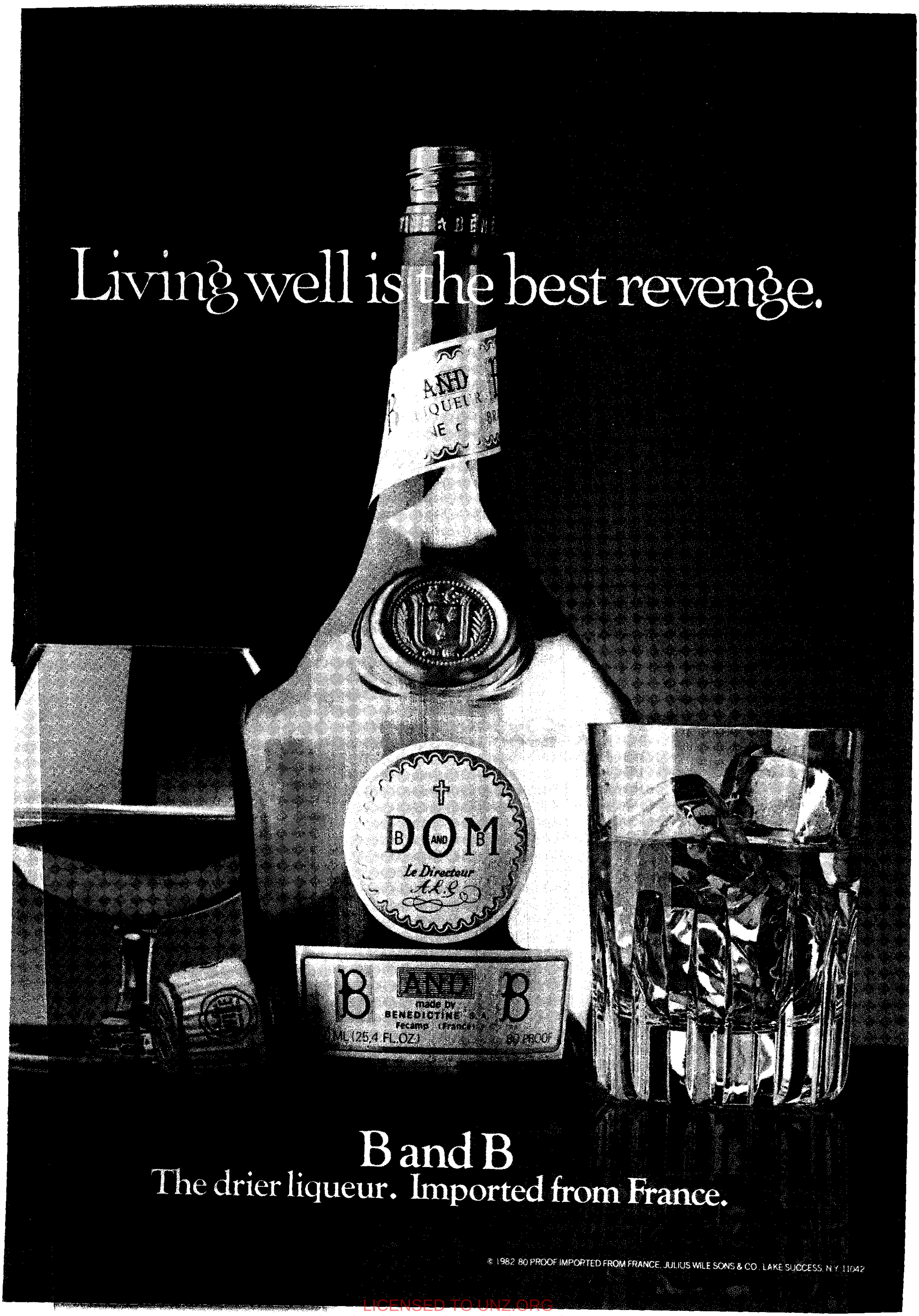
ET ALIA

Poetry, Prose, and Drama Readings—Selections from the works of Tennessee Williams, along with reminiscences of the playwright, read by Anne Jackson, Eli Wallach, James Kirkwood, and Dotson Rader. (Bruno Walter Auditorium, New York Public Library at Lincoln Center, 111 Amsterdam Ave., at 65th St. Thursday, Oct. 13, at 8. For information about tickets, call 557-3750.) . . . ¶ Toni Morrison reading from her own novels. (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-4410. Monday, Oct. 17, at 8.) . . . ¶ "A Tribute to W. H. Auden," a program of readings of his poetry by Howard Moss, John Ashbery, Anthony Hecht, James Merrill, May Swenson, and others. (Guggenheim Museum Auditorium, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St. Tuesday, Oct. 18, at 7. Free admission on a first-come, first-served basis.) . . . A second tribute to Auden, this one a symposium conducted by, among others, Stephen Spender and Christopher Isherwood. (Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl. Thursday, Oct. 20, at 7. Free admission on a first-come, first-served basis.)

Walking Tours—Conducted tours of Fifth Avenue, from 78th to 94th Streets, sponsored by the Municipal Art Society. Saturday and Sunday, Oct. 15-16, starting at the New York University Institute of Fine Arts, Fifth Ave. and 78th St., at 2. (For information about tickets, call 935-3960.) . . . ¶ "Upper Broadway: Clerics and Scholars," a conducted tour sponsored by the Museum of the City of New York. Sunday, Oct. 16, starting at the Cathedral of St. John the Divine, Amsterdam Ave. at 112th St., at 1:30. (For information about tickets, call 534-1672.)

Auctions—At **SOTHEBY'S,** York Ave. at 72nd St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 9:30 to 5; Sunday, Oct. 16, from 1 to 5.) Thursday through Saturday, Oct. 13-15, at 2: French furniture and Continental ceramics. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Oct. 19, at 10:15 and 2: Jewelry. Exhibition starts Saturday, Oct. 15. . . . **CHRISTIE'S,** Park Ave. at 59th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.) Thursday, Oct. 13, at 10 and 2: American furniture, silver, and decorative arts. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, Oct. 14-15, at 10 and 2: English and Continental furniture, clocks, and objects of art. . . . **PHILLIPS,** 406 E. 79th St. Thursday, Oct. 13, at 2: American paintings. (Exhibition hours: Wednesday, Oct. 12, from 10 to 5.)

Election Registration—The registration dates for the Nov. 8 elections are Thursday, Oct. 13, and Saturday, Oct. 15, from 1 to 9.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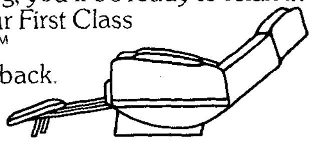

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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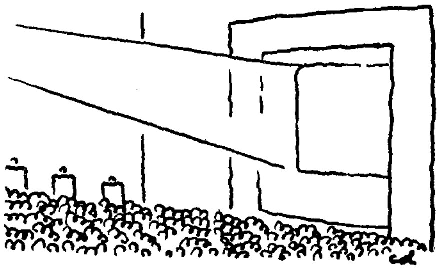

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FILMS ACCOMPANIED BY A DAGGER ARE DESCRIBED IN THE "IN BRIEF" SECTION, STARTING ON PAGE 27.

EAST SIDE

Little Theatre, Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171; theatre opens in the late afternoon and is closed Mondays.)
A program of films from Columbia Pictures. Some days are devoted to a special genre or a particular person; for example, Oct. 14, four Rita Hayworth films, Oct. 15, five comedy films, Oct. 16, five Western films, Oct. 19, four Constance Cummings films, Oct. 21, five musical films, and Oct. 22, four thrillers.

R.K.O. Century Art, 36 E. 8th. (473-7014)
Through Oct. 13: "Trading Places" (†).
From Oct. 14: "A Boy and His Dog" (1976; L. Q. Jones), with Don Johnson and Jason Robards.

St. Marks Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (533-9292)
Through Oct. 13: "National Lampoon's Vacation" (directed by Harold Ramis), with Chevy Chase and Beverly D'Angelo; and "Personal Best" (†).
Oct. 14-20: "Merry Christmas, Mr. Lawrence" (Nagisa Oshima), with David Bowie; and "Tender Mercies" (†).
From Oct. 21: To be announced.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)
Through Oct. 13: "The Lonely Lady" (Peter Sasdy), with Pia Zadora.
From Oct. 14: "A Boy and His Dog" (1976; L. Q. Jones), with Don Johnson and Jason Robards.

Bay Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)
Through Oct. 20: "Risky Business" (†).
From Oct. 21: "The Right Stuff" (†).

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
"Never Say Never Again" (Irvin Kershner), with Sean Connery.

Loews 34th Street Showplace, 238 E. 34th. (532-5544)
Theatre 1: "Beyond the Limit" (John MacKenzie), with Richard Gere and Michael Caine.
Theatre 2: Through Oct. 13: "Eddie and the Cruisers" (Martin Davidson), with Tom Berenger. From Oct. 14: "A Boy and His Dog" (1976; L. Q. Jones), with Don Johnson and Jason Robards.
Theatre 3: "The Big Chill" (†).

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"Romantic Comedy" (Arthur Hiller), with Dudley Moore and Mary Steenburgen.

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
Through Oct. 20: "Merry Christmas, Mr. Lawrence" (Nagisa Oshima), with David Bowie.
From Oct. 21: "Americana" (David Carradine), with Carradine and Barbara Hershey.

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)
Through Oct. 13: "Risky Business" (†).
From Oct. 14: "Streamers" (Robert Altman), with Matthew Modine.

Gotham Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)
Through Oct. 20: "Mr. Mom" (Stan Dragoti), with Michael Keaton. (No evening performances on Thursday, Oct. 13.)
From Oct. 21: "All the Right Moves" (Michael Chapman), with Tom Cruise and Craig T. Nelson.

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)
Through Oct. 19: "Cross Creek" (†).
From Oct. 20: "Carmen" (Carlos Saura; in Spanish), with Antonio Gades.

Manhattan 1 and 2, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)
Theatre 1: "Never Say Never Again" (Irvin Kershner), with Sean Connery.
Theatre 2: Through Oct. 20: "Never Say Never Again." From Oct. 21: "Zelig" (†).

Baronet and Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
Theatre 1: "Romantic Comedy" (Arthur Hiller), with Dudley Moore and Mary Steenburgen.
Theatre 2: Through Oct. 13: "Daniel" (†). From Oct. 14: "Heart Like a Wheel" (Jonathan Kaplan), with Bonnie Bedelia and Beau Bridges.

D. W. Griffith, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"Rear Window" (1954; Alfred Hitchcock), with James Stewart, Grace Kelly, and Wendell Corey.

Cinema I and II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022/0774)
Theatre 1: Through Oct. 13: "Hanna K." (Costa-Gavras), with Jill Clayburgh. From Oct. 14: "The Ballad of Gregorio Cortez" (Robert M. Young), with Edward James Olmos.
Theatre 2: "Educating Rita" (Lewis Gilbert), with Michael Caine and Julie Walters.

Gemini 1 and 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
Theatre 1: Through Oct. 13: "The Lonely Lady" (Peter Sasdy), with Pia Zadora. From Oct. 14: "Never Cry Wolf" (Carroll Ballard), with Charles Martin Smith.
Theatre 2: "Fanny and Alexander" (†).

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)
Through Oct. 20: "Zelig" (†).
From Oct. 21: "The Right Stuff" (†).

Loews New York Twin 1 and 2, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
Theatre 1: Through Oct. 13: "Eddie and the Cruisers" (Martin Davidson), with Tom Berenger. From Oct. 14: "Get Crazy."
Theatre 2: "The Big Chill" (†).

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)
"The Return of Martin Guerre" (Daniel Vigne; in French), with Gérard Depardieu and Nathalie Baye.

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"Rumble Fish" (Francis Coppola), with Matt Dillon and Mickey Rourke.

72nd Street East, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (288-9304)
Through Oct. 13: "The Leopard" (†).
From Oct. 14: "Risky Business" (†).

U. A. 85th St. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
Through Oct. 13: "Escape 2000."
From Oct. 14: "Night of the Zombies."

Loews Orpheum 1 and 2, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
Theatre 1: "Hells Angels Forever."
Theatre 2: "Beyond the Limit" (John MacKenzie), with Richard Gere and Michael Caine.

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
Through Oct. 13: "The Lonely Lady" (Peter Sasdy), with Pia Zadora.
From Oct. 14: To be announced.

R.K.O. Century 86th St. Twin, Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
Theatre 1: "Never Say Never Again" (Irvin Kershner), with Sean Connery.
Theatre 2: Through Oct. 20: "Never Say Never Again." From Oct. 21: "All the Right Moves" (Michael Chapman), with Tom Cruise and Craig T. Nelson.

WEST SIDE

Film Forum 1 and 2, 57 Watts St. (431-1590; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Theatre 1: Through Oct. 15: "Pharos of Chaos" (directed by Wolf-Eckart Buhler and Manfred Blank), a documentary about Sterling Hayden; and "The Asphalt Jungle" (1950; John Huston), with Sterling Hayden, Jean Hagen, Sam Jaffe, and Louis Calhern. Oct. 16-20: "Pharos of Chaos;" and "The Killing" (†). From Oct. 21: "Pharos of Chaos;" and "Johnny Guitar" (†).
Theatre 2: Oct. 12: "Taxi zum Klo" (1981; Frank Ripploh; in German); and "The Consequence" (1977; Wolfgang Petersen; in German), with Jurgen Prochnow and Ernst Hannawald. Oct. 13: "Moses and Aaron" (1975; Jean-Marie Straub and Danièle Huillet; in German); and "Introduction to Arnold Schönberg's 'Accompaniment to a Cinematographic Scene'" (1973; Jean-Marie Straub and Danièle Huillet; in German). Oct. 14-15: "Heart of Glass" (1977; Werner Herzog; in German); and "Woyzeck" (1979; Werner Herzog; in German), with Klaus Kinski and Eva Mattes. Oct. 16: "Our Hitler" (1980; Hans-Jürgen Syberberg; in German); all seven hours, starting at 2. Oct. 17-18: "The Left-Handed Woman" (†); and "Chinese Roulette" (1977; Rainer Werner Fassbinder; in German), with Margit Carstensen. Oct. 19-20: "A Free Woman" (†); and "Veronika Voss" (1982; Rainer Werner Fassbinder; in German), with Rosel Zech. Oct. 21-22: "The Bitter Tears of Petra von Kant" (†); and "Fox and His Friends" (1976; Rainer Werner Fassbinder; in German), with Fassbinder.

Waverly 1 and 2, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
Theatre 1: "Liquid Sky" (Slava Tsukerman).
Theatre 2: "The Big Chill" (†).

Greenwich Playhouse 1 and 2, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Theatre 1: Through Oct. 13: "Strange Invaders" (Michael Laughlin), with Nancy Allen and Paul Le Mat. From Oct. 14: To be announced.
Theatre 2: "Fanny and Alexander" (†).

Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: "Zelig" (†).
Theatre 2: "Rear Window" (1954; Alfred Hitchcock), with James Stewart, Grace Kelly, and Wendell Corey.
Theatre 3: "Rear Window."
Theatre 4: "The Draughtsman's Contract" (†).

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)
Through Oct. 13: "Staying Alive" (†).
From Oct. 14: "Hanna K." (Costa-Gavras), with Jill Clayburgh.

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"Brainstorm" (Douglas Trumbull), with Christopher Walken and Natalie Wood.

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (757-2715)
"Romantic Comedy" (Arthur Hiller), with Dudley Moore and Mary Steenburgen.

57th St. Playhouse, 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)
"Koyaanisqatsi" (Godfrey Reggio).

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"Heat and Dust" (James Ivory), with Julie Christie and Shashi Kapoor.

Cinema 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
Through Oct. 13: Theatre closed.
From the evening of Oct. 14: "Betrayal" (David Jones), with Jeremy Irons and Ben Kingsley.

Loews Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"The Big Chill" (†).

Lincoln Plaza 1, 2, and 3, B'way at 63rd. (757-2280)
Theatre 1: "Lonely Hearts" (†).
Theatre 2: "Danton" (†).
Theatre 3: "Pauline at the Beach" (†).

Cinema Studio 1 and 2, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
Theatre 1: "Rear Window" (1954; Alfred Hitchcock), with James Stewart, Grace Kelly, and Wendell Corey.
Theatre 2: "Passion" (Jean-Luc Godard; in French), with Isabelle Huppert and Hanna Schygulla.

Embassy 72nd St. 1 and 2, B'way at 72nd. (724-6745)
Theatre 1: "Ernesto" (Salvatore Samperi; in Italian), with Martin Halm.
Theatre 2: Through Oct. 20: "Trading Places" (†). From Oct. 21: "Americana" (David Carradine), with Carradine and Barbara Hershey.

Loews 83rd Quad, B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
Theatre 1: Through Oct. 20: "Never Say

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"Never Again" (Irvin Kershner), with Sean Connery. From Oct. 21: To be announced.

Theatre 2: Through Oct. 13: "Risky Business" (†). From Oct. 14: "A Boy and His Dog" (1976; L. Q. Jones), with Don Johnson and Jason Robards.

Theatre 3: Through Oct. 20: "The Big Chill" (†). From Oct. 21: To be announced.

Theatre 4: Through Oct. 20: "Fanny and Alexander" (†). From Oct. 21: To be announced.

New Yorker 1 and 2, B'way at 88th. (580-7900)

Theatre 1: "The Draughtsman's Contract" (†).

Theatre 2: "Zelig" (†).

Olympia Quad, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)

Theatre 1: "Hells Angels Forever."

Theatre 2: Through Oct. 13: "Staying Alive" (†) and "An Officer and a Gentleman" (†). From Oct. 14: "A Boy and His Dog" (1976; L. Q. Jones), with Don Johnson and Jason Robards.

Theatre 3: "Merry Christmas, Mr. Lawrence" (Nagisa Oshima), with David Bowie.

Theatre 4: Through Oct. 20: "Trading Places" (†) and "48 Hrs." (†). From Oct. 21: "Mr. Mom" (Stan Dragoti), with Michael Keaton; and "Max Dugan Returns" (Herbert Ross), with Marsha Mason and Jason Robards.

TIMES SQUARE AREA

Criterion Theatres, B'way at 44th. (354-0900)

Theatre 1: "Never Say Never Again" (directed by Irvin Kershner), with Sean Connery.

Theatre 2: "Risky Business" (†).

Theatre 3: "Mr. Mom" (Stan Dragoti), with Michael Keaton.

Theatre 4: Through Oct. 20: "Strange Invaders" (Michael Laughlin), with Nancy Allen and Paul Le Mat. From Oct. 21: "All the Right Moves" (Michael Chapman), with Tom Cruise and Craig T. Nelson.

Theatre 5: "Zelig" (†).

Theatre 6: "National Lampoon's Vacation" (Harold Ramis), with Chevy Chase and Beverly D'Angelo.

Embassy 1, B'way at 46th. (757-2408)

"Trading Places" (†).

Embassy 2, 3, and 4, B'way at 47th. (730-7262)

Theatre 2: "Flashdance" (†).

Theatre 3: "Easy Money" (James Signorelli), with Rodney Dangerfield.

Theatre 4: "Staying Alive" (†).

Loews Astor Plaza, B'way at 44th. (869-8340)

"Return of the Jedi" (†).

Loews State 1 and 2, B'way at 45th. (582-5060)

Theatre 1: "Eddie and the Cruisers" (Martin Davidson), with Tom Berenger. (No performances on Thursday, Oct. 20.)

Theatre 2: "Beyond the Limit" (John MacKenzie), with Richard Gere and Michael Caine.

Movieland, B'way at 47th. (757-8320)

"Hells Angels Forever."

New Embassy 49th Street, Seventh Ave. at 49th. (757-7003)

"Flashdance" (†).

Rivoli 1 and 2, B'way at 49th. (247-1633)

Theatre 1: "Pieces" (J. Simon), with Christopher George.

Theatre 2: Through Oct. 13: "The Lonely Lady" (Peter Sasdy), with Pia Zadora. From Oct. 14: "A Boy and His Dog" (1976; L. Q. Jones), with Don Johnson and Jason Robards.

R.K.O. Century National Twin, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)

Theatre 1: "Escape 2000."

Theatre 2: Through Oct. 13: "A Time to Die" (Matt Cimber), with Rex Harrison and Rod Taylor. From Oct.14: "Get Crazy."

R.K.O. Century Warner Twin, B'way at 47th. (975-8369)

Theatre 1: Through Oct. 20: "Revenge of the Ninja" (Sam Firstenberg), with Sho Kosugi. From Oct. 21: "The Right Stuff" (†).

Theatre 2: Through Oct. 13: "Sword of the Barbarians." From Oct. 14: "Night of the Zombies."

REVIVAL HOUSES

Agee Room, 144 Bleecker St. (473-8306; theatre opens in the late afternoon.)

Through Oct. 13: "Children of Paradise" (1945; directed by Marcel Carné; in French), with Jean-Louis Barrault, Arletty, Pierre Brasseur, and Maria Casarès.

Oct. 14-20: A program of Warner Bros. Bugs Bunny cartoons.

From Oct. 21: To be announced.

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)

Through Oct. 13: "Don't Look Back" (1967; Donn Pennebaker), with Bob Dylan.

Oct. 14-20: "Pandora's Box" (1929) and "Diary of a Lost Girl" (1929), both German silent films, directed by G. W. Pabst, with Louise Brooks.

From Oct. 21: To be announced.

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)

Through Oct. 13: "The Grey Fox" (1983; Phillip Borsos), with Richard Farnsworth.

Oct. 14-20: "The Leopard" (†).

From Oct. 21: A week-long program of Czech films.

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)

Through Oct. 13: "The Story of O" (1975; Just Jaeckin; in French); and "Maîtresse" (1976; Barbet Schroeder; in French), with Bulle Ogier and Gérard Depardieu.

Oct. 14-15: "And Now for Something Completely Different" (1972), selected skits from the BBC-TV series "Monty Python's Flying Circus;" and "Life of Brian" (1979; Terry Jones), with Graham Chapman.

Oct. 16-18: "The Lord of the Rings" (1978; Ralph Bakshi), an animated film; and "The Dark Crystal" (1982; Jim Henson and Frank Oz).

Oct. 19-20: "Emmanuelle" (1974; Just Jaeckin; in French), with Sylvia Kristel and Alain Cuny; and "Black Emmanuelle" (1976).

Oct. 21-22: "Amarcord" (1974; Federico Fellini; in Italian), with Bruno Zanin; and "The Clowns" (1971; Federico Fellini; in Italian).

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)

Through Oct. 13: "Ernesto" (Salvatore Samperi; in Italian), with Martin Halm.

From Oct. 14: "Heartland Reggae" (1983; Jim Lewis), a concert film.

Hollywood Twin Cinema 1, 8th Ave. at 47th. (246-0717)

Oct. 12: "Red River" (1948; Howard Hawks), with Montgomery Clift, John Wayne, Walter Brennan, and Joanne Dru; and "The Searchers" (1956; John Ford), with John Wayne, Natalie Wood, Jeffrey Hunter, Vera Miles, and Ward Bond.

Oct. 13-15: "2001: A Space Odyssey" (1968; Stanley Kubrick), with Keir Dullea and Gary Lockwood; and "Alien" (1979; Ridley Scott), with Tom Skerritt, Sigourney Weaver, and Veronica Cartwright.

Oct. 16-17: "All That Jazz" (†); and "Lenny" (1974; Bob Fosse), with Dustin Hoffman.

Oct. 18-19: "Baby, It's You" (1983; John Sayles), with Rosanna Arquette and Vincent Spano; and "Lianna" (1983; John Sayles).

Oct. 20-22: "A Streetcar Named Desire" (†) and "On the Waterfront" (†).

Hollywood Twin Cinema 2, 8th Ave. at 47th. (246-0717)

Through Oct. 13: "Up in Smoke" (1978; Lou Adler), with Tommy Chong and Cheech Marin; and "Stir Crazy" (1980; Sidney Poitier), with Richard Pryor, Gene Wilder, Georg Stanford Brown, and Jobeth Williams.

Oct. 14-15: "Missing" (1982; Costa-Gavras), with Jack Lemmon, Sissy Spacek, Melanie Mayron, and John Shea; and "The Verdict" (1982; Sidney Lumet), with Paul Newman, Charlotte Rampling, Jack Warden, and James Mason.

Oct. 16: "Reds" (1981; Warren Beatty), with Beatty, Diane Keaton, Jack Nicholson, and Maureen Stapleton.

Oct. 17-18: "Ciao! Manhattan" (1973; John Palmer and David Weisman), with Edie Sedgwick and Andy Warhol; and "Trash" (†).

Oct. 19-20: "The Thomas Crown Affair" (†); and "An Enemy of the People" (1977; George Schaefer), with Steve McQueen, Bibi Andersson, and Charles Durning.

Oct. 21-22: "Dial M for Murder" (1954; Alfred Hitchcock), with Ray Milland, Grace Kelly, Robert Cummings, Anthony Dawson, and John Williams; and "To Catch a Thief" (†).

Metro Cinema, B'way at 99th. (222-1200)

Oct. 12: "Mandabi" (1968; Ousmane Sembène; in Wolof); and "Jom" (1982; Ababacar Samb; in Wolof).

Oct. 13: "White Heat" (1949; Raoul Walsh), with James Cagney, Virginia Mayo, Edmond O'Brien, and Margaret Wycherly; and "The Public Enemy" (1931; William Wellman), with James Cagney, Jean Harlow, Joan Blondell, and Mae Clarke.

Oct. 14: "Diner" (1982; Barry Levinson), with Daniel Stern, Steve Guttenberg, and Mickey Rourke; and "American Graffiti" (1973; George Lucas), with Richard Dreyfuss and Ronny Howard.

Oct. 15: "Scenes from a Marriage" (1974; Ingmar Bergman; in Swedish), with Liv Ullmann and Erland Josephson.

Oct. 16: "Citizen Kane" (1941; Orson Welles), with Welles, Joseph Cotten, Dorothy Comingore, Agnes Moorehead, and Everett Sloane; and "La Grande Illusion" (1937; Jean Renoir; in French), with Erich von Stroheim, Jean Gabin, Pierre Fresnay, and Marcel Dalio.

Oct. 17: "Tokyo Story" (1953; Yasujiro Ozu; in Japanese); and "Utamaro and His Five Women" (1946; Kenji Mizoguchi; in Japanese).

Oct. 18: "Brief Encounter" (1946; David Lean), with Celia Johnson and Trevor Howard; and "In Which We Serve" (1942; Noël Coward and David Lean), with Coward, Celia Johnson, John Mills, and Kay Walsh.

Oct. 19: "Orchestra Rehearsal" (†); and "Without Anesthesia" (1978; Andrzej Wajda; in Polish).

Oct. 20: "Footlight Parade" (†); and "Love Me or Leave Me" (1955; Charles Vidor), with Doris Day, James Cagney, and Cameron Mitchell.

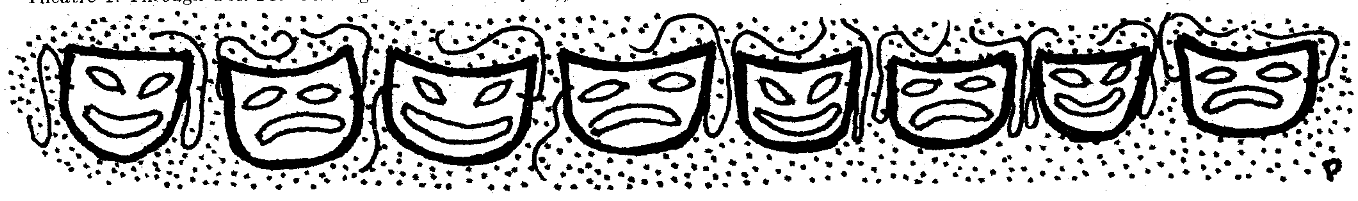
Oct. 21: "Padre Padrone" (†) and "The Gospel According to St. Matthew" (†).

Oct. 22: "Seven Beauties" (†) and "Swept Away" (†).

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)

Oct. 12: "Four Feathers" (1939; Zoltán Korda), with Ralph Richardson, John Clements, and C. Aubrey Smith; and "The Sea Hawk" (1940; Michael Curtiz), with Errol Flynn, Flora Robson, and Brenda Marshall.

Oct. 13-15: "Kind Hearts and Coronets" (1950; Robert Hamer), with Alec Guinness,



Valerie Hobson, Dennis Price, and Joan Greenwood; and "The Lavender Hill Mob" (1951; Charles Crichton), with Alec Guinness, Stanley Holloway, Alfie Bass, and Sidney James.

Oct. 16-17: "Forever and a Day" (1943), with Ida Lupino, Brian Aherne, and Merle Oberon; and "Bitter Sweet" (1933; Herbert Wilcox), with Anna Neagle, Fernand Graavey, and Ivy St. Helier.

Oct. 18-19: "Passport to Pimlico" (†); and "Molly and Me" (1945; Lewis Seiler), with Gracie Fields, Monty Woolley, and Roddy McDowall.

Oct. 20-22: "The Lady Vanishes" (†); and "Rebecca" (1940; Alfred Hitchcock), with Joan Fontaine, Laurence Olivier, Judith Anderson, George Sanders, and Florence Bates.

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)

Oct. 12: "Majin, the Stone Samurai" (1966; Kimiyoshi Yasuda; in Japanese), with Miwa Takada; and "Majin Strikes Again" (1967; Kazuo Mori; in Japanese).

Oct. 13: "The Devils" (1971; Ken Russell), with Vanessa Redgrave and Oliver Reed; and "Lisztomania" (1975; Ken Russell), with Roger Daltrey.

Oct. 14-15: "26 Days in the Life of Dostoyevsky" (1980; Alexander Zarkhi; in Russian); and "A Nest in the Wind" (1979; Olav Neuland; in Russian).

Oct. 16: "Tragedy of a Ridiculous Man" (1981; Bernardo Bertolucci; in Italian), with Ugo Tognazzi and Anouk Aimée; and "The Conformist" (†).

Oct. 17: "Fort Apache" (†); "Sergeant Rutledge" (1960; John Ford), with Jeffrey Hunter, Constance Towers, and Woody Strode; and "Wagonmaster" (1950; John Ford), with Ben Johnson, Joanne Dru, Harry Carey, Jr., and Ward Bond.

Oct. 18: "Ulysses" (1967; Joseph Strick), with Milo O'Shea, Barbara Jefford, and Maurice Roeves; and "Passages from Finnegans Wake" (†).

Oct. 19: "Ballad of Narayama" (1958; Keisuke Kinoshita; in Japanese); and "Snow Country" (1957; Shiro Toyoda; in Japanese).

Oct. 20: "Cruising" (1980; William Friedkin), with Al Pacino, Paul Sorvino, Richard Cox, and Don Scardino; and "The Boys in the Band" (1970; William Friedkin), with Frederick Combs.

Oct. 21-22: "Mad Max" (1980; George Miller and Mel Gibson), with Gibson; and "The Last Wave" (1978; Peter Weir; an Australian film), with Richard Chamberlain, Gulpilil, Nandjiwarra Amagula, and Olivia Hamnett.

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)

Oct. 12: "The Seventh Seal" (1956; Ingmar Bergman; in Swedish), with Max von Sydow, Gunnar Björnstrand, Bibi Andersson, and Nils Poppe; and "Persona" (1967; Ingmar Bergman; in Swedish), with Bibi Andersson and Liv Ullmann.

Oct. 13: "Cabin in the Sky" (1943; Vincente Minnelli), with Ethel Waters, Eddie Anderson, Lena Horne, Louis Armstrong, and John Bubbles; and "Stormy Weather" (1943; Andrew Stone), with Bill Robinson, Fats Waller, Cab Calloway, and Dooley Wilson.

Oct. 14-15: "Roman Holiday" (1953; William Wyler), with Audrey Hepburn, Gregory Peck, and Eddie Albert; and "Breakfast at Tiffany's" (1961; Blake Edwards), with Audrey Hepburn, George Peppard, Patricia Neal, Martin Balsam, and Mickey Rooney.

Oct. 16: "The Guardsman" (†) and "Idiot's Delight" (†).

Oct. 17: "Mayerling" (†) and "Madame Bovary" (†).

Oct. 18: "Terror by Night" (1946; Roy William Neill), the thirteenth in the Basil Rathbone–Nigel Bruce/Sherlock Holmes–Dr. Watson series; and "Dressed to Kill" (1946; Roy William Neill), the fourteenth, and last, in the Rathbone-Bruce/Holmes-Watson series.

Oct. 19: "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" (1920; John S. Robertson; a silent film), with John Barrymore; and "The Hunchback of Notre Dame" (1923; Wallace Worsley; a silent film), with Lon Chaney.

Oct. 20: "Berserk" (1968; Jim O'Connolly), with Joan Crawford and Ty Hardin; and "Die! Die! My Darling" (1965; Silvio Narizzano), with Tallulah Bankhead and Stefanie Powers.

Oct. 21-22: "To Be or Not to Be" (1942; Ernst Lubitsch), with Carole Lombard, Jack Benny, Robert Stack, and Felix Bressart; and "Trouble in Paradise" (1932; Ernst Lubitsch), with Kay Francis, Herbert Marshall, Miriam Hopkins, and Edward Everett Horton.

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Museum of Modern Art, Roy and Niuta Titus Auditorium II, 18 W. 54th St. (708-9490)—Oct. 13 at 2:30: "A Tree Without Roots" (1975; directed by Hristo Hristov; in Bulgarian, with English subtitles), with Nikola Dadov, Nevena Kokanova, and Marin Yanev. . . . ¶ Oct. 13 at 6 and Oct. 14 at 2:30: "Detour" (1967; Grisha Ostovski and Todor Stoyanov; in Bulgarian, with English subtitles), with Nevena Kokanova and Ivan Andonov. . . . ¶ Oct. 14 at 6: "The Peach Thief" (1964; Vulo Radev; in Bulgarian, with English subtitles), with Nevena Kokanova and Rade Markovich. . . . ¶ Oct. 15 at noon: "When Willie Comes Marching Home" (1950; John Ford), with Dan Dailey, Corinne Calvert, and Mae Marsh. . . . ¶ Oct. 15 at 2:30: "We Were Young" (1961; Binka Zhelyazkova; in Bulgarian, with English subtitles), with Dimiter Bouinozov and Roumyana Karabelova. . . . ¶ Oct. 15 at 5: "On 'The Little Island' " (1958; Ranghel Vulchanov; in Bulgarian, with English subtitles), with Ivan Kondov and Stefan Peichev. . . . ¶ Oct. 16 at noon: "When Willie Comes Marching Home." . . . ¶ Oct. 16 at 2:30: "Barrier" (1979; Hristo Hristov; in Bulgarian, with English subtitles), with Inokentiy Smoktunovsky and Vanya Tsvetkova. . . . ¶ Oct. 16 at 5: "Tsar and General" (1965; Vulo Radev; in Bulgarian, with English subtitles), with Peter Slabakov and Naoum Shopov. . . . ¶ Oct. 17 at 2:30: "Barrier." . . . ¶ Oct. 17 at 6: A program of recent work by Sharon Greytak, who will be present. . . . ¶ Oct. 18 at 2:30: "We Were Young." . . . ¶ Oct. 18 at 6: "Moving On: The Hunger for Land in Zimbabwe" (1982; Peter Entell), a documentary. . . . ¶ Oct. 20 at 2:30: "Tsar and General." . . . ¶ Oct. 20 at 6 and Oct. 21 at 2:30 and 6: To be announced. . . . ¶ Oct. 22 at noon: "Citizens Band" ("Handle with Care;" 1977; Jonathan Demme), with Paul Le Mat, Candy Clark, and Ann Wedgeworth. . . . ¶ Oct. 22 at 2:30 and 5: To be announced. (A limited number of tickets are available to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing.)

Whitney Museum, Madison Ave. at 75th St. (570-0537)—A program of films by Warren Sonbert—"Carriage Trade" (1971) showing daily at 12:30 (plus Tuesdays at 4). Also showing, through Oct. 16, "Rude Awakening" (1975) and "A Woman's Touch" (1983), at 2 and 3:30; and, starting Oct. 18, "Divided Loyalties" (1978) and "Noblesse Oblige" (1981), Tuesday, Oct. 18, at 2 and 6:30, and Wednesday through Sunday, Oct. 19-23, at 2 and 3:30. Mr. Sonbert will be present on Thursday, Oct. 13, at 2. Closed Mondays.

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN THESE PAGES DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

All That Jazz (1979)—Almost nothing has been left out of this headlong, overblown musical about a great, worn-out, self-destructive, lovable-genius choreographer-director (Roy Scheider) who has a backstage rendezvous with Death (Jessica Lange, wearing white veils and an enigmatic smile) but who keeps going, on Dexedrine and charm, long enough to work out some zingy production numbers and bring tears to the eyes of all the brave, put-upon women in his life. There are rehearsal scenes right out of "42nd Street" and soft-lens metaphysics out of Fellini, and some open-heart surgery, too, but the story is supposedly based on the true life and hard times of Bob Fosse, who is the director and co-author of the picture, and, of course, its choreographer. This is high-cholesterol hokum—enjoyable but probably not good for you. With Cliff Gorman, Ann Reinking, Leland Palmer, Ben Vereen, and a lot of lively dancers. (Hollywood Twin Cinema 1; Oct. 16-17.)

The Big Chill—Directed by Lawrence Kasdan. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Loews 34th Street Showplace, Loews New York Twin, Waverly, and Loews Paramount. . . . ¶ Loews 83rd Quad; through Oct. 20.)

The Bitter Tears of Petra von Kant (1972)—The prodigal young (twenty-six years old at the time) Rainer Werner Fassbinder's elegant, sensitive film about lesbians. Fassbinder worked with a troupe of actors who almost became his repertory company. He plays a game of double-dare, pretending to frivolity where he means the intensely serious. In German. (Film Forum; Oct. 21-22.)

The Conformist (1970)—Bernardo Bertolucci wrote and directed this extraordinarily rich adaptation of the Alberto Moravia novel about an upper-class follower of Mussolini. It's set principally in 1938. Bertolucci's view isn't so much a reconstruction of the past as an infusion from it. He brought together the décor and architecture surviving from that modernistic period and gave it all unity. Jean-Louis Trintignant, who conveys the mechanisms of thought through tension, the way Bogart did, is the aristocratic Fascist—an intelligent coward who sacrifices everything he cares about because he wants the safety of normality. Stefania Sandrelli is his deliciously corrupt, empty-headed wife, and Dominique Sanda, with her swollen lips and tiger eyes, is the lesbian he would like to run away with. The film succeeds least with its psychosexual approach to the Fascist protagonist, but if the ideas don't touch the imagination the film's sensuous texture does. It's a triumph of feeling and of style—lyrical, flowing, velvety style, so operatic that you come away with sequences in your head like arias. With Pierre Clémenti as the chauffeur, Gastone Moschin as Manganiello, and Enzo Tarascio as the anti-Fascist professor (who resembles Godard). Cinematography by Vittorio Storaro. In Italian. (Thalia; Oct. 16.)

Cross Creek—Very loosely based on Marjorie Kinnan Rawlings' semi-autobiographical tales of her years in an orange grove in the Florida swamps, this movie, directed by Martin Ritt, suggests a child's storybook version of women's liberation. Everything is lighted to look holy, and whenever the score isn't shimmering and burnishing, nature is twittering. It's all pearly and languid, and more than a little twerpy—it's one long cue for "Oh, What a Beautiful Mornin'." The heroine is envisioned as a muted, passive artist who soaks up the local color, and the audience is left to watch her soak. As Mrs. Rawlings, Mary Steenburgen is withdrawn; she has a tight, little-girl voice, and she seems to count to ten before she speaks—she comes across as a lyrical stiff. The movie is lulling, in a semi-stupefying way. Most of it is sun-coated and sugar-cured. But Rip Torn plays a Cracker on a grand scale; he's too powerful for sweetening. And Ritt shows his flair for melodrama in his handling of the hyperemotional entanglement between Torn and Dana Hill, who plays his daughter; the two work together with what looks like spontaneous frenzy. The Cracker's emotions rear up very large, and he simply discharges them—when he's bashing chairs or tables, it's like brushing a tear away. It's a rampaging role, but Rip Torn doesn't seem to be afraid of anything, and he gives a demonstration of a wild-man actor's art. The picture would be stone cold without it. With Alfre Woodard as Geechee and Peter Coyote, who has a Jiminy Cricket charm as Norton Baskin, who becomes Mrs. Rawlings' second husband. Also with Malcolm McDowell as Maxwell Perkins, who just happens to be in the neighborhood because he has been visiting "Ernest in Key West." The script is by Dalene Young; the cinematography is by John A. Alonzo. (Reviewed in our issue of 10/3/83.) (Plaza; through Oct. 19.)

Daniel—Sidney Lumet directed, from E. L.

Doctorow's script, based on his 1971 novel "The Book of Daniel." The quasi-modernist novel is a personal fantasy that plugs into the persecution fears that the Rosenberg case stirred up. It's a mussy, mixed-up, passionate book—demagogic and harrowing. The movie is all those things, too, except it's not passionate, and so it doesn't carry you along. Timothy Hutton is Daniel, the son of the "Isaacsons," who is searching for the meaning of his dead parents' lives, and Amanda Plummer is the driven-mad younger sister; Lindsay Crouse and Mandy Patinkin are the parents. The cast includes Ellen Barkin, Ed Asner, Carmen Matthews, John Rubinstein, Maria Tucci, Julie Bovasso, Tovah Feldshuh, and many other well-known players; some of them must have flinched when they saw their performances here. (9/5/83) (Coronet; through Oct. 13.)

Danton—Andrzej Wajda's film comes from a Polish play of the nineteen-twenties that depicts Danton as a kind of proto-revisionist and makes Robespierre the real hero of their encounter, which resulted in Danton's going to the guillotine. Wajda and his screenwriter, Jean-Claude Carrière, stood the play on its head, making heroic Robespierre (Wojciech Pszoniak) into a sociopath who soaks his bed with sweat and cringes if a woman touches him, and Danton (Gérard Depardieu) into a slob and a libertine and a lush who in the end would rather be executed than executioner, and defies the Terror he helped to theorize. In France, where the movie was partially financed by the Socialist government, right and left divided over whether Wajda had a correct appreciation of the French Revolution, not over whether it was a good film or a bad one. By any reasonable standard, "Danton" is terrible. In French. (2/28/83; under Letter from Europe.) (Lincoln Plaza.)

The Draughtsman's Contract—Set on an English estate in the summer of 1694, this formalist tease by the writer-director Peter Greenaway is a fantasia of conceits about perspective, and about the relationship between the artist, his art, and the world. It's also a victimization fantasy: the draughtsman (Anthony Higgins), a lover of landscape, is attacked and destroyed by those who love only property. The film is mannered and idiosyncratic; the speeches are so arch and twitty they seem to be pitched higher than a dog whistle. For Greenaway, a movie is a set of theorems to be demonstrated by tableaux. His mind may be active but his camera is dead. With Janet Suzman and Anne Louise Lambert. (8/22/83) (Quad Cinema, and New Yorker.)

Fanny and Alexander—Ingmar Bergman's festive and full-bodied dream play—a vision of family life as a gifted boy might have perfected it—replacing his strict family (Bergman's father was a clergyman) with a generous-hearted theatrical clan. In what Bergman says is his final movie, his obsessions are turned into stories, and he tells them to us—he makes us a beribboned present of his Freudian-gothic dream world. The movie is scaled big; it runs for three hours and ten minutes, and its lovingly placed warm gingerbreading is enormously enjoyable. But the conventionality of the thinking in the film is rather shocking. It's as if Bergman's neuroses had been tormenting him for so long that he cut them off and went sprinting back to Victorian health and domesticity. In Swedish. (6/13/83) (Gemini, and Greenwich Playhouse. . . . ¶ Loews 83rd Quad; through Oct. 20.)

Flashdance—A lulling, narcotizing musical, it sells the kind of romantic story that was laughed off the screen thirty years ago and then made a comeback with "Rocky I, II, and III." The heroine (dewy-eyed face and darling smile by Jennifer Beals, dancing by Marine Jahan) is a welder by day and a dancer in a bar at night. And she has a dream, in which she's a ballerina. The music throughout is synthesizer pop; basically the movie is a series of rock videos. The dancing doesn't go the way a body goes; the dancing goes the way an eggbeater goes. With Richard Colon, one of a group of black "breakers" who do the only real dancing in the movie. Directed by Adrian Lyne, from a script by Tom Hedley and Joe Eszterhas. (6/27/83) (Embassy, and New Embassy 49th Street.)

Footlight Parade (1933)—This came out the same year as two celebrated Warners musicals—"42nd Street" and "Gold Diggers of 1933"—and it has some silly yet irresistibly wonderful examples of Busby Berkeley's pinwheel choreography. Based, possibly, on Berkeley himself, it's about a young director, played by James Cagney, who whips up ideas for the musical "prologues" that first-run movie palaces used to put on and stages them; in the latter part of the film, we get to see three of the finished products; they're built around the songs "Honeymoon Hotel," "By a Waterfall," and "Shanghai Lil." Cagney gives the picture some snap; he dances (in his astonishing early-vaudeville style) and rushes around and shows off his Olivier-like eyes. Joan Blondell is tough and honest, Dick Powell sings, and Ruby Keeler dances while bending down anxiously to watch her leaden feet. Also with Guy Kibbee, Billy Barty, Hugh Herbert, Frank McHugh, Ruth Donnelly, Claire Dodd, Herman Bing, Dave O'Brien, Hobart Cavanaugh, and Jimmy Conlin. Directed by Lloyd Bacon; the script is by Manuel Seff and James Seymour; the music is by Harry Warren and Al Dubin, and Sammy Fain and Irving Kahal. (Metro Cinema; Oct. 20.)

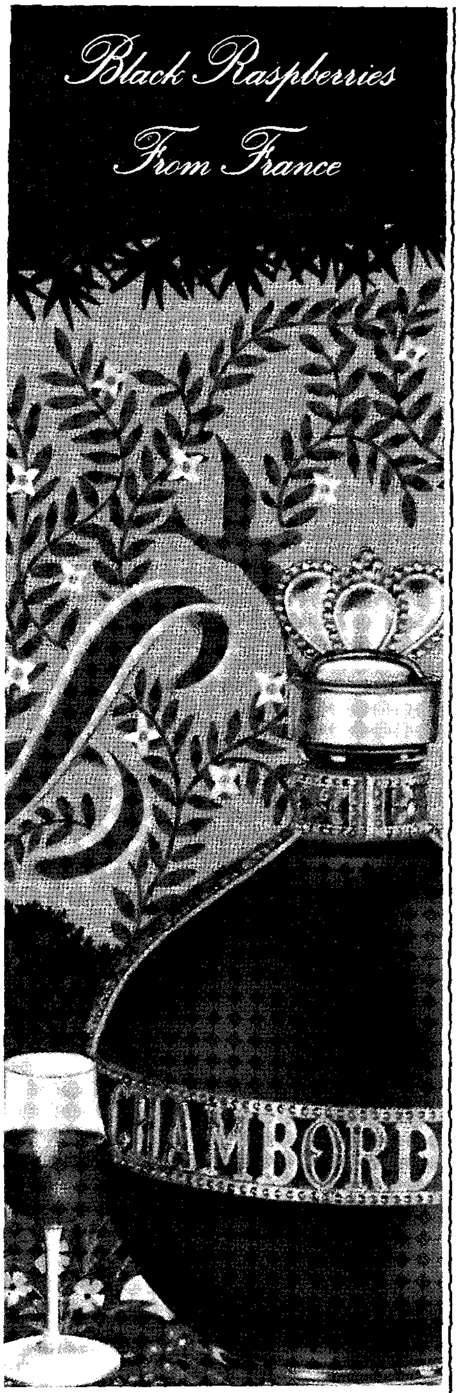
Fort Apache (1948)—Henry Fonda, as an imperious, wrong-headed lieutenant colonel whose men are massacred because they obey him; the John Ford film, set after the Civil War, never suggests that they should defy him, though he's practically a certifiable maniac. This is one of Ford's beautiful but irritating epic Westerns. The fights and dances and other big scenes are triumphs of staging, but the coy love interest (Shirley Temple and John Agar) and the Irish horseplay are infantile. And the whole picture is bathed in a special form of patriotic sentimentality: scenes are held so that we cannot fail to appreciate the beauty of the American past. With John Wayne, Ward Bond, Anna Lee, Victor McLaglen, Pedro Armendariz, Mae Marsh, Irene Rich, and George O'Brien. The screenplay by Frank S. Nugent was suggested by the story "Massacre," by James Warner Bellah. (Thalia; Oct. 17.)

48 Hrs.—Walter Hill's fast and brutal action comedy is a roller coaster that hurtles along. Nick Nolte is a San Francisco police detective, and Eddie Murphy (making his movie début) is a young hipster thief who outsmarts him by his hustler's verbal finesse and his black man's sense of irony. The two set out as brawling and cursing enemies and, of course, become guffawing pals; the racial infighting is what gives the film its charge. It's like "The French Connection," "Dirty Harry," "Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid," and a half-dozen other films all put in a compactor, smashed, and pressed into cartoon form. With Annette O'Toole, Frank McRae, James Remar, Sonny Landham, Brion James, Olivia Brown, David Patrick Kelly, and the Busboys. (1/10/83) (Olympia Quad; through Oct. 20.)

A Free Woman (1974)—Directed by Volker Schlöndorff, who made "Young Törless," this film was written in collaboration with his wife and leading actress, Margarethe von Trotta. The character has just gone through the special torture of inquisition by divorce lawyers, and eventually—mistakenly—says yes to an old friend who wants to marry her, mostly because she wants not to jeopardize the custody of her young son, whom the courts feel to be in better hands with her ex-husband while she is a career woman leading a life on her own. Some of the script is like a play by a funny, tenderhearted Ibsen, and it is filled with irony, for this woman is hardly "free." In German. (Film Forum; Oct. 19-20.)

The Gospel According to St. Matthew (1966)—Pier Paolo Pasolini's interpretation features the rocky settings of southern Italy, an eclectic score, and a rigid Jesus who demands obedience. Some find the slow rhythm of the film fascinating, others think it punishing. (There's a funny description of the film in the opening pages of Iris Owens' novel "After Claude.") In Italian. (Metro Cinema; Oct. 21.)

The Guardsman (1931)—More like a photographed play than a movie adaptation, but a memento of Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne at work; they appear to be having a wonderful time mugging and grinning. They play an acting couple, and for a good part of the film



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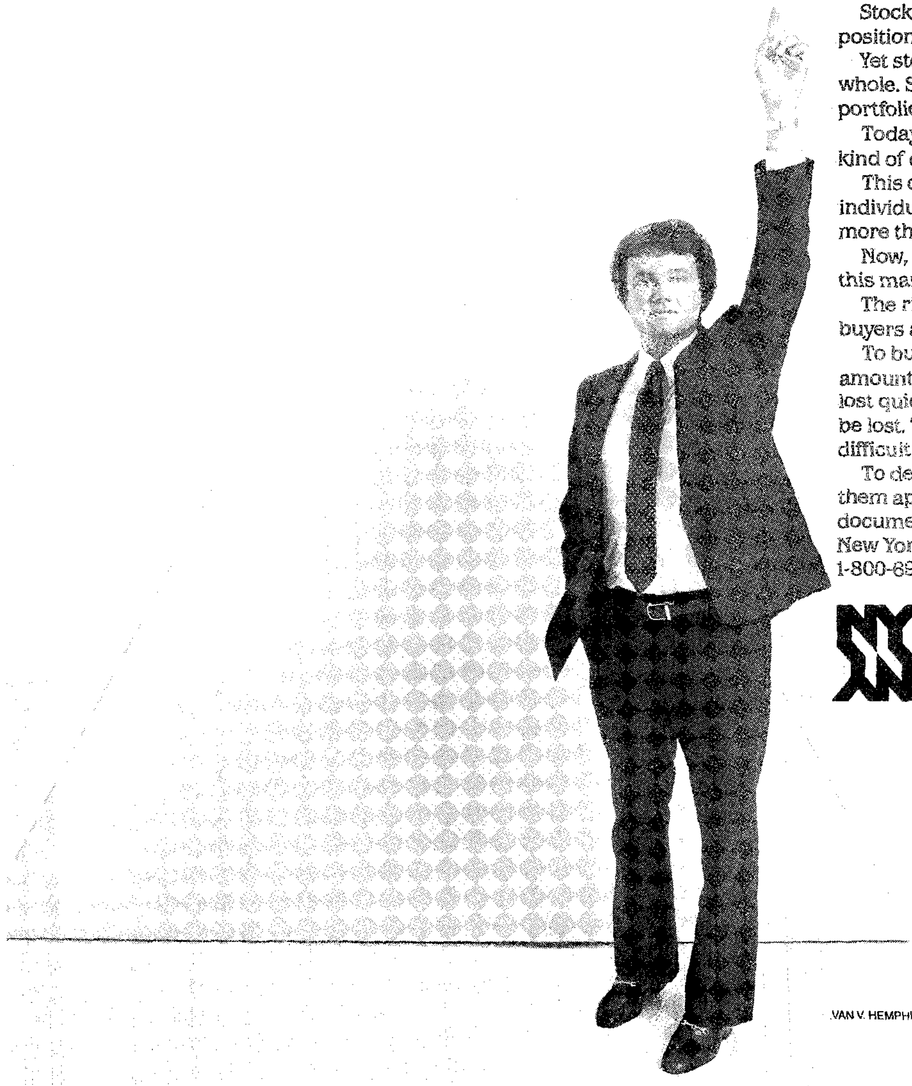

VAN V. HEMPHILL, OPTIONS BROKER, NEW YORK STOCK EXCHANGE the jealous husband (in disguise from his flirtatious wife) wears something stuck under his lower lip, which gives him a beefy, puffed-out jaw that is irresistibly ridiculous. Sidney Franklin directed this early-talkie version of the Ferenc Molnár play, which Lunt and Fontanne had done on Broadway in 1924. (In 1941 it was turned into a movie musical, "The Chocolate Soldier.") The cast includes Roland Young as a critic, Ann Dvorak as a fan, ZaSu Pitts, Maude Eburne, and Herman Bing. The adaptation is by Ernest Vajda and Claudine West. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Oct. 16.)

Idiot's Delight (1939)—Robert Sherwood's high reputation as a dramatist was always a little mystifying, and never more so than when his windy intellectuality was recorded on film. This allegorical comedy from M-G-M has Clark Gable as a hoofer and Norma Shearer as a fake Russian countess (the roles made famous on Broadway by Lunt and Fontanne). It's set in an Alpine winter-sports hotel high above a world about to be engulfed in war. The characters include a Leftist, a pair of honeymooners, and so forth, and there's got to be an antiwar message in it somewhere. Gable isn't bad (and he gets a chance to do a deliberately clunky, bedraggled dance to "Puttin' on the Ritz"), but oh, that Shearer! With Burgess Meredith, Edward Arnold, Charles Coburn, Joseph Schildkraut, Skeets Gallagher, Laura Hope Crews, Pat Paterson, Virginia Grey, Joan Marsh, Bernadene Hayes, and Fritz Feld. Directed by Clarence Brown, who hopelessly struggles to give this stagy material some style and impudence. Sherwood did the adaptation himself, providing early scenes to establish that the hoofer and the "countess" had had an affair years before, when they were both in vaudeville, and adding a new upbeat ending. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Oct. 16.)

Johnny Guitar (1954)—The Western stood on its head, with Joan Crawford and Mercedes McCambridge as the enemies shooting it out. Directed by Nicholas Ray at his most delirious, from a script by Philip Yordan. With Sterling Hayden, Ernest Borgnine, John Carradine, and Scott Brady. (Film Forum; starting Oct. 21.)

The Killing (1956)—Stanley Kubrick had made two pictures before this one, but they were juvenilia; this shrewdly worked out suspense film, which he made at the age of twenty-seven, is the real beginning of his career. Centering on a race-track robbery, it has fast, incisive cutting; a nervous, edgy style; and furtive little touches of characterization. The cast includes many familiar second-string actors, but they go through enough unfamiliar movements to keep one in an agreeable state of anxious expectation. Sterling Hayden is impressive as the ex-convict who plans the crime (there's a slight melancholy about him). With Elisha Cook, Jr., and fierce, tight Marie Windsor as his mismate; the generally underrated fine actress Coleen Gray; Jay C. Flippen; Timothy Carey as the sharpshooter; Ted De Corsia; Joe Sawyer; Vince Edwards; and Kola Kwarian as the chess-playing wrestler. Adapted by the director, from Lionel White's novel "Clean Break;" cinematography by Lucien Ballard. (Film Forum; Oct. 16-20.)

The Lady Vanishes (1938)—Alfred Hitchcock's murder mystery about a fussy, jolly old lady who boards a train and disappears on it is directed with such skill and velocity that it has come to represent the quintessence of screen suspense. It provides some of the finest examples of Hitchcock touches—little shocks and perversities of editing and detail. The hero is played by a tall, callow young man making his first major film appearance—Michael Redgrave; the heroine is Margaret Lockwood, and the lady is Dame May Whitty. With Paul Lukas, Cecil Parker, Margaretta Scott, Catherine Lacey, Mary Clare, Linden Travers, Googie Withers, and the team of Naunton Wayne and Basil Radford doing a parody of the "jolly-good-show" type of Britisher. Screenplay by Sidney Gilliat, Frank Launder, and Alma Reville, based on the novel "The Wheel Spins," by Ethel Lina White. (A 1979 remake with Elliott Gould, Cybill Shepherd, and Angela Lansbury is good-natured but totally flat; the director, Anthony Page, doesn't seem to have an instinct for the thriller form.) (Regency; Oct. 20-22.)

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			12	13	14	15
16	17	18	19	20	21	22

The Left-Handed Woman (1980)—Peter Handke wrote and directed this moving, mysterious film about a young German wife and mother living near Paris who suddenly understands that she must live apart from her husband and from almost everyone else in the world. Watching it, we struggle a little at first against such an all-encompassing alienation, but the beautifully photographed (by Robby Müller) quiet scenes and the thrilling pauses of the movie, to say nothing of the presence and gravity of Edith Clever in the central role (she played the heroine in Eric Rohmer's "The Marquise of O . . ."), silence and reward us with the unanswerable logic of art. With Bruno Ganz, Markus Mühleisen, and Bernhard Minetti. In German. (Film Forum; Oct. 17-18.)

The Leopard (1963)—It's magnificent—a sweeping popular epic, with obvious similarities to "Gone with the Wind," and with an almost Chekhovian sensibility. It has a hero on a grand scale—Don Fabrizio, Prince of Salina, played superlatively by Burt Lancaster, who modelled his performance on the nobleman director Luchino Visconti. The film is set in the eighteen-sixties, when Italy was in the middle of a revolution, but it's essentially about the Prince himself—the aging Leopard—and how he reacts to the social changes. We couldn't be any closer to Lancaster's Prince if we were inside his skin—which in a way we are. We're inside his mind as he relives his life, experiences regret, and accepts the dying of his class and his own death. It's one of the greatest of all passages in movies. With Alain Delon as the Prince's sly nephew; Claudia Cardinale as a shrewd, sensual heiress; Paolo Stoppa as her beady-eyed, land-grabbing father; Rina Morelli as the Prince's repressed, whimpering wife; and Romolo Valli, Serge Reggiani, Leslie French, and Pierre Clementi. The score is by Nino Rota; the cinematography is by the justly celebrated Giuseppe Rotunno. In Italian; three hours and five minutes. (9/19/83) (72nd Street East; through Oct. 13. . . . ¶ Carnegie Hall Cinema; Oct. 14-20.)

Lonely Hearts—This movie is very casually strung together. It's an Australian variant of the comfy-cozy Ealing comedies of the fifties, but it doesn't have their precise construction—it moves from one small slapstick diversion to the next. As the timid, sexually repressed heroine, Wendy Hughes is lovely in the standard fine-actress-playing-dowdy-aging-virgin performance. As the piano tuner who courts her, Norman Kaye has a furtive, childlike prankishness, and that's what keeps the movie alive. The core idea is moist, but the film's humor is dry and sometimes darting and sneaky. Directed by Paul Cox, who wrote the script with John Clarke, the film has a cheerless look and dreary, crabbed cinematography. You have to settle for the flyspeck jokes and the acting; it's all mildly satirical, mildly romantic, and mildly engaging. With Jonathan Hardy as the piano tuner's amiable, innocent brother-in-law and Jon Finlayson as the flamboyant director of an amateur theatrical group. (10/3/83) (Lincoln Plaza.)

Madame Bovary (1934)—Flaubert's Emma Bovary has usually been a role for screen beauties—Lila Lee in 1932, Pola Negri in 1937, and Jennifer Jones in 1949—but in this version, adapted and directed by Jean Renoir, Emma is played by Valentine Tessier as an anomalous creature, half swan, half goose. This large woman is not at all what one expects, yet she's surprisingly effective. The sunlight and the spaciousness emphasize Emma's loneliness; she's a middle-class woman with an ample figure, drifting along on romantic daydreams. When she's at the opera she's fatuously carried away from the emptiness of provincial life. Renoir's film ran three and a half hours; the backers cut it to two hours and had a commercial disaster anyway. Early viewers who saw the full version pronounced it a masterpiece; what's left is like a Renoir nature essay on Flaubertian themes. It lacks Flaubert's intensity, but it has fine, unstressed images and scenes that stay with one. The director's brother, Pierre Renoir, plays the uncomprehending philistine Charles Bovary, Max Dearly is M. Homais and Robert Le Vigan is Lheureux. In French. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Oct. 17.)

Mayerling (1936)—This beautifully made version of the legendary tragic love of Archduke Rudolf, heir apparent to the Hapsburg Empire, for the young Maria Vetsera is one of the most memorable of all French romantic movies. (Several less effective versions followed.) Anatole Litvak directed with far more delicacy than he showed in his later work, and the doomed lovers are played by Charles Boyer and Danielle Darrieux. Boyer hangs a cigarette on his Hapsburg lip and grabs a girl's leg and the movie takes off. In this account Rudolf is a dissolute voluptuary redeemed by his love for the innocent Vetsera—and the young Darrieux is so sexy and lovely in the role that you can just about believe it all. The affair ended abruptly in 1889, at Mayerling, the royal hunting lodge in the Vienna woods; the first movie about these lovers was probably the one produced in Russia in 1915. In French. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Oct. 17.)

An Officer and a Gentleman (1982)—This formula romantic melodrama seems to come out of a time warp, but the director, Taylor Hack-

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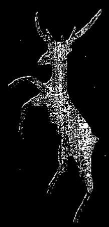

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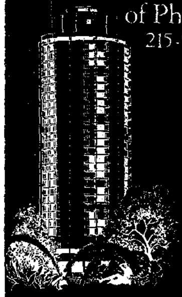

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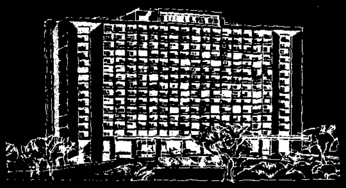

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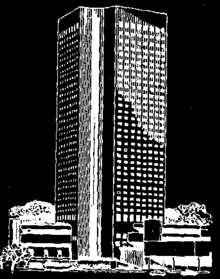

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ford, has done a smashing job of making the retrograde love story whiz by. Richard Gere is the tightly wound-up loner who is determined to become a flier; the movie centers on his thirteen-week basic-training ordeal at Naval Aviation Officer Candidate School. Gere has a striking moment when the character cracks, after the tough drill sergeant (Louis Gossett, Jr.) has caught him in some petty chiselling and punished him. But after he has broken down he's still Richard Gere, lost in his own placid beauty. As the mill-worker heroine, Debra Winger brings the film sultriness; you pull for this heroine because her tough-chick little-girl insolence plays off the avid look in her eyes that tells you she longs to make human contact. Gossett plays the sergeant bone hard; it's a beautifully hammy austere performance. There are also impressive characterizations by David Keith and Robert Loggia. With Tony Plana as an officer candidate with a Mohawk haircut and Lisa Eilbacher as a woman candidate. The script is by Douglas Day Stewart. (8/23/82) (Olympia Quad; through Oct. 13.)

On the Waterfront (1954)—The director, Elia Kazan, and the writer, Budd Schulberg, start out to expose racketeering in the waterfront unions and wind up trying to make the melodrama transcend itself. They fail, but the production took eight Academy Awards anyway, and most of them were deserved. It is one of the most powerful American movies of the fifties, and few movies caused so much talk, excitement, and dissension—largely because of Marlon Brando's performance as the inarticulate, instinctively alienated bum, Terry Malloy. Some of Brando's scenes, such as his having a beer with Eva Marie Saint in a bar and his conversation with Rod Steiger in a car, have real vibration. (The latter one has been imitated to the point of notoriety.) The attempt at dynamic Christian symbolism and Karl Malden's big scenes as a conscientious priest are far below the imaginative level of the simpler, more realistic scenes, and Kazan hypes up the hollowest parts of the melodrama, achieving some effects of shrieking emptiness. (In order to have a triumphant, audience-pleasing finish, what actually happened in the dock situation that the film was based on has been falsified: the model for Terry Malloy did not succeed in toppling the crooked bosses.) It's a near-great film, though. Score by Leonard Bernstein; cinematography by Boris Kaufman; based on articles by Malcolm Johnson. With Lee J. Cobb as an avaricious union boss, and Leif Erickson, Martin Balsam, Tony Galento, Fred Gwynne, Pat Hingle, Nehemiah Persoff, Clifton James, and Michael V. Gazzo. (Hollywood Twin Cinema 1; Oct. 20-22.)

Orchestra Rehearsal (1979)—Federico Fellini's style here is as compact and silvery as a sardine. The musicians rehearse—in a shadowed thirteenth-century church oratory with perfect acoustics—under the baton of a German conductor (Baldwin Baas) and give touching, funny interviews to Fellini (off camera) about their instruments. When they revolt against the dictatorship of the conductor, the movie turns into a political metaphor that draws a false comparison between artistic discipline and totalitarianism; but it can be skimmed for its eloquent details. Music by the late Nino Rota, who scored all of Fellini's movies from "The White Sheik" (1952) on, and to whom this one is dedicated. In Italian. (Metro Cinema; Oct. 19.)

Padre Padrone (1977)—The Taviani brothers, who wrote and directed this film version of Gavino Ledda's 1974 autobiography, have learned to fuse political commitment and artistic commitment into stylized passion. Ledda's story is about how he was enslaved as a child, imprisoned in a sheepfold, and forced to tend the family flock, and of how he fought his way out of the isolation and silence—how he struggled for words. The spirit of the film isn't naturalistic—it's animistic. And the Tavianis' technique is deliberately barbaric; their vision is on the nightmare side of primitivism, where the elements themselves are the boy's enemies. The grotesquely natural cruelty is mythological—almost rhapsodic. Though made in 16 mm. for Italian television, this extraordinary work—pungent and carnal, and in faintly psychedelic Romanesque color—took the two top prizes at

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			12	13	14	15
16	17	18	19	20	21	22

Cannes, the Golden Palm and the International Critics' Prize. With Saverio Marconi, Omero Antonutti, Marcella Michelangeli, and Ledda, as himself at the beginning and the end. In Italian. (Metro Cinema; Oct. 21.)

Passages from Finnegans Wake (1967)—Not great, certainly, but a pleasant and inoffensive attempt to convey the fun of the jokes and enigmas and metamorphoses of the Joyce dream book. Martin J. Kelley is Finnegan, Peter Haskell is Shem, and Jane Reilly is Anna Livia Plurabelle. Mary Ellen Bute directed; based on the play version by Mary Manning. (Thalia; Oct. 18.)

Passport to Pimlico (1949)—British comedy with a fine flavor and wonderful details, though the whimsey is rather self-congratulatory. An ancient royal charter ceding Pimlico to the Dukes of Burgundy is unearthed in a London shell hole, and the people of Pimlico are "just British enough to fight for our rights to be Burgundians." Margaret Rutherford is the historian who gives scholarly sanction to an independent Pimlico; Basil Radford and Naunton Wayne are the protocol-ridden bureaucrats trying to handle the crisis; Stanley Holloway and Hermione Baddeley are shopkeepers. The ingenious author, T. E. B. Clarke, got the idea from a wartime newspaper item: the Canadian government transferred to the Netherlands title to the room in which the exiled Princess Juliana was about to bear a child; in this way the child would technically be born on Dutch soil and thus be a legal heir to the throne. Henry Cornelius directed; music by Georges Auric. With Raymond Huntley, John Slater, Jane Hylton, and Sidney Tafler. (Regency; Oct. 18-19.)

Pauline at the Beach—The writer-director Eric Rohmer contrasts the belle of the beach, the voluptuous blond divorcée Marion (Arielle Dombasle), with her dark-eyed fifteen-year-old cousin Pauline (Amanda Langlet). Rohmer has an amazing gift for finding (or creating) actors who embody the tiny, precise psychological observations that he wants to make, and, with the help of the cinematographer Nestor Almendros, he establishes a loose, summery atmosphere that the characters fit right into. But he offers a tedious message ("A wagging tongue bites itself"), and he can't resist setting up the little girl as our moral instructor. The six characters involved in the bedroom-farce misunderstandings include a suave, fortyish stud (Féodor Atkine); a handsome young windsurfer (Pascal Greggory), who's a ninny; and a girl (Rosette) who sells candy on the beach. In French. (9/5/83) (Lincoln Plaza.)

Personal Best (1982)—There has probably never been a growing-up story presented on the screen so freely and uninhibitedly. Set in the world of women athletes, this film—written, produced, and directed by Robert Towne—tells most of the story nonverbally and lets its characters reveal themselves in movement. When Towne shows the two heroines (Mariel Hemingway and Patrice Donnelly) arm-wrestling, he concentrates on their throbbing veins and their sinews and how the muscles play off one another. He breaks down athletic events into specific details: you watch the athletes' calves or some other part of them, and you get an exact sense of how their bodies work—it's sensual and sexual, and it's informative, too. There's an undercurrent of flabbergasted awe in this celebration of women's bodies, and everything in the movie is somatically charged. The women athletes are all great-looking and all funny, because physically they have advanced so much faster than men's thinking about them has. They razz men flirtatiously, flaunting their own strength. This is a very smart and super-subtle movie in which the authenticity of the details draws us in. It should be one of the best dating movies of all time, because it pares away all traces of self-consciousness. With Scott Glenn and Kenny Moore; cinematography by Michael Chapman, with a few scenes by Caleb Deschanel. (2/22/82) (St. Marks Cinema; through Oct. 13.)

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Return of the Jedi—Some of the trick effects in this concluding film of the "Star Wars" trilogy might seem miraculous if the imagery had any lustre, but this is an impersonal and rather junky piece of moviemaking. And every time there's a possibility of a dramatic climax, the director, Richard Marquand, trashes it. But children who have lived their imaginative lives with the Star Wars characters for six years may be so eager to get the payoffs to the story that they'll hardly notice. (5/30/83) (Loews Astor Plaza.)

The Right Stuff—Directed by Phil Kaufman. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Bay Cinema, Beekman, and R.K.O. Century Warner Twin; starting Oct. 21.)

Risky Business—The high-school-boy hero (Tom Cruise) is equally worried about what college he'll get into and when and how he'll make out with a girl. When his parents go off on a week's vacation and he's left alone, he phones for the services of a call girl named Lana (Rebecca De Mornay). Up until her arrival, he is desperate, horny, and ingratiating. But once Lana glides in, the picture shifts into an enamelled dreamtime; it gets a vacuous soft-core porno look, and everything is dark and slightly unreal. The boy grows up sexually, and financially, too, when the purringly seductive Lana turns him into a pimp and his home into a bordello. There's a stale cuteness in the idea; it's like a George Bernard Shaw play rewritten for a cast of ducks and geese. Directing his first feature, the screenwriter Paul Brickman is overdeliberate, and his control is so tight that there are no incidental pleasures—there's nothing but the one thin situation. With jangling electronic mood music by Tangerine Dream. (9/5/83) (Criterion Theatres. . . . ¶ Sutton, and Loews 83rd Quad; through Oct. 13. . . . ¶ Bay Cinema; through Oct. 20. . . . ¶ 72nd Street East; starting Oct. 14.)

Seven Beauties (1976)—The writer-director Lina Wertmüller's slapstick-tragedy investigation of an Italian common man's soul, set during the Second World War, with flashbacks to the thirties. Pasqualino—or, as he's called, Pasqualino Seven Beauties (Giancarlo Giannini)—deserts the Italian Army in Germany, is captured by the Germans, and is sent to a concentration camp. In flashbacks, we see his prewar life as a two-bit mafioso, with fat sisters—the "seven beauties." Pasqualino is everybody's dupe—a man who has swallowed all the lies that society hands out. He believes what the Mafia tells him, what Mussolini tells him, what anybody in authority tells him. As Giannini plays him, he's a Chaplinesque Fascist—the Italian Everyman as a pathetic worm. He's the man who never fights back—the one who wheedles and whimpers and crawls through. Wertmüller reactivates the entire comic-opera view of Italians as cowards who will grovel to survive. The picture is full of flashy ideas, cruelty, moist wistfulness, and pious moralizing, and Wertmüller presents it all in a goofy, ebullient mood. The box-office success of this film represents a triumph of insensitivity. With Elena Fiore, Fernando Rey, Enzo Vitale, Mario Conti, and Shirley Stoler as the gross commandant of the concentration camp (though no woman in Nazi Germany could

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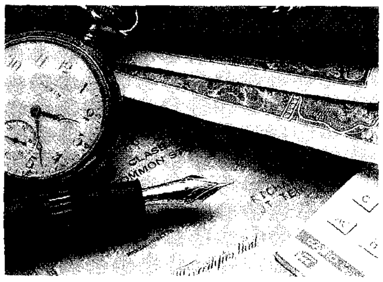

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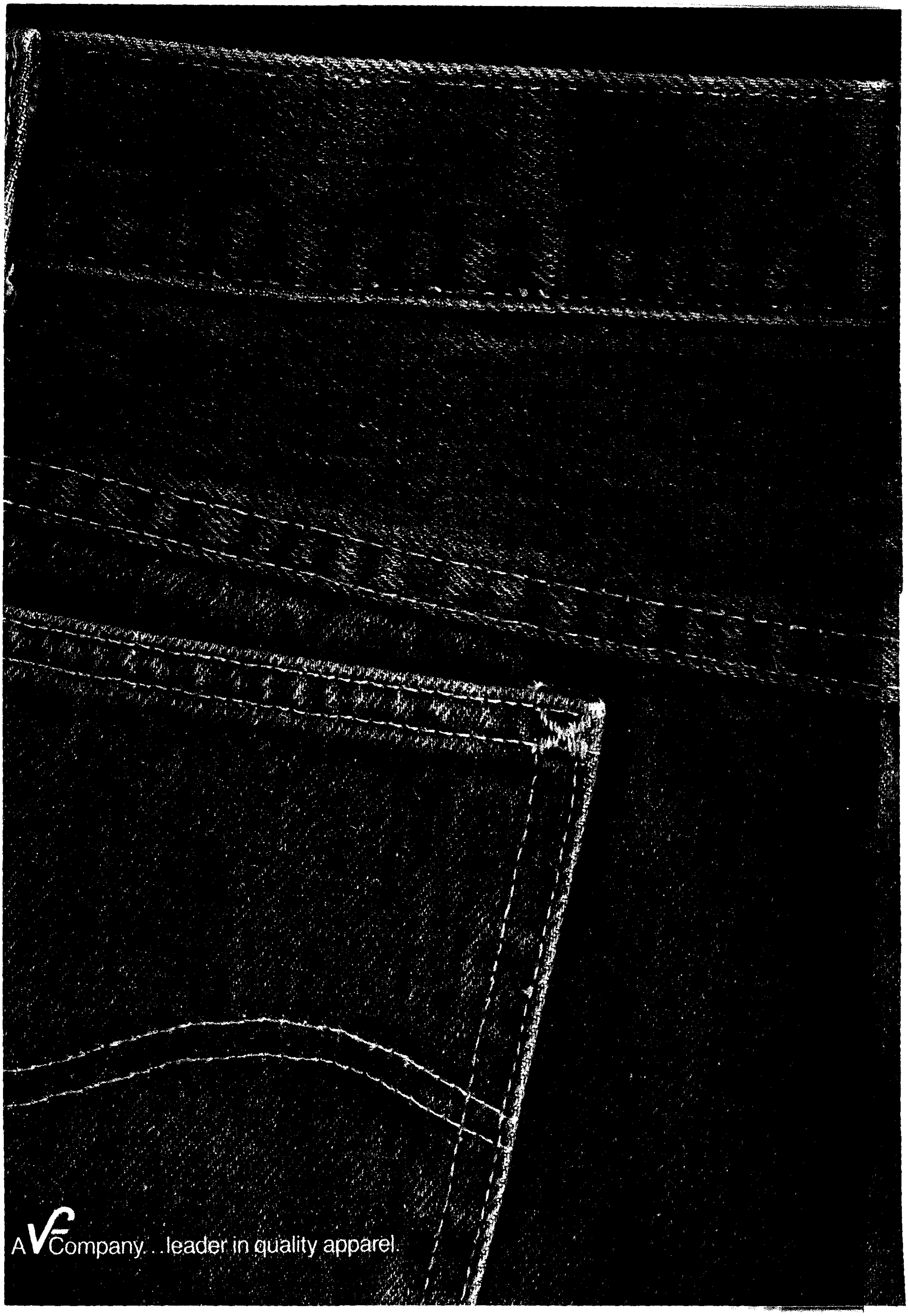
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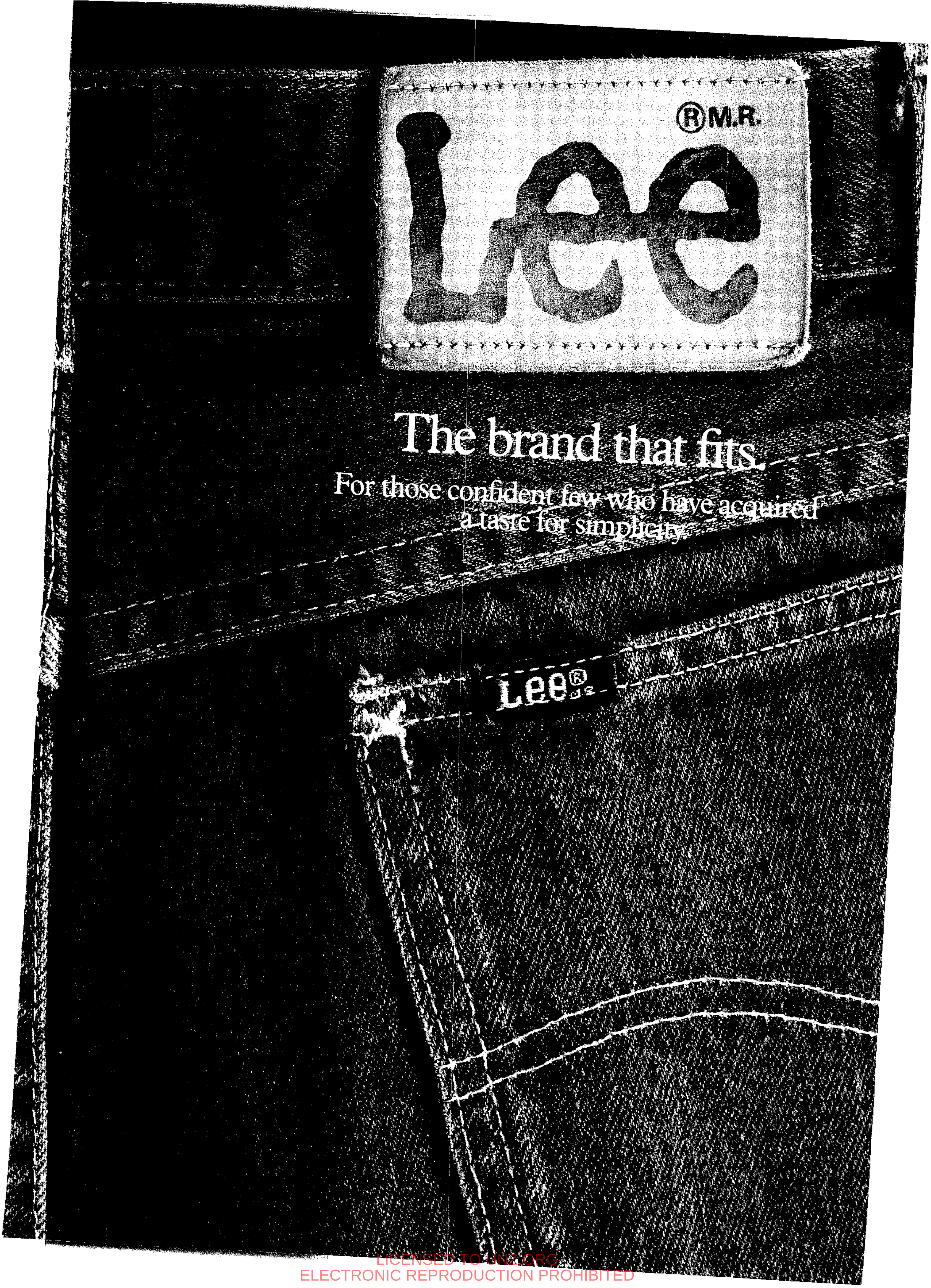
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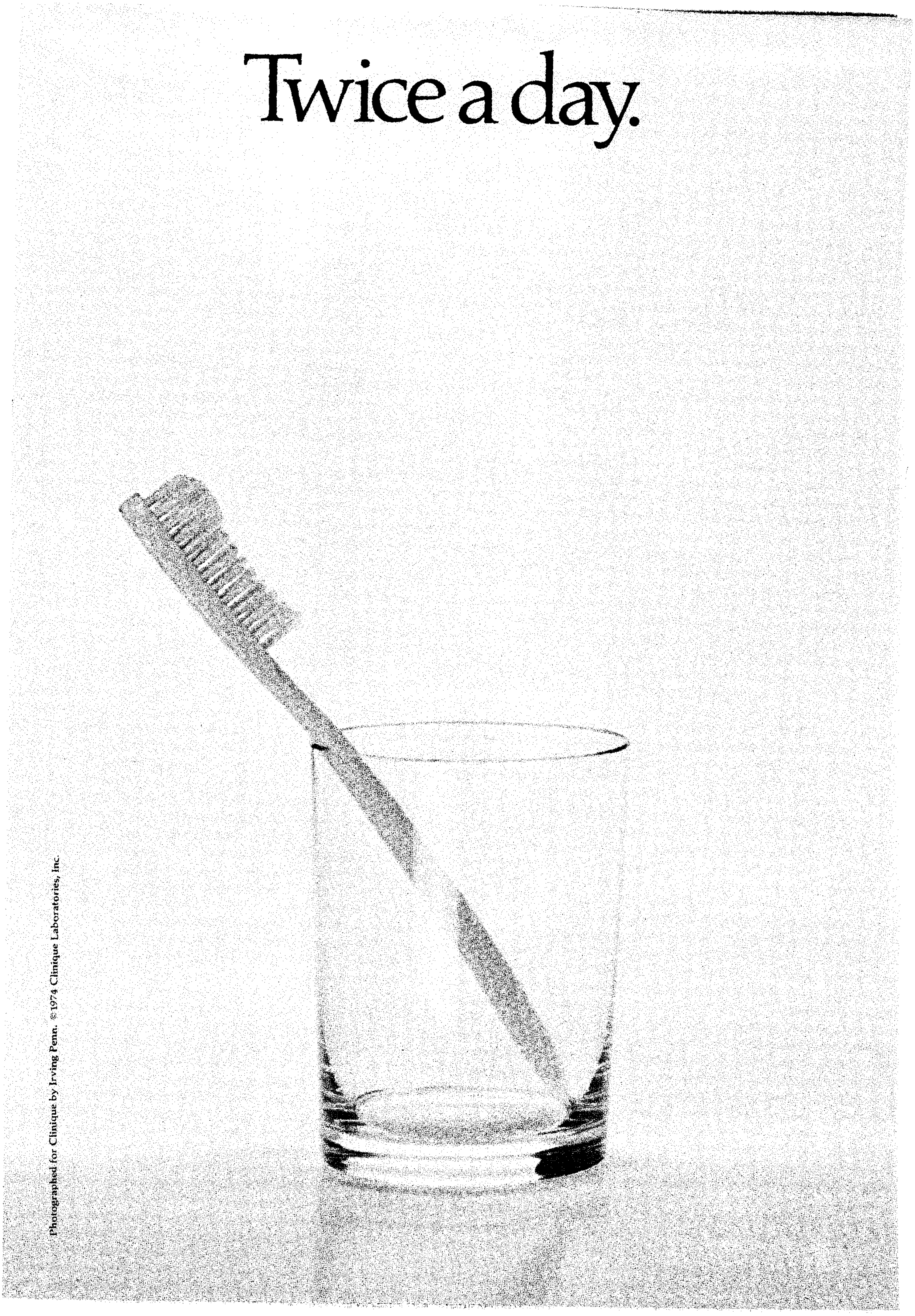

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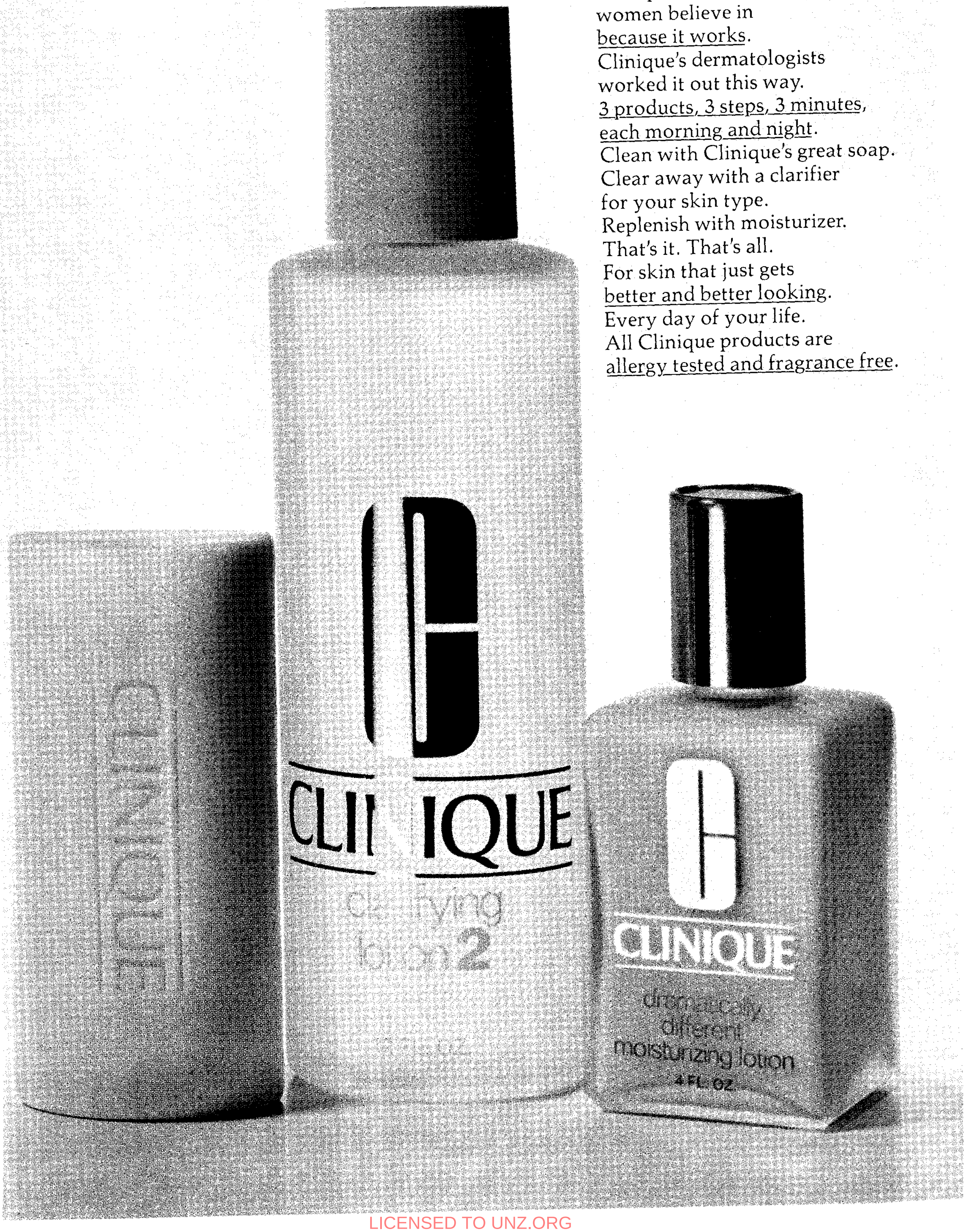
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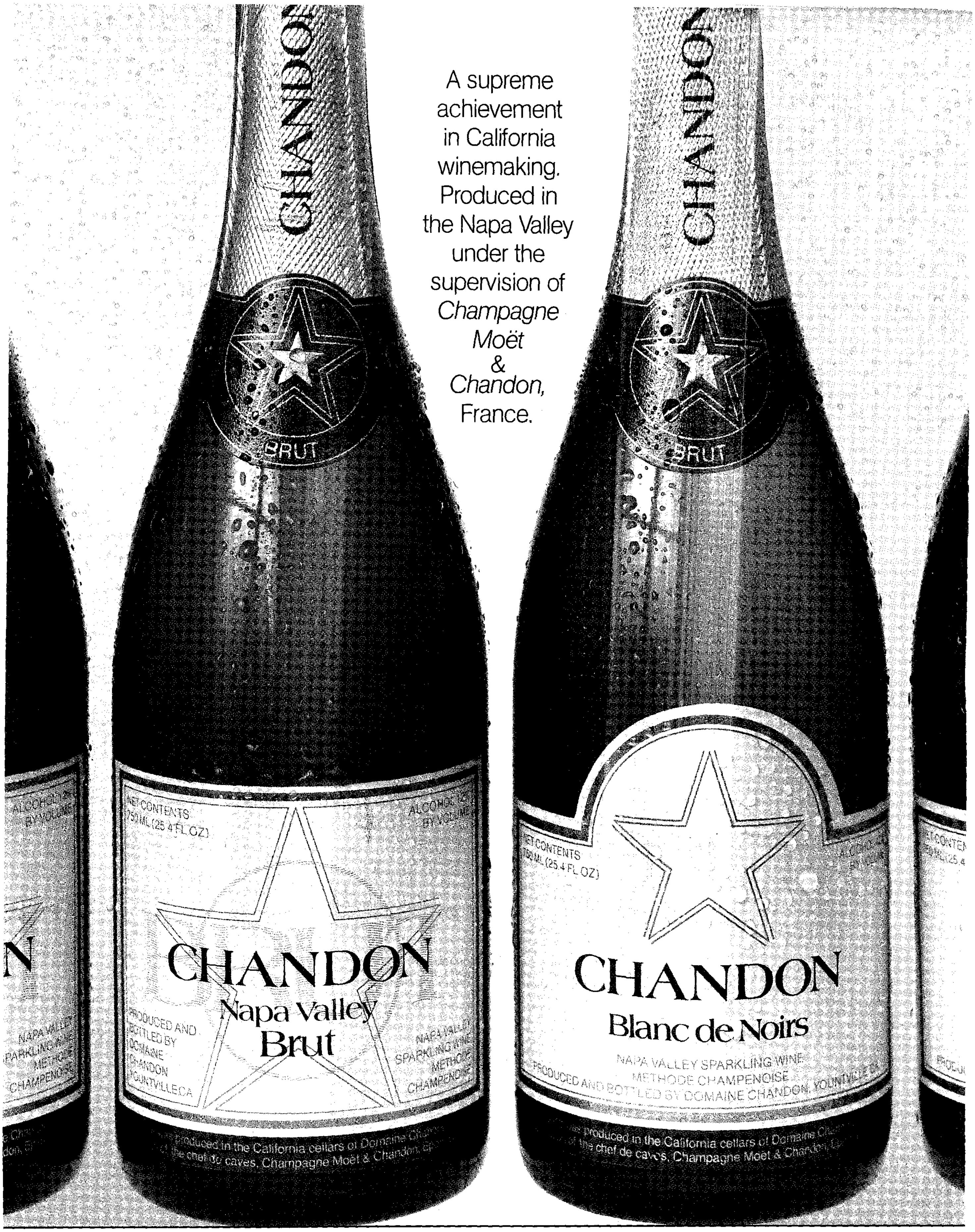
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ART OF THE STATE

rise to such a post—Ilse Koch's power at Buchenwald derived from her being the commandant's wife). Cinematography by Tonino Delli Colli; art direction by Enrico Job; music by Enzo Iannacci. In Italian. (Metro Cinema; Oct. 22.)

Staying Alive—Ludicrous. As producer-writer-director, Sylvester Stallone turns everything into a fight, and this sequel to John Badham's "Saturday Night Fever," with John Travolta once again playing the dancer Tony Manero, seems designed to pound the audience into submission. Stallone doesn't bother much with characters, scenes, or dialogue. He just puts the newly muscle-plated Travolta in front of the cameras, covers him with what looks like oil slick, and goes for the whambams. The film gives the audience such a pounding that if it weren't for the final two minutes of Travolta on the street, moving to the theme music from "Saturday Night Fever," people might not have the strength to crawl out of the theatre. With Cynthia Rhodes, Finola Hughes, and Julie Bovasso, who has a couple of remarkable scenes as Tony's mother. (8/22/83) (Embassy. . . . ¶ Guild, and Olympia Quad; through Oct. 13.)

A Streetcar Named Desire (1951)—Vivien Leigh gives one of those rare performances that can truly be said to evoke pity and terror. As Blanche DuBois, she looks and acts like a destroyed Dresden shepherdess. No one since the early Lillian Gish and the almost unknown, plaintive Nadia Sibirskaya of "Menilmontant" (1926) has had this quality of hopeless, feminine frailty; Shakespeare must have had a woman like this in mind when he conceived Ophelia. Blanche's plea "I don't want realism . . . I want magic!" is central to "Streetcar." When Marlon Brando, as the realist Stanley Kowalski, cuts through her pretensions and responds to her flirting with a direct sexual assault, the system of illusions that holds her together breaks down, and he is revealed as a man without compassion—both infant and brute. Elia Kazan's direction is often stagy, the sets and the arrangement of actors are often transparently "worked out," but who cares when you're looking at two of the greatest performances ever put on film and listening to some of the greatest dialogue ever written by an American? When Vivien Leigh says "The Tarantula Arms!" or "It's Della Robbia blue," you know how good Tennessee Williams can be. He adapted his play himself, with additional adaptation work by Oscar Saul; the music is by Alex North; the cinematography is by Harry Stradling. Academy Awards: Best Actress (Leigh), Best Supporting Actress (Kim Hunter), Best Supporting Actor (Karl Malden), etc. But at the time theatre managers complained that more customers left than came in. (It took a while for this movie to reach its audience.) (Hollywood Twin Cinema 1; Oct. 20-22.)

Swept Away (1974)—A Sicilian Communist deckhand (Giancarlo Giannini) working on a yacht and the rich blond shrew (Mariangela Melato) who chartered the ship for a pleasure cruise are marooned on an island. She gave him a bad time when she had the upper hand, so when he takes charge on the island and starts whacking her around maybe one can say that he isn't hitting a woman, he's hitting the capitalist class. However, when she kisses his feet and gathers flowers to garland his phallus she isn't the capitalist class, she's a woman who finds fulfillment in recognizing a man as her master. She not only experiences new sexual bliss, she wins the prize that has often been said to be woman's highest goal: because of her submissiveness, the man loves her and worships her as his goddess. Uncorrupted by social forces, the couple live the "true" relations of the sexes and find paradise. But they go back, she can't resist returning to her life of privilege, and he is left heartbroken. Under the guise of a Socialist parable about the economic determinism of personal behavior (class interests determine sexual choice, etc.), the writer-director, Lina Wertmüller, has actually introduced a new version of the story of Eve, the spoiler. Despite the clamor of politics in Wertmüller's movies, her basic pitch is to popular prejudice. This erotic fantasy is like a modern version of Valentino's "The Sheik"—blissful rape for the trendy, dissatisfied liberated woman. And solid reassurance for

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the men in the audience that women only want to be mastered, yet are sly little beasts, never to be trusted. The picture stays on the same high energy level throughout. The characters never stop yelling and shrieking, and since the post-synchronization is so careless that their voices are several beats off from their lip movements, the effect is as irritating as if the movie were dubbed, even though it's subtitled. In Italian. (Metro Cinema; Oct. 22.)

Tender Mercies—This bare-bones "art" movie is about the healing of Mac Sledge (Robert Duvall), a legendary country-and-Western singer who has become an alcoholic wreck. The film is said to be honest and about real people, and it affects some viewers very powerfully; audiences are unusually still—almost reverent—as the born-again Mac is baptised at the church of the Vietnam widow (Tess Harper) whose frontier-woman steadfastness has made his redemption possible. The Australian director, Bruce Beresford, making his American début with this inspirational film, has shot it in bright sunshine out in the middle of nowhere; the widow's motel-gas station is as isolated as the mansion in "Giant." (It's a mystery how she could ever make a living from it.) Mostly the picture consists of silences; long shots of the bleak, flat land, showing the horizon line (it gives the film integrity); and Duvall's determination to make you see that he's keeping his emotions to himself; and Tess Harper staring out of her cornflower-blue headlights. (These two have matching deep-sunk eyes.) The theme song—which Duvall sings in a dry, unmusical voice—is called "It Hurts to Face Reality." Written by Horton Foote, master of arid realism, the script recalls the alleged Golden Age of Television. With the fine young actress Ellen Barkin, whose few scenes as Mac's daughter by his first marriage are the film's high points, and Betty Buckley, who stirs things up a bit as the brassy, country-star first wife. (5/16/83) (St. Marks Cinema; Oct. 14-20.)

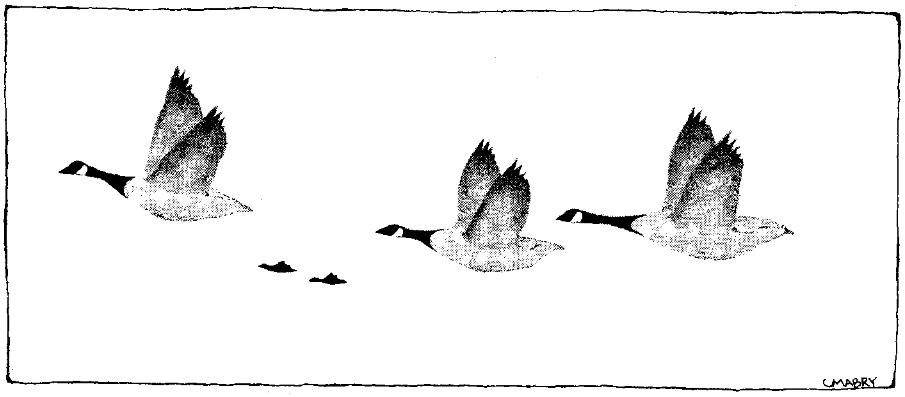
The Thomas Crown Affair (1968)—Entertaining, flashy fantasy about how a supersmart swinger (Steve McQueen) robs a Boston bank and outwits a mercenary girl detective (Faye Dunaway, in gaudy clothes). McQueen is at top form, and Haskell Wexler's cinematography is dazzlingly playful. Norman Jewison directed. (Hollywood Twin Cinema 2; Oct. 19-20.)

To Catch a Thief (1955)—The later, jaded Hitchcock leans to malice and manner. He gets by with it here, largely because of Cary Grant's elegance as a retired cat burglar, and the luscious, sunny Riviera scenery, and Grace Kelly—she actually looks animated, and she's sexier than she is in anything else. The suspense plot (reprised in the 1974 "The Return of the Pink Panther") isn't much; there are few thrills in this romantic comedy-thriller—it's no more than a pleasant minor diversion, but it does have a zingy air of sophistication. With Jessie Royce Landis, Charles Vanel, John Williams, and Brigitte Auber. The screenplay by John Michael Hayes is based on a novel by David Dodge. (Hollywood Twin Cinema 2; Oct. 21-22.)

Trading Places—Dan Aykroyd plays a snooty young blueblood and Eddie Murphy plays a con man–beggar. The two don't exactly trade places; they're traded, by a pair of heartless, rich old brothers (Ralph Bellamy and Don Ameche) who have made a heredity-versus-environment bet—something we've been spared in movies of the past few decades. John Landis has directed this comedy in a mock-thirties formal style; it's eerily arch and static. But the picture has its big, chugging structure working for it; the whole apparatus picks up speed toward the end and comes to a rousing, slapstick finish. With Denholm Elliott, Jamie Lee Curtis, Paul Gleason, and Kristin Holby. From a script by Timothy Harris and Herschel Weingrod. (7/11/83) (Embassy 1. . . . ¶ R.K.O. Century Art; through Oct. 13. . . . ¶ Embassy 72nd St., and Olympia Quad; through Oct. 20.)

Trash (1970)—Absurdist porno-comedy about an impotent junkie (Joe Dallesandro) who drags himself around while various women try to arouse him. His sort-of-wife is played by a goofy female impersonator, Holly Woodlawn, whose intensity amidst the general dejection is crazily—and entertainingly—incongruous. The wife's highest aspiration is to get on welfare, and to accomplish this she pretends to be pregnant, but the welfare investigator (Michael Sklar) wants the fabulous-forties shoes that the wife found in a garbage can, and she refuses to give them up. The picture is steeped in a sense of grotesque parody, though most of the time it's as enervated and limp as its hero. The knocked-out couple do their put-on of marriage, and we are invited to laugh at their outcast status and their meaningless lives and to feel sorry for them. This Andy Warhol production was directed by Paul Morrissey, who lingers over needles going into flesh and puts a nimbus around the messiest head of hair. With Jane Forth as the indolent housewife in the modern apartment that the hero tries to burglarize. (Hollywood Twin Cinema 2; Oct. 17-18.)

Zelig—Woody Allen's intricately layered parody: a mock documentary about a celebrity of the twenties, the Human Chameleon, who takes on the characteristics of whatever strong personalities he comes in contact with. The film seems small, and there's a reason: there aren't any characters in it, not even Zelig. Allen shafts the almost universally accepted idea that everyone is someone. This is a fantasy about being famous for being nobody. The whole movie is an ingenious stunt: it has been thought out in terms of the film image, turning the American history we know from newsreels into slapstick by inserting the little lost sheep Zelig in a corner of the frame. Zelig's story couldn't have been told any other way—the pathos would have been crushing. The documentary fakery dries it out and keeps it light. Zelig is always just glimpsed and the movie darts on. It's made up of artful little touches. With Mia Farrow as Zelig's analyst. (8/8/83) (Quad Cinema, New Yorker, and Criterion Theatres. . . . ¶ Beekman; through Oct. 20. . . . ¶ Manhattan; starting Oct. 21.)



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THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

SINCE a man will give up a lot of other things before he gives up his dinner, hungry people tend to be very poor, even for poor people. Each weekday between noon and two, hungry people in ones and twos and sometimes in families enter the Gothic opulence of Riverside Church's Cloister Lounge to visit the Food Pantry, an operation that hands out bags of groceries. A year ago, maybe a dozen people would come in each day, and a volunteer or two could handle the flow without any problem. This fall, the number of "clients" has routinely been forty or fifty, and some days surges past a hundred. There are lines now, and organization, and some paid staff people to help the volunteers. Riverside Church, at 120th Street and Riverside Drive, straddles the two Manhattans, and most of the clients come from the north, from 145th Street and 137th Street and way up Lenox Avenue. Some come from the south, from the pockets of poverty that still remain there. All clients must bring a referral letter from a city social-service agency. On a recent Monday, the clients included:

James, aged either forty-three or twenty-seven, depending on whether you believe what he said the last time he came in or what he's saying today. James boxes—or did, until his jaw was busted; now he attends a city hospital to wait for oral surgery. His welfare aid has been cut off, because of a "mixup;" he says he never received a letter summoning him to an appointment for a regular review of his case, which might be the truth, or he may have got the letter and decided, for one of a number of reasons, not to go. At any rate, there will be no check waiting in the mailbox for six to eight weeks, and he would like some red beans and some peanut butter.

Martha, who can usually make a public-assistance check stretch. This month, she moved, and since she was leaving a friend's house and setting up on her own, she had to buy some plates and two pots, and that threw her off; her next check is a week away.

Mildred, a prematurely old woman whose change purse was stolen for the second time since June. The purse held the money from the welfare check she had just cashed. "I'm clumsy, I guess," she said.

Isabel, another crime victim—someone broke into her house. She speaks no English, but she has a letter from a city agency which states: "The crime has resulted in a total loss of money/food and she has no resources available for food."

Michael, with his "woman" and their five-month-old child. They have applied for food stamps, but the case is pending. They've done a lot of borrowing from friends, and now they need some Similac and some Pampers for the baby.

Frank and *his* woman, who live in Riverside Park near the Boat Basin. They are worried, because the nights are getting colder. Frank doesn't go to a men's shelter, because he would be separated from his girlfriend. "I'll tell you the truth," he said. "I been lifting. Just going into stores and taking what I can put in my coat."

Sam, a recovering alcoholic, who usually eats and sometimes sleeps at the Fort Washington Armory, another city shelter for the homeless, in Washington Heights. Right now, though, his sixteen-year-old son is visiting for a few days, and Sam needs something to feed him.

Mr. Rodríguez, whose English wavers. He has a letter saying that he is a "regular guest" at the Broadway Presbyterian soup kitchen. He seems to have applied for welfare, but he thinks he will be turned down, because he "paid no taxes last year."

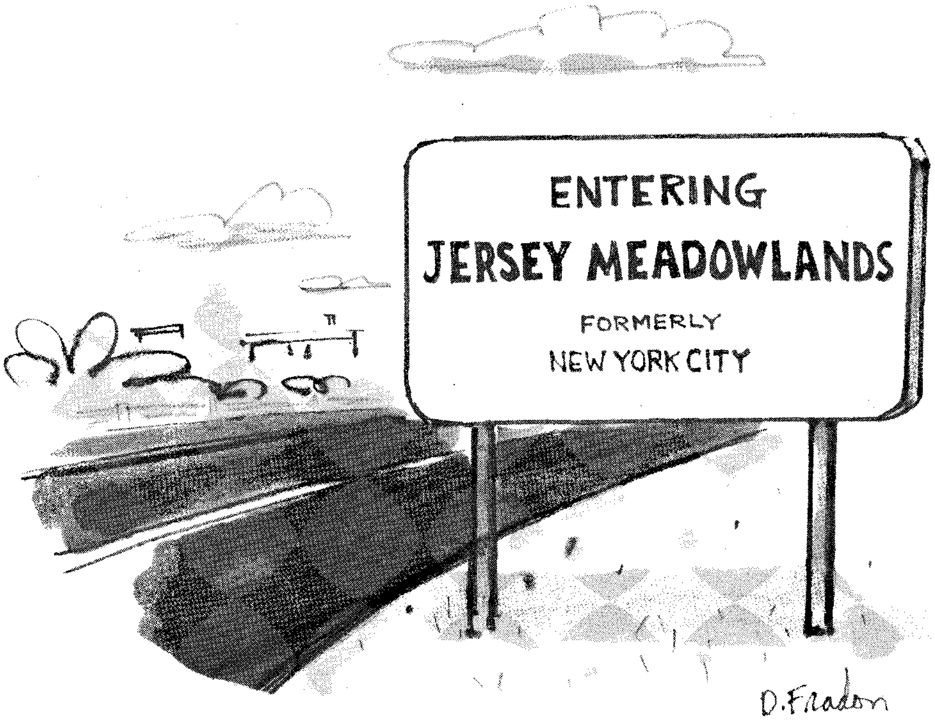
Flo, a thirty-four-year-old woman

Richard Edes Harrison

who lives with her mother. Flo's occupation is attending a drug-rehabilitation program. Her food stamps for this month have not arrived. "I talked to my caseworker, and she says the stamps should have come, but they haven't." When all goes smoothly, Flo gets forty-eight dollars a month in food stamps; by the end of the month, she usually eats one meal a day, which she gets at her drug program, and not much else.

This is a reasonable cross-section of the people lined up at Riverside Church—and probably at any of the many other city food pantries—on any given day. Most are black or Hispanic. Most have been knocked around by life. Many are confused or lazy, and some will lie about the number of children they have, in order to get more food. It is hard to listen to young men whine about sleeping in parks, or not getting their food stamps; it's hard not to at least think that ageless retort "Get a job." What these people share is their hunger, and all of them will be fed; that's as it should be. You can get a feeling of irritation talking to many of them, but that irritation lies somewhere near the center of America's problems in dealing with the poor. A big reason we don't much like poor people is that they make us think we should feel guilty; poor people eye your clean clothes and don't need to say anything. Some people are convinced that they are responsible for the plight of poor people—simply because of their privileged birth and their white skin. Others have called that notion of guilt a load of baloney and said that *they* certainly weren't oppressing anyone, so stop asking for more taxes for more food stamps. Both sides are, in different ways, correct. On the one hand, it clearly can't be chance that situated so many of Manhattan's poor people north of Ninety-sixth Street and gave them black skin or thick Spanish accents. Something other than their own failings must account for their failure—call it the system. The system—the same system that treats most of us well—has done them in; it's the system that mires them in racism, that works to deny social mobility and to concentrate wealth, that keeps public schools inadequate. The system must be changed before poverty will start to disappear. On the other hand, the intuitive reaction—"Hey, *I'm* not keeping anyone down"—makes sense, too. As individuals, most of us bear no causal responsibility for the poverty and the misery and the lousy life of others. With a few exceptions, we don't really contribute to the system—we're a part of it, in much the same, unconscious fashion that the people lining up at Riverside Church for grits and macaroni are. In truth, few men, either comfortable or poor, can be blamed for their place in society. We usually are what we are through no fault of our own. And what some of us are is rich—or, at least, we possess more than we need—and what some of us are is poor.

Personal reactions to poverty can help explain why most of us do very little about starving people or homeless people or despairing people. The conviction that poverty is a result of the system can be paralyzing. If hunger is the result of racism and corporate greed and the way things are, then what's the use of trying to make things better? But those forces create an abstract Hunger; actual hunger comes from not having eaten for two days. On the other side of the ideological divide are the people who snort at the notion that they can be held responsible for others' misfortunes. Such people may well form an American majority, and for them the guilt idea is a source of great resentment, creating a powerful backlash against anti-poverty programs or affirmative-action quotas. It's hard to argue with a kid getting out of college who says, "It's not my fault someone's great-grandfather was a slave. It's not my fault he had a bad education. I should have as much of a chance at a job as anyone else"—not only is he angry, he's also, basically, right. For all our stubbornness, though, Americans can be a generous people. If someone in the neighborhood is down and out, we help; if there's a story in the paper about someone who needs an operation and doesn't have the money, the checks come pouring in. And this sort of unforced concern illustrates the way we should begin to think of poverty on a national and a global scale: Though in some sense I may be causing you to be hungry, the problem staring me in the face is that I have food and you don't, and how am I going to respond to that? The cause-and-effect arguments, the arguments about guilt can go on endlessly (while people starve and shiver), but the existential argument is undeniable: someone is starving and you—if you have anything more than the minimum necessary for a decent and comfortable life—can do something about that. It's not almsgiving that's needed, it's personal commitment, growing not out of guilt, or even a complex understanding of the world, but out of the relationship between affluence and misery. We can, of course, do a lot more than distribute groceries at a food pantry or send checks to charities. We can vote for politicians who might raise our taxes, and for politicians who will make sure the bureaucracy works for poor people. We can think twice about increased wage demands when others are out of work, or about the pursuit of



luxury when necessities remain out of reach for so many. Ultimately, once we have made this commitment we must change the system in such a way that new generations do not grow up poor. And we could even start to think about where the logic of generosity leads: to a willful, deliberate decision to lower our standard of living dramatically—to not take more than we need, and to give the rest away.

Maybe this lesson is best glimpsed concretely. A man walks into Riverside Church and sits down. He hasn't worked in a long time; he hasn't, in fact, bathed in a long time. It appears that for a long time what he has mainly done is drink cheap wine. He gets a welfare check, but he has lost it, or someone took it while he slept off a bender in a doorway, or it just isn't enough money to last the month. The wondrous thing is, if you give that man some tuna fish and some crackers, then for a while he isn't hungry anymore.

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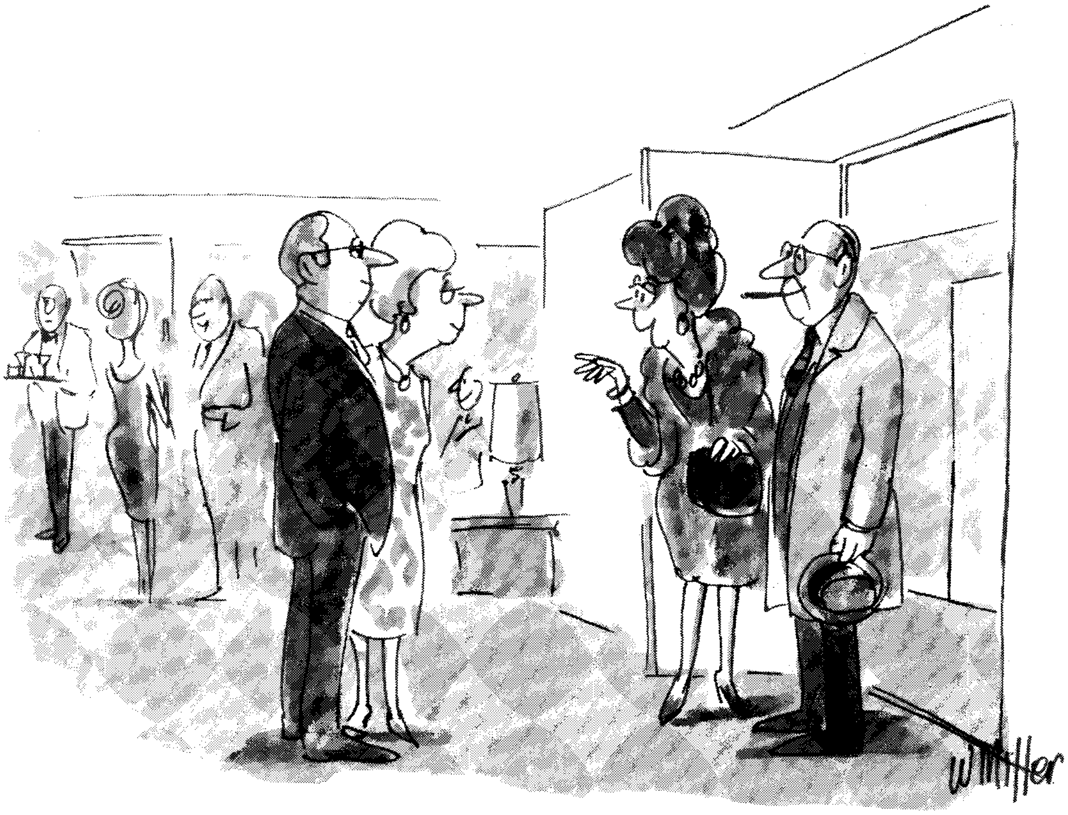


"We had a wonderful time. It was just like being in the middle of something by Neil Simon."

• •

New Stamps

AT the National Inventors Hall of Fame the other morning, across the Potomac from Washington, D.C., we attended a short, jam-packed ceremony held by the United States Postal Service to inaugurate a block of four new stamps. Each stamp honors an American electrical engineer. The first engineer—clockwise, in order of appearance on the set of sepia-toned engravings—pioneered in research on alternating current (Charles P. Steinmetz); the second invented FM radio (Edwin H. Armstrong); the third made the first all-electronic TV transmission (Philo T. Farnsworth); and the fourth became famous for the number of his inventions (more than seven hundred), which included the prototype for all big electric power systems and the world's first hydroelectric generating station, at Niagara Falls (Nikola Tesla). Before, during, and after the formal event, at a booth in the lobby, collectors and other enthusiasts put down money for blocks of the fresh stamps as fast as bettors who've been tipped on a sure thing. When the ceremony ended—with a hymn sung by the D.C. Postal Choral Ensemble—the action moved to tables, where relatives of the inventors, postal officials in dark-blue suits, and the artist who did the portraits for the stamps chatted with collectors, and signed envelopes, glossy programs from the ceremony, two-dollar bills, and odd scraps of paper on which the twenty-cent commemoratives had been stuck and then stamped "First Day of Issue."

We noticed a number of people in the line of autograph seekers who, by the time they got their last signature, could hardly keep from crowing. Although all the inventors had followers, the Tesla Memorial Society seemed the best organized and most energetically represented group. When we asked one of its members, a man wearing a red fez, why he was so excited about his souvenirs, he tilted his head down to show us the words "Pozdrav iz Like" stitched on the crown of his hat. "That means 'Greetings from Lička,' " he explained. "My Dad came from a place six miles from where Tesla was born, in Yugoslavia, and they both emigrated to the States. How could I not be thrilled by souvenirs of this day?"

Another man, carrying a briefcase covered with NASA stickers and wearing a Bicentennial tie, said, "The question should be 'How far did I have to come to gather these mementos?' My wife and I travelled up from Cocoa Beach, Florida, my sister flew in from Honolulu, and my mother came in from Joliet, Illinois. Tesla was a distant relative of ours, so we had to be here. His mother and my great-great-grandmother were cousins, I think. It's once in a lifetime that you get a relative on a stamp."

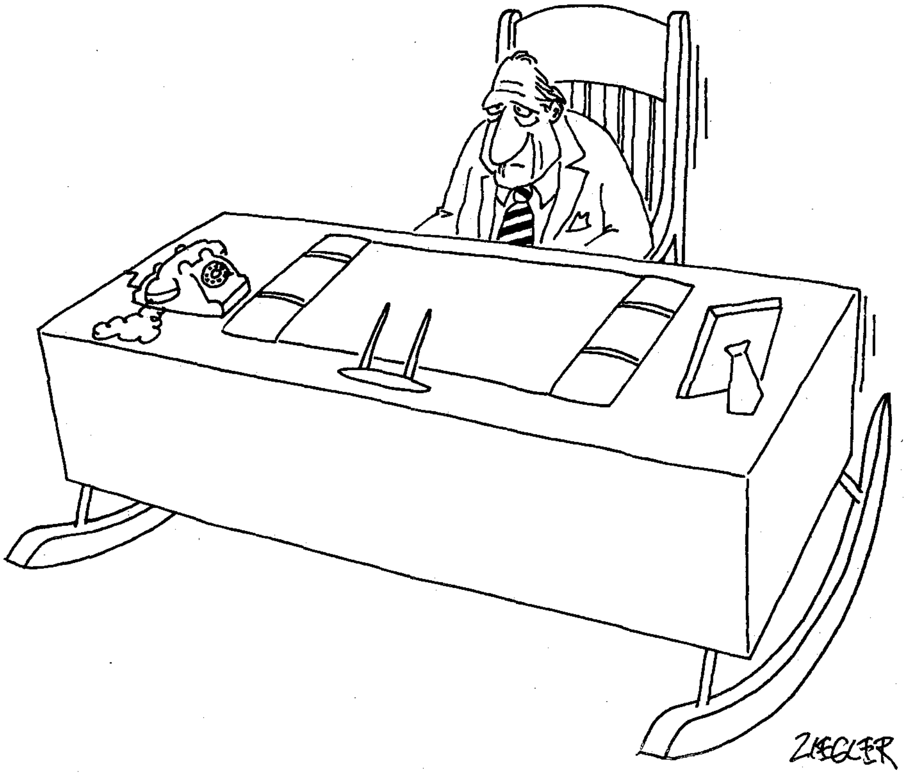
We wondered how you get a relative on a stamp and, with the help of the Postal Service, tracked down Howard Paine to find out. Mr. Paine is the art director of *National Geographic*, a member of the Citizens' Stamp Advisory Committee, which recommends subjects and designs for new stamps, and the design coördinator in charge of the inventors series. He is a genial man with a full gray beard and a nice habit of making sketches on napkins to illustrate his points, and in a bar not far from the Hall of Fame he answered our questions. "Anybody can write to the Postal Service and suggest a subject for a stamp," he began. "You can be a school kid or a guy with a passionate cause or a gal who believes her late husband should be recognized with a stamp, which is what happened with the inventors. If a person's been dead for ten years, he's eligible, and the citizens' group considers every name sent in. With this new block, this was the scenario: Mrs. Philo T. Farnsworth had sent personal letters to all the members of the advisory committee for several years, because there's a waiting list for consideration. The group finally talked about the idea, and somebody said, 'Sure, that's a good one, but what about Armstrong or Steinmetz? They were giants!' Someone else spoke up for Tesla, and we were in business. Collectors like blocks of four, whether they're explorers, ships, butterflies, or inventors, and, after the Postal Service did some background research, as its people always do on good subjects, the committee voted to go ahead with this set. Then the designers sat around—there are four of us and seventeen other committee members who actually vote on recommendations to the Postmaster General—and said, 'Do you know anyone who could do portraits of the inventors?' I always say yes, and then I reach for my little black book, which is full of artists' names, to get an idea. In this case, I asked a young man named Dennis Lyall to do the illustrations. He did, and things turned out all right."

We asked Mr. Paine whether he had his own stamp collection.

"I collect all sorts of things," he said. "My real interest is printed ephemera. You know, ticket stubs, tags, and things like that. I also collect store signs, books, old school atlases, and maps. My wife and I collect lots of kitchenware—colanders and the like—and she collects everything to do with icehouses. She's got a wall covered with ice tongs, and you'd be surprised how different they can be." Mr. Paine paused, reached into his back pocket, and took out an inch-thick wallet, from which he produced a foil wrapper from a pat of butter and three plastic tops for thimble-size cream containers. "I wipe these off in restaurants and save them, sometimes in triplicate, in case I want to make a trade," he went on. "They aren't the strangest things I've gathered. I have a 1913 raffle ticket for a Hupmobile with two spare inner tubes, and a couple of tickets to the 1912 Harvard-Yale game. They're just crazy pleasures."

We asked Mr. Paine again if he collected stamps.

"I'm what I call a passive collector," he said. "Real stamp collectors are aggressive. They want everything on a particular subject or from a particular country, and they hunt for good investments. My stamps are wide-ranging and mainly for graphic design, like almost everything else I squirrel away. I collect silhouettes, profiles, and portraits—examples of ideas I might want the U.S. to pursue—and I keep them in shoe boxes. I think American stamps should convey a kind of corporate identity, like I.B.M. or Chrysler—a consistent statement about this country, emphasizing its grand purpose. They shouldn't be sticky little commercial posters; they should be documents of national character, even if they are tiny. I like portraits that fill up a stamp, and I like stamps that make eye contact, like the inventors. We do about fifty stamps a year, on all different subjects. Athletes, Hispanics, politicians (we don't call them that, we call them statesmen), people in the theatre. I would love to do a stamp of Marilyn Monroe, for instance, showing her with a big smile. I'd like to see her shoulder and her hair, and have her looking right at you. You know. Intimate, compelling."



Hot Stuff

MEASURED with a thermographic heat-transfer measuring gun with digital readout, the heat escaping from the chest of a shirt-sleeved male registered a hundred and fifty-five British thermal units. Clad in a three-quarter-inch-thick down jacket, and standing on a second-floor ice rink (a forty-by-sixty-foot patch, above a pastry shop on the upper East Side) called the Ice Studio, he radiated a hundred and sixteen B.T.U.s. Without leaving the ice rink, the man peeled off the down coat and donned a jacket made with a thirty-second-of-an-inch-thick layer of a new miracle fabric, Thermal/R, and again faced the measuring gun—still a heat loss of only a hundred and sixteen B.T.U.s! Despite the difference in bulk! Just by way of comparison, the punch bowl of Bloody Marys—made with Tabasco sauce, by Frederic Fontaine Fancy French Foods—that the makers of Thermal/R had ordered for the press demonstration, which took place last week, gave off ninety-five B.T.U.s. The fruit salad proved too hard to measure—too diverse, too heterogeneous, what with those pomegranate seeds.

Thermal/R, which has made its début in sleeping bags and is soon to appear in jackets, and then gloves, and then many, many other things, emerged from Larry Fingerhut's workshop more than a decade ago. Fingerhut, an engineer who had previously

"*Yes, dear, I've come back to you. But not to any chores in the yard!*"

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worked on hospital drapes, circulated happily around the rink at the press demonstration. "What's different about Thermal/R?" he asked rhetorically. "Its uniqueness!"

Simply put, Thermal/R consists of two thin layers separated by an airy foam. "I visualized a thermos bottle as being an efficient heat retainer," Fingerhut said. "A thermos bottle is a vacuum between two stationary planes. But it's not practical to put a thermos bottle over people's heads. You can't keep a vacuum in a jacket, so the next-best insulator is air. Thermal/R is *warm*. And it is virtually windproof. We're planning to run some wind-chill tests. As soon as the weather turns cold, we're going to put a guy wearing Thermal/R in the back of an open convertible and drive fast. This won't be a static test. This will be a dynamic test."

Jerry Kaplan, the marketing end of the Thermal/R operation, said, "In all my years, I've never seen a product that has no negatives. Until Thermal/R. When Larry first showed it to me, I took a sheet home and put it between the blankets on my wife's side of the bed, because she's always cold. It worked!" He picked up a small sheet of Thermal/R. "Hold out your hand!" he commanded us, and then he wrapped our fist in the Thermal/R. "Feel it getting hot? Feel it? It works! If I believe in something, I put myself heart and soul behind it. I don't back down. I don't back down! I've worn Thermal/R in a wind-chill factor of twenty-six below zero. I'm not saying I wasn't cold, but I lived to tell the tale. My kids, who mean more to me than my life, wore Thermal/R jackets all last winter." Kaplan's daughters, Andrea and Michelle, who were present, nodded vigorously. The only problem with Thermal/R, Kaplan explained, is that it works too well. It is *too* thin. "A woman goes into the store to buy her family their winter garments," he said. "She sees many racks—racks with thick coats, thinner coats, thinnest coats. Which will she buy for her children? She's a good mother—she's going to buy that fat one. Unless she knows. *Unless she knows!* That's my *mission!*"

Fortified with a few of Frederic Fontaine's puff pastries, we got down to testing Thermal/R. We believed the thermographic heat-transfer measuring gun with digital readout, and we believed the Messrs. Kaplan and Fingerhut, but there is no substitute for experience. We put on a Thermal/R jacket, zipped it up, and wandered out into the eighty-degree Indian-summer day. Uncomfortably warm. Even sweaty. So far so good. Back in the Ice Studio, we borrowed a pair of skates from the studio's owner, Archie Walker (they were figure skates, which is not our style), and teetered out onto the rink, which was just big enough for us to push off twice, ankles straight, before throwing up our hands to keep from crashing through the window. We made several such crossings in an attempt to simulate a breeze, and we remained toasty.

"It works," we told Mr. Kaplan.

"I know, I know," he said happily.

THE PALACE AT 4 A.M.

My father's kingdom was and is, all authorities agree, large. To walk border to border east-west, the traveller must budget no fewer than seventeen days. Its name is Ho, the Confucian term for harmony. Confucianism was an interest of the first ruler (a strange taste in our part of the world), and when he'd cleared his expanse of field and forest of his enemies, two centuries ago, he indulged himself in an *hommage* to the great Chinese thinker, much to the merriment of some of our staider neighbors, whose domains were proper Luftlunds and Dolphinlunds. We have an economy based upon truffles, in which our forests are spectacularly rich, and electricity, which we were exporting when other countries still read by kerosene lamp. Our army is the best in the region, every man a colonel—the subtle secret of my father's rule, if the truth be known. In this land every priest is a bishop, every ambulance chaser a robed justice, every peasant a corporation, and every street-corner shouter Kant himself. My father's genius was to promote his subjects, male and female, across the board, ceaselessly; the people of Ho warm themselves forever in the sun of Achievement. I was the only man in the kingdom who thought himself a donkey.—*From the Autobiography.*

I AM writing to you, Hannahbella, from a distant country. I daresay you remember it well. The King encloses the opening pages of his autobiography. He is most curious as to what your response to them will be. He has labored mightily over their composition, working without food, without sleep, for many days and nights.

The King has not been, in these months, in the best of spirits. He has read your article and declares himself to be very much impressed by it. He begs you, prior to publication in this country, to do him the great favor of changing the phrase "two disinterested and impartial arbiters" on page 31 to "malign elements under the ideological sway of still more malign elements." Otherwise, he is delighted. He asks me to tell you that your touch is as adroit as ever.

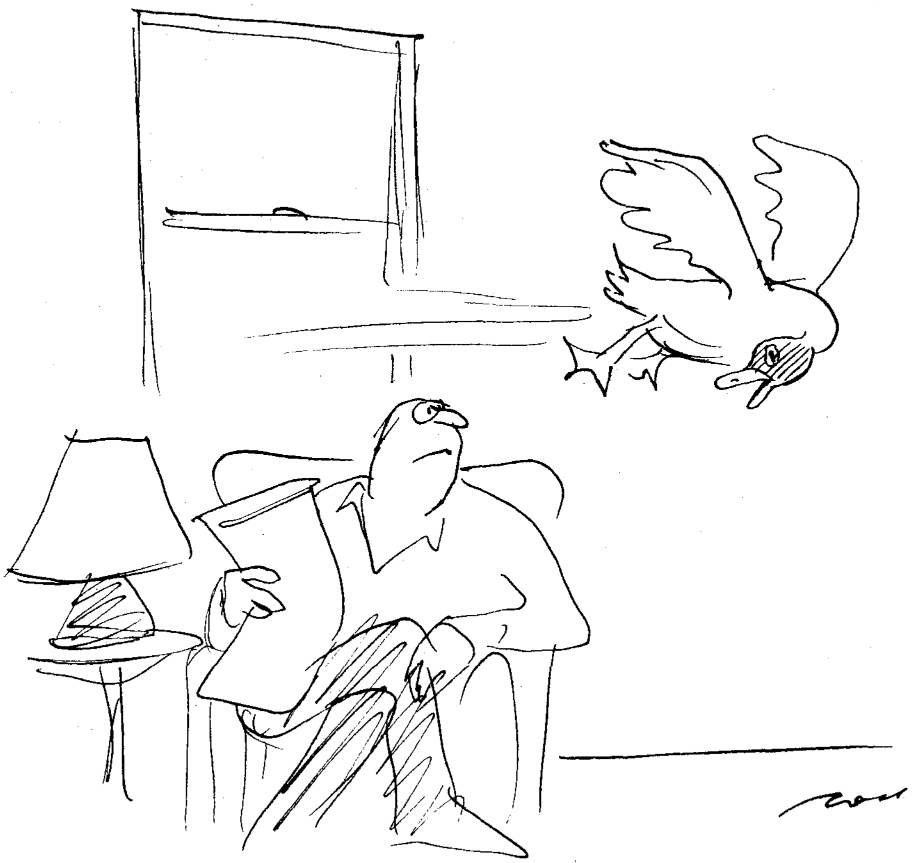
Early in the autobiography (as you see) we encounter the words "My mother the Queen made a mirror pie, a splendid thing the size of a poker table . . ." The King wishes to know if poker tables are in use in faraway lands, and whether the reader in such places would comprehend the dimensions of the pie. He continues, "in which reflections from the kitchen chandelier exploded when the crew rolled it from the oven. We were kneeling side by side, peering into the depths of a new-made mirror pie, when my mother said to me, or rather her celestial image said to my dark, heavy-haired one, 'Get out. I cannot bear to look upon your donkey face again.' "

The King wishes to know, Hannahbella, whether this passage seems to you tainted by self-pity, or is, rather, suitably dispassionate.

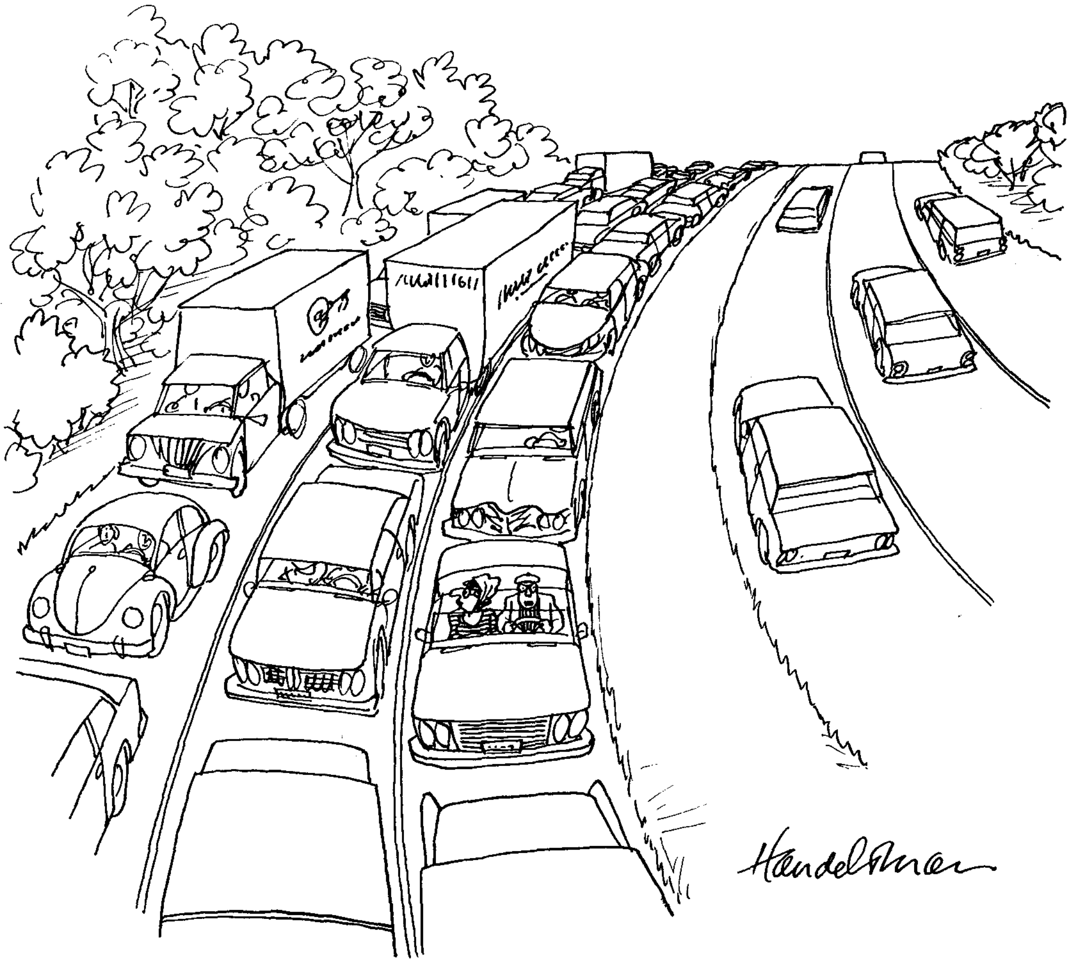
He walks up and down the small room next to his bedchamber, singing your praises. The decree having to do with your banishment will be rescinded, he says, the moment you agree to change the phrase "two disinterested and impartial arbiters" to "malign elements," etc. This I urge you to do with all speed.

The King has not been at his best. Peace, he says, is an unnatural condition. The country is prosperous, yes, and he understands that the people value peace, that they prefer to spin out their destinies in placid, undisturbed fashion. But *his* destiny, he says, is to alter the map of the world. He is considering several new wars, small ones, he says, small but interesting, complex, dicey, even. He would very much like to consult with you about them. He asks you to change, on page 44 of your article, the phrase "egregious usurpations" to "symbols of benign transformation." Please initial the change on the proofs, so that historians will not accuse us of bowdlerization.

Your attention is called to the passage in the pages I send which runs as follows: "I walked out of the castle at dusk, not even the joy of a new sunrise to console me, my shaving kit with its dozen razors (although I shaved a dozen times a day, the head was still a donkey's) banging against the Walther .22 in my rucksack. After a time I was suddenly quite tired. I lay down under a hedge by the side of the road. One of the bushes above me had a shred of black cloth tied to it, a sign, in our country, that the place was haunted (but my head's enough to frighten any ghost)." Do you remember that shred of black cloth, Hannahbella? "I ate a slice of my mother's spinach pie and considered my situation. My princeliness would win me an evening, perhaps a fortnight, at this or that noble's castle in the vicinity, but my experience of visiting had persuaded me that neither royal blood nor novelty of aspect prevailed for long against a host's natural preference for folk with heads much like his own. Should I en-zoo myself?



"Which way did they go?"



"I don't care if they are *moving better over there. This is the fast lane. This is where I live."*

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Volunteer for a travelling circus? Attempt the stage? The question was most vexing.

"I had not wiped the last crumbs of the spinach pie from my whiskers when something lay down beside me, under the hedge.

" 'What's this?' I said.

" 'Soft,' said the new arrival, 'don't be afraid, I am a bogle, let me abide here for the night, your back is warm and that's a mercy.'

" 'What's a bogle?' I asked, immediately fetched, for the creature was small, not at all frightening to look upon and clad in female flesh, something I do not hold in low esteem.

" 'A bogle,' said the tiny one, with precision, 'is not a black dog.'

"Well, I thought, now I know.

" 'A bogle,' she continued, 'is not a boggart.'

" 'Delighted to hear it,' I said.

" 'Don't you ever *shave*?' she asked. 'And why have you that huge hideous head on you, that could be mistaken for the head of an ass, could I see better so as to think better?'

" 'You may lie elsewhere,' I said, 'if my face discountenances you.'

" 'I am fatigued,' she said. 'Go to sleep, we'll discuss it in the morning, move a bit so that your back fits better with my front, it will be cold, later, and this place is cursed, so they say, and I hear that the Prince has been driven from the palace, God knows what that's all about but it promises no good for us plain folk, police, probably, running all over the fens with their identity checks and making you blow up their great balloons with your breath—'

"She was confusing, I thought, several issues, but my God! She was warm and shapely. Yet I thought her a strange piece of goods, and made the mistake of saying so.

" 'Sir,' she answered, 'I would not venture upon what's strange and what's not strange, if I were you,' and went on to say that if I did not abstain from further impertinence she would commit sewerpipe. She dropped off to sleep then, and I lay back upon the ground. Not a child, I could tell, rather a tiny woman. A bogle."

The King wishes you to know, Hannahbella, that he finds this passage singularly moving and that he cannot read it without being forced to take snuff, violently. Similarly the next:

"What, precisely, is a donkey? As you may imagine, I have researched the question. My Larousse was most delicate, as if the editors thought the matter blushful, but yielded two observations of interest: that donkeys came originally from Africa, and that they, or we, are 'the result of much crossing.' This urges that the parties to the birth must be ill-matched, and in the case of my royal parents 'twas thunderously true. The din of their calamitous conversations reached every quarter of the palace, at every season of the year. My mother named me Duncan (var. of Dunkey, clearly) and went into spasms of shrinking whenever, youthfully, I'd offer a cheek for a kiss. My father, in contrast, could sometimes bring himself to scratch my head between the long, weedlike ears, but only, I suspect, by means of a mental shift, as if he were addressing one of his hunting dogs, the which, incidentally, remained firmly ambivalent about me even after long acquaintance.

"I explained a part of this to Hannahbella, for that was the bogle's name, suppressing chiefly the fact that I was a prince. She in turn gave the following account of herself. She was indeed a bogle, a semispirit generally thought to be of bad character. This was a libel, she said, as her own sterling qualities would quickly persuade me. She was, she said, of the utmost perfection in the female line, and there was not a woman within the borders of the kingdom so beautiful as herself, she'd been told it a thousand times. It was true, she went on, that she was not of a standard size, could in fact be called small, if not minuscule, but those who objected to this were louts and fools and might profitably be stewed in lead, for the entertainment of the countryside. In the matter of rank and precedence, the meanest bogle outweighed the greatest king, although the kings of this earth, she conceded, would never acknowledge this but in their dotty solipsism conducted themselves as if bogles did not even exist. And would I like to see her all unclothed so that I might glean some rude idea as to the true nature of the sublime?

"Well, I wouldn't have minded a bit. She was wonderfully crafted, that was evident, and held in addition the fascination surrounding any perfect miniature. But I said, 'No, thank you. Perhaps another day, it's a bit chill this morning.'

" 'Just the breasts then,' she said, 'they're wondrous pretty,' and before I could protest further she'd whipped off her mannikin's tiny shirt. I buttoned her up again meanwhile bestowing buckets of extravagant praise. 'Yes,' she said in agreement, 'that's how I am all over, wonderful.' "

The King cannot reread this section, Hannahbella, without being reduced to tears. The world is a wilderness, he says, civilization a folly we entertain in concert with others. He himself, at his age, is beyond surprise, yet yearns for it. He longs for the conversations he formerly had with you, in the deepest hours of the night, he in his plain ermine robe, you simply dressed as always in a small scarlet cassock, most becoming, a modest supper of chicken, fruit, and wine on the sideboard, only the pair of you awake in the whole palace, at four o'clock in the morning. The tax-evasion case against you has been dropped. It was, he says, a hasty and ill-considered undertaking, even spiteful. He is sorry.

The King wonders whether the following paragraphs from his autobiography accord with your own recollections: "She then began, as we walked down the road together (an owl pretending to be absent standing on a tree limb to our left, a little stream snapping and growling to our right), explaining to me that my father's administration of the realm left much to be desired, from the bogle point of view, particularly his mad insistence on filling the forests with heavy-footed truffle hounds. Standing, she came to just a hand above my waist; her hair was brown, with bits of gold in it; her quite womanly hips were encased in dun-colored trousers. 'Duncan,' she said, stabbing me in the calf with her sharp nails, 'do you know what that man has done? Nothing else but ruin, absolutely ruin, the whole of the Gatter Fen with a great roaring electric plant that makes a thing that who in the world could have a use for I don't know. I think they're called volts. Two square miles of first-class fen paved over. We bogles are being squeezed to our knees.' I had a sudden urge to kiss her, she looked so angry, but did nothing, my history in this regard being, as I have said, infelicitous.

" 'Duncan, *you're not listening!*' Hannahbella was naming the chief interesting things about bogles, which included the fact that in the main they had nothing to do with humans, o nonsemispirits; that although sh might seem small to me she was tall for a bogle, queenly, in fact; that ther was a type of blood seas superior t royal blood, and that it was bogl blood; that bogles had no magica powers whatsoever, despite what wa said of them; that bogles were the ver best lovers in the whole world, n matter what class of thing, animal

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TWO POEMS FROM 1916

I

I will win you away from every earth, from every sky,
For the woods are my place of birth, and the place to die,
For while standing on earth I touch it with but one foot,
For I'll sing your worth as nobody could or would.

I will win you from every time and from every night,
From all banners that throb and shine, from all swords held tight;
I'll drive dogs outside, hurl the keys into dark and fog,
For in the mortal night I'm a more faithful dog.

I will win you from all my rivals, and from the one;
You will never enjoy a bridal, nor I a man.
And in the final struggle I'll take you—don't make a sound!—
From him by whom Jacob stood on the darkened ground.

But until I cross your fingers upon your breast
You possess—what a curse!—yourself: you are self-possessed;
Both your wings, as they yearn for the ether, become unfurled,
For the world's your cradle, and your grave's the world.

II

(TO OSIP MANDELSTAM)

Seeing off the beloved ones, I
Give them songs, so that we get even
Through these tokens which may supply
Them again with what I was given.

By the overgrown lane at noon
I'd lead them to the crossroads where . . .
You, the wind, sing your tireless tune,
You, the road, treat their steps with care.

Dove-blue cloud, don't shed your tears—
Spare their Sunday best for good weathers!
Coiling dragon, don't gnash your teeth,
Drop, you bullyboys, your sly razors.

You, a loitering beauty, be
A gay bride for them, do a favor:
Strain your lips for a while for me—
You'll be paid by the Precious Saviour!

Rage, bonfires, light up, dark trees,
Drive each animal to its lair!
Virgin Mary in Heaven, please,
For my passersby say a prayer.

—MARINA TSVETAYEVA

(*Translated, from the Russian, by Joseph Brodsky.*)

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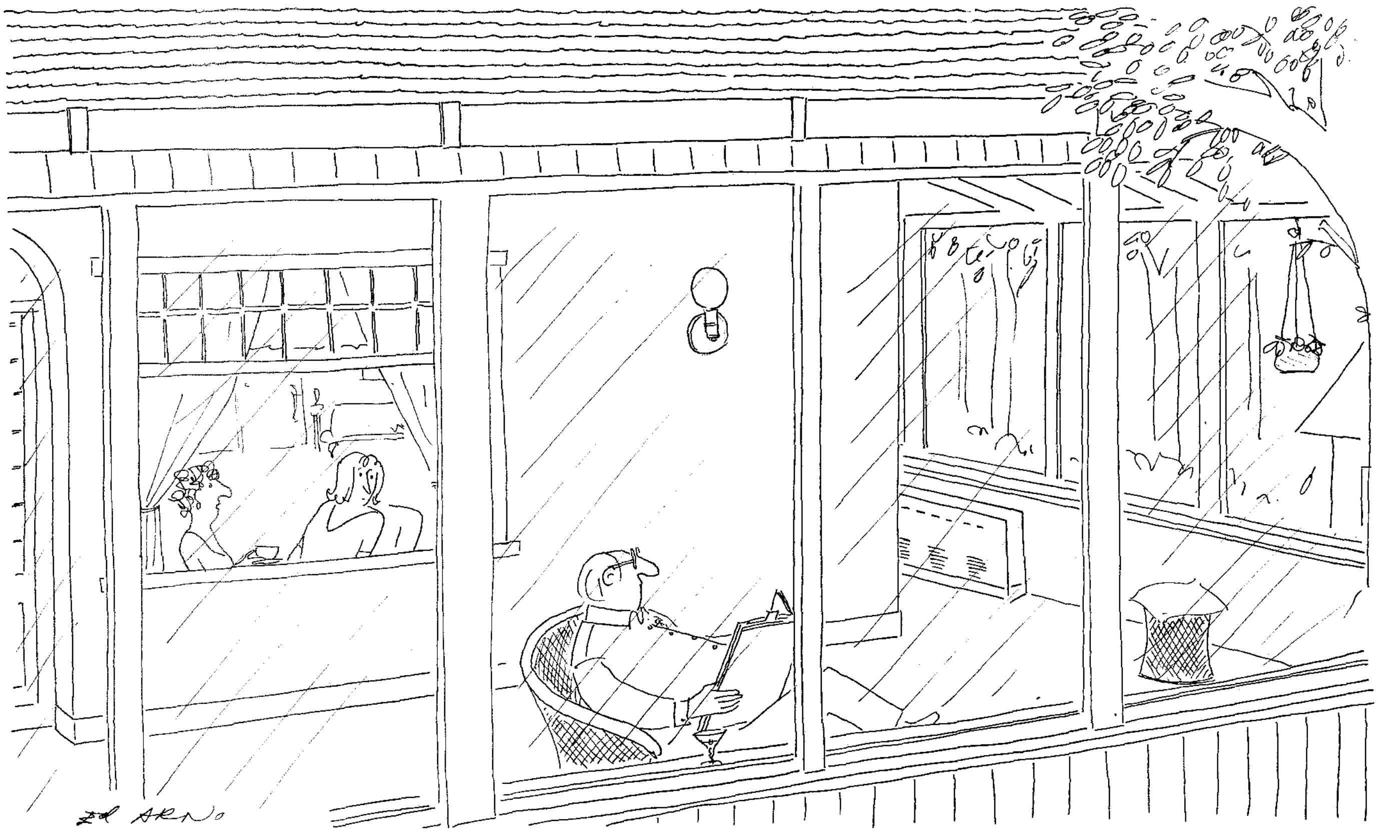

"He's reading Swinburne. He always reads Swinburne when the Dow is off."

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vegetable, or insect, might be under discussion; that it was not true that bogles knocked bowls of mush from the tables of the deserving poor and caused farmers' cows to become pregnant with big fishes, out of pure mischief; that female bogles were the most satisfactory sexual partners of any kind of thing that could ever be imagined and were especially keen for large overgrown things with ass's ears, for example; and that there was a something in the road ahead of us to which it might, perhaps, be prudent to pay heed.

"She was right. One hundred yards ahead of us, planted squarely athwart the road, was an army."

The King, Hannahbella, regrets having said of you, in the journal *Vu*, that you have two brains and no heart. He had thought he was talking not-for-attribution, but as you know, all reporters are scoundrels and not to be trusted. He asks you to note that *Vu* has suspended publication and to recall that it was never read by anyone but serving maids and the most insignificant members of the minor clergy. He is prepared to give you a medal, if you return, any medal you like—you will remember that our medals are the most gorgeous going. On page 75 of your article, he requires you, most humbly, to change "monstrous overreaching fuelled by an insatiable if still childish ego" to any kinder construction of your choosing.

The King's autobiography, in chapters already written but which I do not enclose, goes on to recount how you and he together, by means of a clever stratagem of your devising, vanquished the army barring your path on that day long, long ago; how the two of you journeyed together for many weeks and found that your souls were, in essence, the same soul; the shrewd means you employed to place him in power, against the armed opposition of the Party of the Lily, on the death of his father; and the many subsequent campaigns which you endured together, mounted on a single horse, your armor banging against his armor. The King's autobiography, Hannahbella, will run to many volumes, but he cannot bring himself to write the end of the story without you.

The King feels that your falling-out, over the matter of the refugees from Brise, was the result of a miscalculation on his part. He could not have known, he says, that they had bogle blood (although he admits that the fact of their small stature should have told him something). Exchanging the refugees from Brise for the twenty-three Bishops of Ho captured during the affair was, he says in hindsight, a serious error; more bishops can always be created. He makes the point that you did not tell him that the refugees from Brise had bogle blood but instead expected him to know it. Your outrage was, he thinks, a pretext. He at once forgives you and begs your forgiveness. The Chair of Military Philosophy at the university is yours, if you want it. You loved him, he says, he is convinced of it, he still cannot believe it, he exists in a condition of doubt. You are both old; you are both forty. The palace at 4 A.M. is silent. Come back, Hannahbella, and speak to him.

—DONALD BARTHELME

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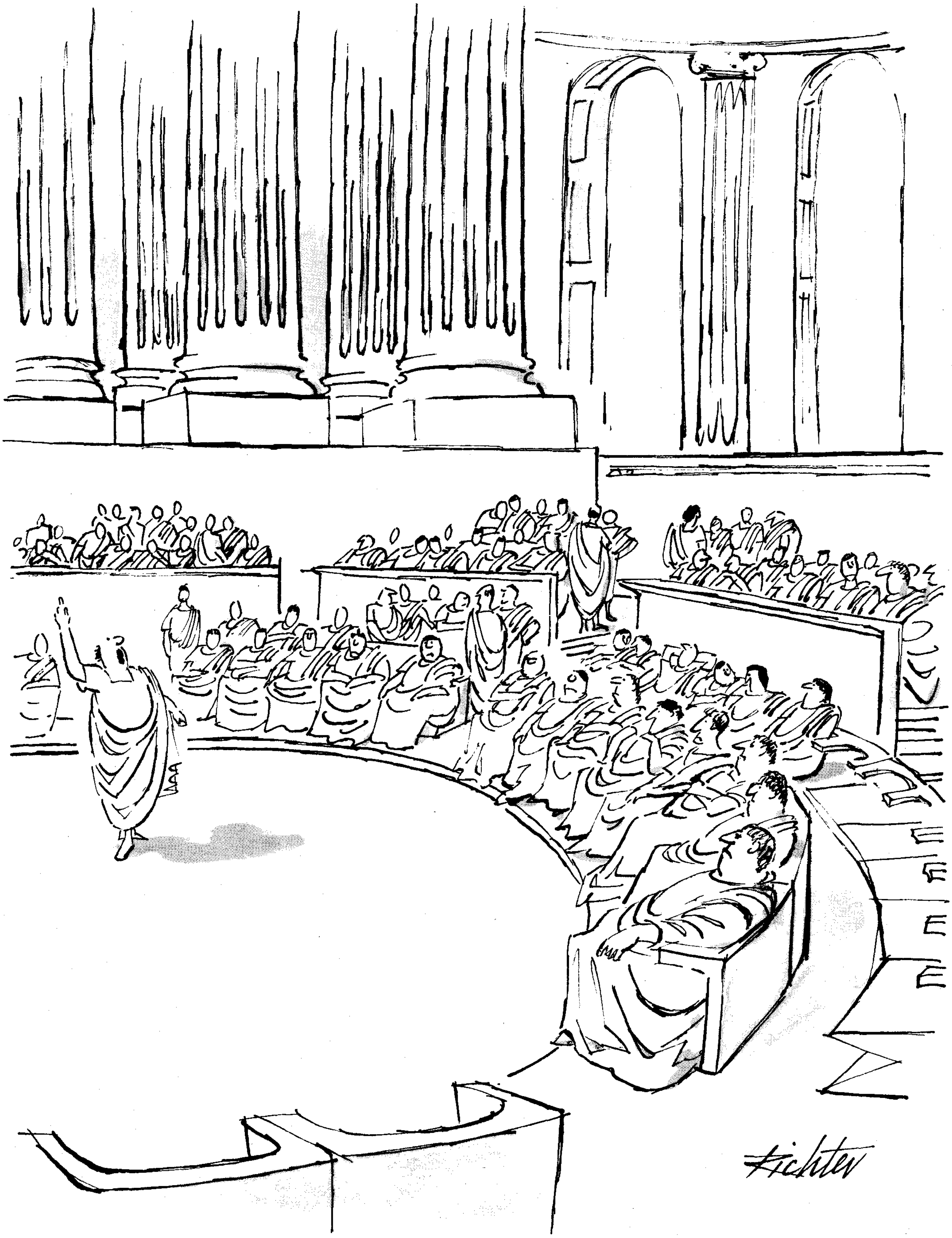
BLOCK THAT METAPHOR!

[From the Boston Globe]

This is a critical edge in wearing down any House opposition, and whether the Korean airliner is the reason or not, it offers a pretext for members in both chambers to explain their renewed support for the Administration. "The public revulsion will add starch to the backbone of those who habitually stand on two stools," said Rep. Henry Hyde (R-Ill.), a conservative supporter of the President on defense in Central America.



"I predict that Scythia, Arabia, Babylonia, Phrygia will always be trouble spots."

EFFIE

ABOUT five in the morning, Effie Hammond—her real name was Garnet Evelyn Hammond, but she didn't like people to know that—woke up from a sound sleep and went into the kitchen. She plugged in the coffeepot and opened the refrigerator and got out the turkey carcass. There was not much meat left on it—the poor thing was two weeks old; they had celebrated Christmas on the thirteenth of December, before Tom went into Cibola County Hospital—but nothing gave her more pleasure than stripping the bones. It was like peeling a sunburn, or peeling the lint off the lint catcher in the dryer. Her hands roved over the papery ribs, her nails gouging out bits of flesh. The coffeepot made a low, choked gurgle. She pulled a leg off with a pop. She wrapped the little pile of meat in foil and put it in the freezer compartment, threw away the carcass, and, humming "My Adobe Hacienda," went into the chilly den.

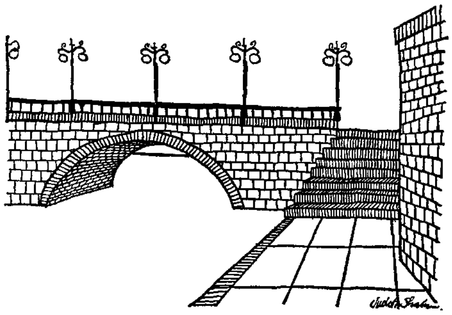
According to *Positive Wisdom*, the booklet she received in the mail every week, today's thought was "God is in all things." She sat down on the orange vinyl sofa next to the little black metal fireplace. It had a conical chimney, like a witch's cap. Their new den! She kept telling people she couldn't get over it. Just finished a few months ago, before Tom started feeling bad. Facing the Sears home entertainment center—TV, radio, and phonograph all in one big, long walnut-veneer console—and a pair of wrought-iron wall sconces she had bought with twelve books of Green Stamps, Effie meditated.

She belonged to the Positive Christianity Fellowship, based in Oklahoma City, and it was definitely her kind of church: no preacher, no services, no building fund. You just subscribed to *Positive Wisdom* and prayed or meditated every morning for a few minutes. You avoided negative thoughts and tried to put everything in a positive light. You lined up with God's goodness, and by keeping that up, you became good. And it worked. (At Cibola Junior College, from which she had recently retired as assistant dean of women, she was famous for her power to boost anybody out of the dumps.) In an emergency, you were entitled to call the Positive Power Hot Line and put the name of someone in need on the Positive Prayer list, and people at the center would pray for that person around the clock. Effie had put Tom's name on the list on the day of his surgery and then again ten days later, when the cardiac team said he wouldn't be out of intensive care by Christmas.

She had concentrated on having him home by Christmas Day, even though they had decided to celebrate Christmas early, but maybe she hadn't worked hard enough. Usually, she pictured herself full of the power of God's grace—that had kept her together lately—but now she pictured Tom sitting in his Barcalounger, plucking his guitar, his face tan and healthy, his heart beating regularly and strongly. And, squeezing her closed eyes tightly, she pushed into that picture the feeling that God was in all things. She pushed in the feeling that all was good and right.

It was hard work. Tom was still in intensive care, still limited to five minutes' visiting time every hour. It was good and right that he had had the surgery, of course. The doctor had given them the odds beforehand. She couldn't recall now what they were. It didn't matter: she knew Tom would survive. How grownup she had felt in the doctor's office that day! She and Tom were just a pair of kids, really, who might shoot off on some new adventure at any minute—people still mistook Tom for forty sometimes—and there Dr. Kaufman had been, talking to them about life and its alternative. And she and Tom had nodded thoughtfully, just like adults did in the movies. Tom had gotten scared and down in the mouth after that, and she had had a lot of trouble convincing him that everything was going to be all right.

Yesterday, he had actually sat up in a chair. He *had* to come home soon. He belonged here. It was true that sometimes he got restless—but then she always had a wonderful plan ready, like touring the national parks, or building the den. He and Bud, their eighteen-year-old, had broken through from the living room to the garage, put in the picture window, nailed up the pine panelling, installed the fireplace. She picked out the couch and the avocado shag carpeting and the Barcalounger, so that Tom could keep his swollen feet up. He belonged here, strumming his guitar absently along with the TV tunes, his cigar and bourbon-and-7Up handy.



Suddenly, in this room so permeated with Tom's presence, Effie inhaled sharply, smelling the ashes from a burned log, and a warmth went through her body. A taut cable that had thrummed incessantly in her spine and neck for the past several weeks went slack and silent. She sighed and folded forward. Something inside had surrendered. Everything was going to be fine. Her husband, the man she had loved for thirty-two years, was coming home. And what God wanted her to do in preparation was to clean house.

"NANCY, hon!" Effie rapped on her daughter's bedroom door. "Darlin', get up, get up! We have to clean house for Dad."

Nancy was up immediately, looking very much as she had when she was small, her face red and plumped out, her nightgown wrinkled up around her knees. "He's coming home?"

"I know absolutely and finally for sure that everything is going to be all right now." Rich tones, coming from her chest, where the conviction had been born, made Effie's voice resonate in the little hallway between the bedrooms and the bathroom. "It came to me that Dad is going to be fine, that he's coming home soon, and what we have to do is clean this place up real good."

"Bud has to help, too."

"When Bud gets up, he'll pitch in—don't worry. But let's let him get his sleep right now."

"But *Mom!*"

"He is a growing boy and needs his rest, and anyway he was out late last night with his pals. When you're a senior, you'll get to have fun and sleep late, too."

"I bet."

Effie went into the kitchen and phoned her older son, Tommy, in Boston. "Dad is coming home real soon," she said. "We just all know it for a fact." She had only let Tommy in on the best parts of the news. She had never told him that his father was still in the intensive-care unit. Tommy tended to get very dramatic, and she hadn't wanted to get involved in calming him down when she needed to concentrate on Tom.

"I assumed he was already home," Tommy said. "But anyway, it's great to hear the news."

That done, Effie and Nancy took down the Christmas tree. They sprayed carpet shampoo on the carpeting and vacuumed it. They washed the kitchen curtains, and Nancy ironed them. Effie hurried from room to room, invigorated by the springiness in her high-heeled mules and the excitement in her rib cage. She changed the sheets on her bed and spread it with the white comforter the kids had given her for Christmas. She dusted the bureau. She scrubbed the kitchen appliances and sink. Nancy cleaned the cat box without arguing that it was Bud's turn.

When Bud woke up, Effie put him to work washing windows on the inside—it was too cold to do the outsides. "We'll get this house just perfect," Effie told him. "And then you can go out with your pals if you want, because when Dad comes home you'll have to stick around, darlin'."

Bud's hair was awry, and he had a cough. "That's cool," he said.

Effie pressed forward. She felt she was thrusting with all her might against some enormous, invisible solid object. At one point, she came upon Nancy scouring the bathtub with such ferocity that it alarmed her. Her elbow was going up and down like a piston, her hair hung in her eyes. "Nancy, hon! I do believe you are the best scrubber I ever saw. And look at that gorgeous sink! Do you know, I honestly believe that deodorant soap is one of the great inventions, one of the best things—"

Nancy murmured something into the tub.

Later, when Effie came in to brush her teeth before going to the hospital, she found Nancy sitting on the edge of the tub, her eyes red. "Nancy! No crying!" Effie said in a violent whisper. "You stop that. You are not going to shed a single tear. Not one. Your daddy is going to make it, and he's coming to this house, and we're going to do everything in the world to make him happy, and crying isn't going to help. So cut it out."

This burst of energy propelled Effie into the new fluffy white wool coat she had given herself for Christmas; her family were all such sweethearts, and she loved every single thing they gave her—Tom's nightie for her every year, for instance, and the comforter—but they never gave her what she really wanted no matter how much she hinted.

As she drove to the hospital, she applied her reddest lipstick, using the rearview mirror. The red set off her white, smooth, nearly lineless skin and her blond hair—she was now wearing the same hairdo Dorothy Malone had worn on "Peyton Place," and it looked pretty good.

Kitty, the I.C.U. nurse, was laughing with another nurse when Effie arrived. When Kitty saw her, she said, "Oh, Mrs. Hammond," her voice dropping. "You look real nice today," she added softly.

"Thank you, Kitty. You've had enough fun with my husband. I'm going to take him home."

"He is such a dear man." Kitty was in her early twenties, far too pretty to be a nurse, with her little red spit curls.

Tom looked very small in his bed. The neatly folded sheet and the smooth blanket seemed to press him down into nothing. He had never been a big man, and today he looked like a ten-year-old. Tubes emanated from the crook of an elbow, from the back of a hand, and from a nostril. His skin was gray—almost a blue-gray. But Effie could see some definite improve-

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THE SHIRT

For years
we called it Claude's shirt,
wine-dark, with one torn
tail and a deadly collar
pointed at any fainting heart in sight.
He left it at my place
in Paris after one of those
nights he brought the girls.
In twenty years I wore it
twice—once in sartorial
emergency, once
in a fit of nostalgia.
"Why do you keep this horror?"
After three moves
it disappeared.

Yesterday,
in one of the film books I read now,
a lurid frame enlargement pounced from hiding.
Naked and frowning, Claude
lounges in bed with a high-tensile,
fully clothed doll. She's
his wife off and on
the screen, the caption says, and calls
his self-fulfilling script
"an incisive description of bourgeois
marriage conventions."
Jesus.
The New Wave.
He made it
or helped.

We should have stuffed
that shirt.

—Roger Shattuck

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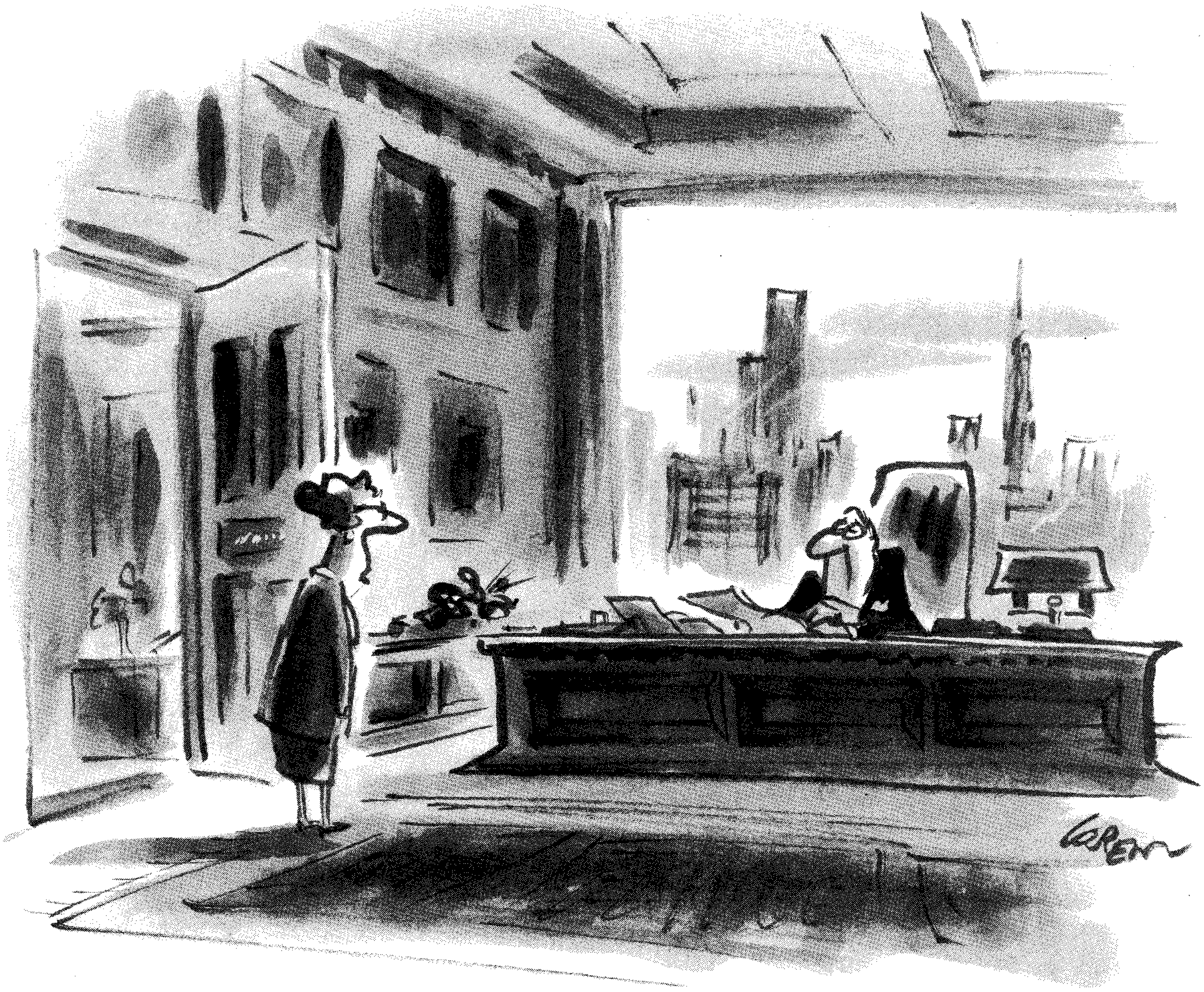


“While you were out, Derek Thompson called about the Fowler deal, Roger Podner called to confirm Thursday’s lunch, and your son called to say he forgives you.”

• •

ments: his eyes, which, when he was well, usually suggested that he was ready to make a joke, were rested, like a baby’s, and bright, and although his face was still marked from the strain of his ordeal—he looked the way he had the afternoon he and Bud spent pushing the camper out of the mud at San Ysidro Lake—the hollows under his eyes seemed to be going away. His heart had to be pumping more blood.

“Sweetheart, darlin’, you are coming home.” Effie spoke firmly, putting her whole being into each word. “Everything is going to be all right.”

“Just promise me . . .” he began. And then she couldn’t make out the rest, because his chin was down and because the machinery that he was hooked up to made a rushing sound, or maybe it was the ventilation system, so that whenever she stood by his bed she had the impression that a window was open and wind was pouring in.

“What is it, hon?”

“Promise—”

“I promise. Anything. Now, what are you saying?”

“If there’s a lot of pain, morphine. If there’s more of this pain, morphine. Morphine.”

“Yes, darlin’, but you won’t need any of that stuff. You are coming home. I just know it.” She didn’t want to tell him how she knew, because he had always been skeptical of Positive Christianity. “I’ve got Bud washing windows, and Nancy is doing I don’t know what all, and that house is going to be spick-and-span when you set foot in it. We’ll have a piñon log burning in your fireplace, and your guitar all plugged in— Tom? All right?”

“The morphine—don’t forget.”

He had had his first heart attack six years ago, out on the golf course. He said he never wanted to experience pain like that again. He had the second and third attacks shortly after that, in the hospital, and they had given him morphine. In recent years, he had had several minor heart attacks at home, and he and Effie had kept them a secret. Effie felt it could just make you sicker if you went on and on about your illness, and Tom hated hospitals. But last summer his feet started to swell so much he could barely walk, and in the fall he started coming home earlier and earlier from Cibola Laboratories, where he worked as an engineer, and Effie made him go to Dr. Kaufman.

“YOU said I was to see you?”

Dr. Kaufman had a suite on the top floor of the hospital, with big picture windows facing the mesa and the Cibola peaks. There were Navajo rugs on the walls, and a shelf of Indian pots.

"Hi, Mrs. Hammond." Dr. Kaufman took her hand and pressed it softly, as if she were ill and he were gauging her strength.

She squeezed his hand hard and beamed. This doctor was a mere kid: he looked like some proud Mrs. Kaufman's son—blond, with long sideburns like Tommy's, tanned, broad-chested. The doctor seated her the way a waiter would at a fancy restaurant and then returned to the other side of his desk and sorted through papers.

"Tom looks lots better today," Effie said.

The doctor said nothing. And then, "Ah, this is what I was looking for." He came around the desk with a pen and a piece of paper with a drawing on it and began talking.

It was a sketch of Tom's heart, and how the surgery had been done, how the veins taken from his legs had bypassed the obstructed blood vessels in his heart—these were shaded in with red ink. The scar tissue on the heart wall—that was figure-eight scribbles in black. The doctor spoke so quickly and softly—these Easterners, how did they learn to talk so fast?—that she couldn't follow him. He had shown her this drawing the day after the operation. Even then she couldn't keep track of the terminology, and now it was hard to listen all over again to something she hadn't wanted to learn about in the first place.

"You showed me that drawing already, Dr. Kaufman." She spoke cheerfully, to let him know she didn't really mind all that much. He nodded and continued talking. Something about too much scar tissue. She still didn't care to think about that surgery. The doctors had actually lifted his heart right out of his body. And so where had Tom been? If his blood was in a machine, and his heart was over here, and his body was packed in ice, where was Tom?

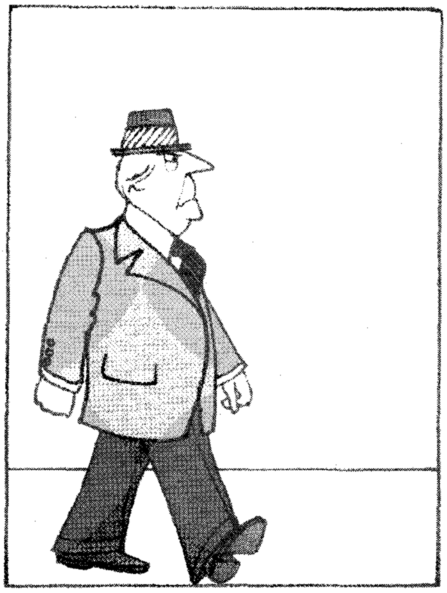
Now Dr. Kaufman was sliding his pen sideways, using it as a pointer, and he was talking, but all she heard was the blood in her ears, like a roaring wind, and the room seemed very cold and gray, as if it might start snowing inside. She was fascinated by his hands, the hairs on the backs of his long fingers—little silvery-blond fine hairs—and his fingernails, so absolutely clean, the cuticles pushed back, the nails clipped straight: how did he get them so clean? In the movies, surgeons stood at the sink, scrubbing. She felt heat in her face, and her hands went cold, and her breathing became awkward. She frowned and nodded and shook her head.

Tom used to pick her up after school in his Hudson and drive her to a cornfield. She would take off his shirt, and he would always have on an undershirt—she could never get over that; she hadn't known a thing about men's underwear, since her father had lit out for California when she was four. She would lean her head against the center of his chest, place her palm on the undershirt-seam binding, and feel his heart begin to beat rapidly. His heart seemed very precious to her then, and she was happy to have power over it. How she loved Tom! How she had cried and pined when he went away to join the Navy! Her mother had finally said, "Well, honey, *go* to him, then." Effie did not so much remember the story of their marriage as she did telling the story, over the years, to different listeners. She was eighteen, he was twenty, she in a suit that pinched in at the waist, Tom in his uniform; the picture was in a silver frame on her bureau. A beautiful, happy couple. Her expression was one of satisfaction: what she had willed most had happened. Now she went back to thinking about Tom on the operating table packed in ice, his blood over there in the machine, his heart lifted out—

"What are you saying, Doctor?"

"There is nothing more we can do—we want to take him off the machines." His face sagged, and his gaze cut past her and out the window. "There will be no pain." There was a film of snow on the peaks, but the mesa and the flat-roofed sprawl of the suburbs remained a dull dun color. Dr. Kaufman no longer looked like someone's son; he seemed older, and very disappointed in the way things were turning out for him. "He's not going to make it, Mrs. Hammond," he told the ashtray on his desk.

EFFIE sat in the cold car in the parking lot. Cars arrived, cars pulled out. Shadows became thin and flat, but she had no sense of time passing. Everything remained still. The broken dashboard clock. The steering wheel on which she rested her forehead and forearms. Despite her coat, she was freezing. The cold lay in her mouth and soaked into her limbs, and she could sense the frozen asphalt and winter earth beneath her.



Finally, she looked at her watch. She had to go back, in great shape, smiling, to be with Tom. She went to a pay phone in the lobby and phoned Tommy. "What went wrong?" he kept asking. She drove home to get Nancy and Bud. Nancy said Bud was out on the mesa with Teddy Roybal, who had gotten a motor scooter for Christmas.

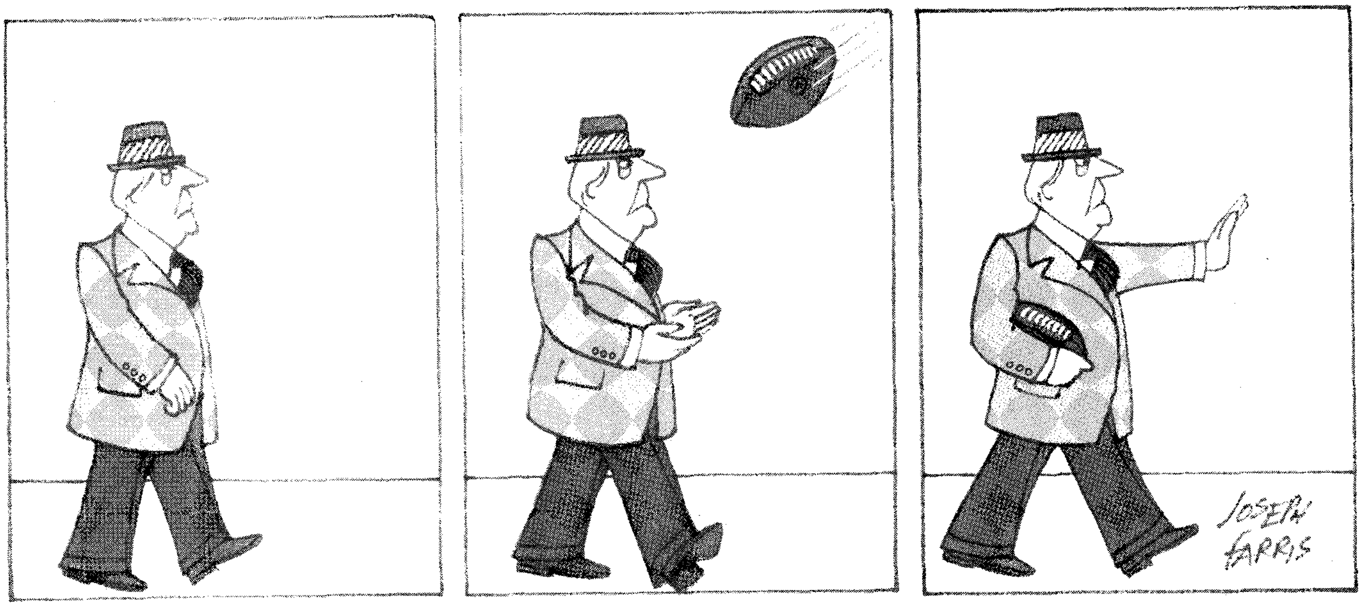
"How dare he?" Effie demanded.

"You told him when the house was done he could run along and have a good time." Nancy's voice shook.

WHEN Effie and Nancy went into Tom's room, he lifted his head, and the monitor showed his heart beating irregularly. "Mr. Hammond!" the nurse said. "Don't *do* that!" Kitty patted Effie on the arm and went out.

Effie hurried toward the bed, thinking that there was something she wanted very much, a present she had always wished for: one of those little crystal balls with a winter scene inside, a little house and a dark fir tree, and when you turned the ball upside down, snow fell. It almost never snowed right in Cibola—just on the peaks.

"What I have seen!" Tom whispered when she took his hand. "What I have seen!" His expression was joyous. The strain had left the muscles of his face, and his skin seemed to exude a light of its own, under the hospital fluorescence, in this pale-green room. "Don't tell!"



The machinery, except for the hissing and bubbling of the oxygen, was quiet. He only had one tube left, and that was in his nostril.

“We won’t, hon,” Effie said.

“Don’t tell anyone—they’ll think I’m nuts. Effie—what I have seen! Not like anything I’ve ever seen before! I can’t describe it.”

Effie stood motionless, holding her breath. She felt as if she had no feet, as if her body were partially dissolving. The room held an intensity, like a strong perfume, or a low hum, or a cool radiance. Both Effie and Nancy sensed it. What he had seen!

“We won’t tell,” Effie said.

Nancy picked up his other hand. She held her lips tightly together. Her shoulders were shaking. But she was not crying.

“Effie, you can’t imagine! Nancy—listen—”

“It’s O.K., hon. You’re going to be out of here very soon. I’ve got a brand-new plan. We’re going to trade in that old teardrop camper and the pickup and get that gorgeous fourteen-foot trailer we looked at at the R.V. show. And we’re going to drive to California, just take our time; I’ll drive while you relax, and that trailer will have a real shower and a bathroom, and all the extras, and we’ll go back to that beach—what’s-its-name, where we sat and counted the waves? You know, looking for the ninth wave? And you can just play your guitar, and paint all day, and I’ll read and study—oh, philosophy—and we’ll just go along like that, with me driving. I can pull a trailer O.K.”

“Effie, *don’t* buy that trailer. Don’t buy *any* trailer. Promise. Did you ask about morphine? I just can’t take any more pain. I had it again, and they didn’t give me a shot.”

“Darlin’, I do believe your voice is the strongest it’s been since the operation.” The doctor was wrong. “Look, Nance, how wonderful he looks! You’re doing fine, hon, without the machines.” Effie beamed at Nancy to get her to agree, but Nancy stood staring with her mouth set. “And guess what! Tommy is coming for a surprise visit—he just happened to get some time off.”

“What I have seen!” Tom tried to hoist his head and shoulders off the pillow. The nurse came swishing in on her crêpe soles. “Mr. Hammond! Please!”

Effie and Nancy had to go back to the intensive-care waiting room. A man in a plaid parka was in the phone booth crying noisily over the receiver.

“People should go somewhere else to cry,” Effie whispered. “Nancy, Dad was just *glowing*.” She could not help smiling. “Did you *see*?” What he had seen! Maybe it had to do with her morning meditation.

“But didn’t Dr. Kaufman say . . .”

“God knows more than any doctor, Nancy. Your father has *seen* something.”

Effie closed her eyes. Something very big was happening just beyond the limits of her perception. When she opened her eyes, Nancy’s face was close; her skin, too, seemed to glow. It was like the glaze on pottery.

“What about the morphine, Mom? Hadn’t we better ask the doctor, just in case?”

Two nurses went racing toward Tom’s room. After several minutes, Kitty came out. “Mrs. Hammond,” she said quietly.

By the time Nancy and Effie got to his bed, he was gone. He just wasn’t there anymore.

Then Dr. Kaufman was there, saying something.

Everything stopped for a while. It was like that moment after the rodeo fireworks go off and before their colored sparks disappear into the dark air. In the center of the world, nothing was happening. Out toward the rim, actions were taken, decisions were made, papers were signed. Effie looked down, as from a great height, and saw her hand write “Mrs. Thomas R. Hammond.” She seemed to be the chief priestess in a ritual she had been preparing for all her life. The worst had happened, and yet she was continuing. She had always thought of God as a personage giving orders. Now she knew different: no one had told her about the splendor of everything being ripped away, and there you were at the heart of the empty world, where nothing happened—all events turned like spokes from where she stood, her arm extended, writing the name.

WHEN Tommy got off the plane that night, he was no longer a winsome young man. He had become middle-aged and haggard. Effie and Nancy exchanged glances. For an instant, it was as if the same thought struck both of them: It was Tom. He had come home. The whole thing at the hospital hadn’t even happened.

Effie went alone across the floodlit

tarmac. She walked slowly. It seemed right. She stopped a yard away from her son. She smiled at him. “Your daddy’s gone,” she said.

Tommy looked so terrible that she was worried that he would start crying and carrying on and interfere with what she and Nancy were experiencing, and Bud, too, since they had told him *What I have seen!* She had given Tommy the main fact. There was nothing else to put into words.

They walked in silence to the parking lot. They walked and breathed in the cold air exactly as they should, and around them settled the crystalline night, just as it should, and snow started falling. Bud drove.

“At least the house is really clean,” Effie said as they went along Main, with its motels and neon. “I tell you, nothing happens in this family until the house is clean. People are going to start coming. The Roybals already brought over enchiladas. And I want to tell you, Tommy, hon, Bud and Nancy cleaned and cleaned the house, and every corner in our little adobe hacienda just gleams like it never has before. The last time we had such a clean house was when you cleaned before Nancy was born. We only clean when big things happen.”

“It’s all those years in between that it gets so bad,” Bud said. His voice was thick.

The house had a festive air, and that was correct, too. The old lady next door had already dropped off a flowering poinsettia, and next to the casserole of enchiladas on the kitchen table was a silver paper plate piled with cookies in the shape of Christmas trees, along with a card from Tom’s boss.

Effie watched herself get out five plates. But that was too many. She counted them again and put back two. But that didn’t leave enough. She shoved all the plates back in the cupboard and closed the door.

They sat around the table forking up small bites from the casserole and eating cookies. No one mentioned the death or any of its details. They talked about the snow, the progress of the shopping mall being built, and what Bud ought to take at college in the fall.

“Drivers ed,” Tommy said.

“Drag racing,” Nancy said.

Effie looked at her daughter. Her face still had the radiance. All the small muscles around her eyes and mouth had become smooth: she looked newborn.

Effie hated for the day to end: her every gesture had been unique and exact and perfect. She was afraid if she fell asleep the joy would stop and all the noise and disorder on the edge of the world would rush in. Last summer, up at San Ysidro Lake with the whole family, she and Tom had sneaked off and taken the boat out to the center of the lake to watch the sunset. Tom was in a bad mood: his feet were swollen and gray, and he was drinking beer, even though that made the swelling worse. But there they were, the two of them, and you couldn’t tell the difference between the rose-gold sky and the rose-gold water. “For God’s sake, Effie,” Tom said, “why are you smiling? There’s no one *here*.”

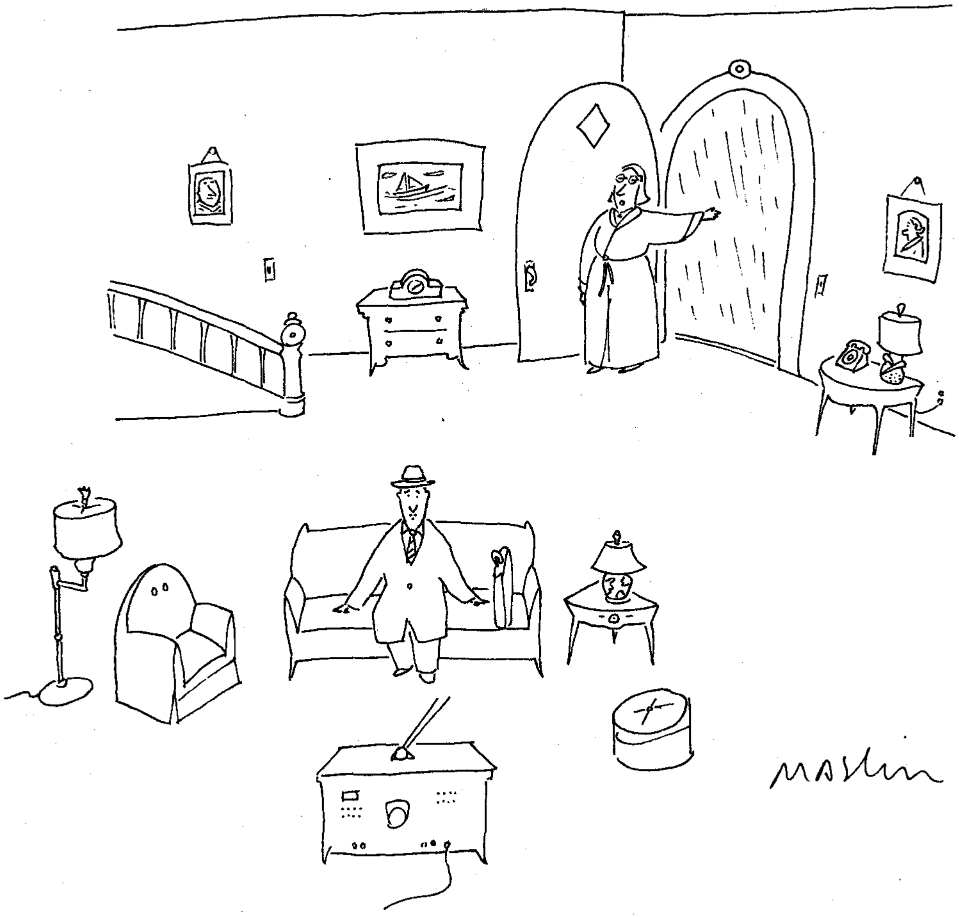
She hated for this day to end, but she had never in her life missed a night of sleep. “You-all can stay up, but I’m hitting the hay,” she said. She went to her bedroom door. In the dark room, the silver frame of her wedding picture gleamed dully.

Tommy got up and followed her. “Mom, are you all right? Are you going to be all right?”

She couldn’t help glaring at him. “Tommy, hon, your daddy always says—always said—I fall asleep before my head hits the pillow.”

She closed the door and got into the yellow nightgown Tom had given her for Christmas this year and lay on the bed. Everything had turned out so differently from what she had planned. She had planned that she and Tom would grow old together, and die instantly in a crash, and be cremated and scattered over the lake. He had been so frightened before the operation, and they both had been angry about being told the odds. But then his death had turned out so differently from what either of them had expected. She lay with her legs together and her palms crossed over her chest—this was part of the ritual, too—and as her attention began to ebb and her breathing to slow, she knew that in some way she would never be this complete again, and that the poinsettia would wither, and the white comforter would darken, and Nancy would grow up, and the picture in the silver frame would fade.

—Gwyneth Cravens



“It’s raining, Howard. Willard Scott will tell you no different.”

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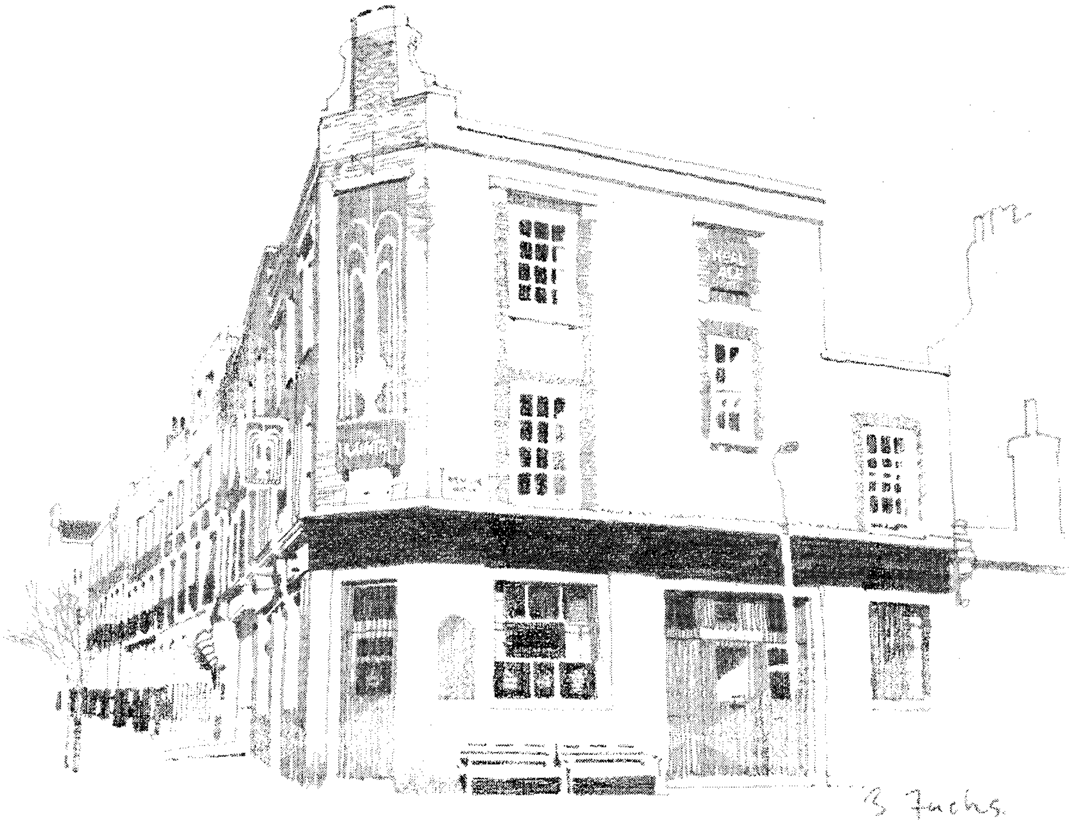
HOW’S THAT AGAIN? DEPARTMENT

[*Headline in the San Francisco Examiner & Chronicle*]

HOME BUYERS CAN DO BETTER NOW THAN ANYTIME SINCE LATE 1980s

A REPORTER AT LARGE

AT THE FOUNTAIN



AN English person chooses a local pub in a deeply complex and emotional way, forming a bond that will last for life, so when my wife and I arrived in England one winter and rented a flat on Myddelton Square, in the North London borough of Islington, I approached the problem of choosing my own local with an attitude that combined high seriousness and moral purpose. The first pub I tried was the Crown and Woolpack, just around the corner from the square. It was a decent place, although dingy around the edges and somewhat humorless in character. The cheese rolls were sometimes stale. The barman I dealt with was a tough, unsmiling mug from Manchester, whose presence was only slightly mitigated by that of a sunny young woman who came in to help with lunch and looked exceptional in jeans. In retrospect, I think the only reason I stayed with the Crown and Woolpack for so long was that it occupies a minor niche in the history of revolutionary politics. Lenin once lived in a room above it, back when the pub was part of an inn. A plaque on the pub wall says that a London police constable was stationed in the room next to Lenin's and was instructed to listen in on any suspect, proto-Communist conversations that might occur. The constable heard plenty, but he caused a furor at headquarters when he was asked to report, because, as he explained to his stunned superiors, he understood no Russian.

After a while, I got tired of the Crown and Woolpack and shifted my allegiance to the Old Red Lion, down the block. The Old Red Lion was very clean. It housed a fledgling theatre company in an upstairs auditorium, but the tavern area downstairs was too large and never became crowded enough to produce the special feeling of intimacy and bonhomie that I consider the hallmark of a good bar. The best thing about the Old Red Lion (at least from a spectator's standpoint) was that somebody there owned a dog that was masterly at chasing after bags of potato chips—or crisps, as the British call them. The barman or barmaid would grab a bag from a rack behind the bar and toss it onto the floor, and the dog would dash after it, pin it down with his paws, rip open the cellophane with his teeth, and devour the contents. He never left a chip. This was an evolved dog that had learned to accommodate—no, *appreciate*—the junk-food effluvia of the century. If his master had been able to teach him to drink a pint of beer while he was eating, I might have signed on forever at the Old Red Lion, but the chip-chasing stunt, as spectacular as it was, did not, in the end, bind me to the joint.

From the Old Red Lion, I moved on to the Blue Coat Boy, but it was right next to the Angel tube stop, and it had the sort of clientele you might find in a Blarney Stone off Forty-second Street shortly after midnight when the rain is falling and only people with ink in their veins are willing to venture outside. During my brief stay at the Blue Coat Boy, I was in constant fear that a random fist was about to separate my teeth from my gums, so I moved again, this time to the Agricultural, which was close to Chapel Market—a wonderful street market, where I bought spuds, cabbages, and "knobby" Brussels sprouts from Cockney venders whose poor pink fingers protruded from wool gloves that had been snipped off at the knuckles. At Chapel Market, the King Edward potatoes were always "new" and the onions were always "sound." On weekends, when the market was thronged with people buying shoes, bras, reggae records, prawns, cockles, whelks, eel pies, streaky bacon, chips, fried skate, fried plaice, fried sole, pet supplies, greeting cards, brilliant oranges from Israel, and a thousand other items, both useful and frivolous, there was a man who strolled around with a monkey on his shoulder, introducing himself to children. Some of this raucous spirit filtered into the Agricultural, but I finally decided that it was too far from home, and, reluctantly, I gave it up.

Next, I hit the Harlequin, set back in an alley just paces from the stage door of the Sadler's Wells Theatre, where the Sadler's Wells Royal Ballet often performs. The first night I went in, I had a pleasant conversation with the barman. He told me that a customer of his had recently written a biography of Edith Sitwell. This was pretty high-toned stuff after the talk of vegetable prices over at the Agricultural. The Harlequin had a semi-sophisticated atmosphere. Ballerinas drank there, but so did stagehands, ordinary Joes, and neighborhood sots with monumental noses. It might have been perfect, in fact, except that it also attracted a large number of uptown balletomanes, who wandered in on the chance that they might rub elbows with a star. They gathered in corners and gave off a mist of sensitive understanding. Sometimes the mist inside the Harlequin got so thick that it made breathing difficult, and once again, on the point of attachment, I was forced to look elsewhere for satisfaction.

Across the street, I discovered the Shakespeare's Head. It had all the charm of a suburban parlor in Brighton, adorned as it was with knickknacks and quaint photographs, including one of John F. Kennedy. A large television console held a position of honor in the room. It rested on a stool and confronted the patrons in such a way that it seemed to be demanding obeisance. I was always thinking I should throw some coins to it or otherwise acknowledge its power, so I quit hanging around the Shakespeare's Head—what was a TV *doing* in a pub named for the Bard?—and transferred myself to the Empress of Russia, where folk-music groups performed twice a week. There was nothing particularly wrong with the Empress of Russia, but there was nothing particularly right with it, either. It felt middle-class, well fed, and complacent, and that put me off a little. Besides, in order to reach it I had to cross a busy intersection near Sadler's Wells, and I became concerned that a speeding truck might run me down as I strolled back to the flat after closing time.

I travelled next to the Percy Arms, on Great Percy Street, which was compact and friendly but somehow down on its luck; and then to The New Merlin's Cave, which was dark and dank and afflicted with kids who kept playing terrible Human League synth-pop over and over again on the tape deck; and then to Mahler's, which was alarmingly like a California singles bar, except that it featured brunettes instead of blondes. I began to despair of ever finding a pub that really appealed to me, and then, quite by accident, as I was knocking about one evening, I noticed the Fountain, on the corner of Amwell and Inglebert Streets, and stuck my head inside and sealed my fate.

ISLINGTON is one of the most densely populated boroughs in London. Some people maintain that it's also the ugliest. Wherever you go, you see industrial textures. The predominant colors are gray, brown, black, and, occasionally, the faded red of weathered bricks. There aren't many trees around except in squares. Buildings are beat up, ancient, grimed with soot, and often in such dishabille that it's impossible to tell whether they're being renovated or demolished. In the public mind, Islington has become synonymous with the word "gentrification"—that is, the process by which members of the gentry take over and transform a district previously occupied by members of the lower classes. Other North London boroughs, like Camden Town and Kentish Town, have already been largely colonized by doctors, dentists, barristers, and other professionals who could not afford the inflated real-estate prices in the more fashionable South London boroughs, like Belgravia, Mayfair, Chelsea, and Kensington.

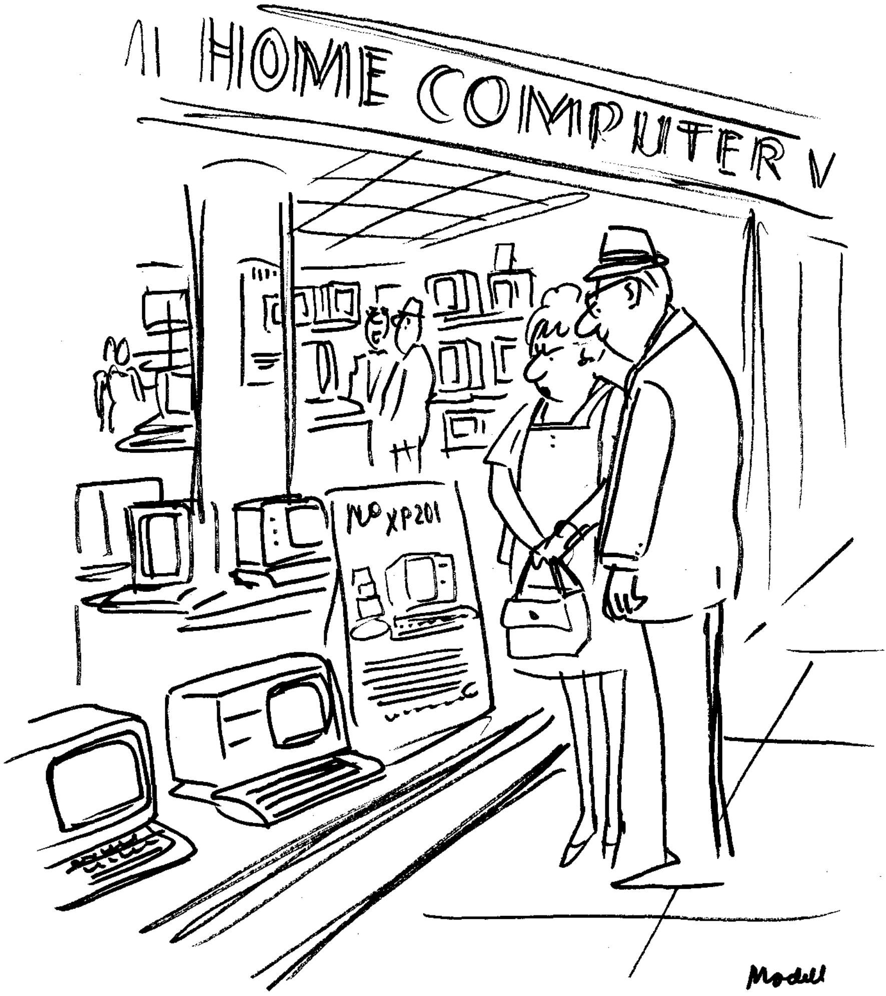
In an effort to prevent the same thing from happening in Islington, the Islington Council, an elected body known to be cantankerous and left-leaning (if not downright anarchic), has acquired property throughout the borough with an eye to eventually fixing it up and then renting flats to low-income individuals and families, thereby keeping the neighborhood heterogeneous. The plan is an honorable one, but the council has constantly found itself short in the pocket, unable to produce the necessary fix-up funds, so squatters have moved into many of the vacant properties. They use a paperback squatters' handbook to learn how to jerry-rig the toilets and electricity, and they pay no rent. This outrages there-will-always-be-an-England types, who think that it's unfair to exploit the system instead of letting the system exploit you.

Probably the most gentrified areas in Islington are Canonbury, where the young Evelyn Waugh kept himself pickled, and the streets near the Islington Mall, an old building that has been converted into an arcade of boutiques, antique shops, and dear little restaurants. Myddelton Square ranks considerably below these spots in terms of trendiness. Professionals do live on the square, but so do squatters, laborers, retired people, junkies, and owners of marginal businesses. It is a rare and special place—quiet, unassuming, dignified, and somehow locked into the rhythms of the previous century. The four-story row houses that enclose the square were built between 1821 and 1827. They are brown brick, with white-coved windows and fanlighted doors. The doors are painted blue, yellow, dark green, or red, and they seem to glow with the suggestion that lives of uncommon richness and diversity are being lived behind anonymous façades.

In the building where my wife and I settled, there were ten flats. Ours was on the top floor. It was small, with two bedrooms and a tiny kitchen, into which two average-sized adults had trouble squeezing. It had no central heating—only little electric blow heaters—so we were always cold. Its greatest virtue was that it looked out on the square and St. Mark's Church. St. Mark's is a curiosity. It was built by an industrial architect who designed canals and bridges, and there is something sturdy and indomitable about it. It gave us a feeling of abiding safety. From our living-room windows we often watched children playing on swings and slides in the churchyard while idlers sat nearby on pigeon-dappled benches. A gardener was always working on the grounds. He laid new sod where frost had damaged the grass, and tended his rosebushes. The bushes, stripped of their greenery, were brittle and wan, but even in November a few stubborn red and yellow roses were still clinging to the branches.

The square was named for Sir Hugh Myddelton, who was born in Wales about 1560. He went to London to become a goldsmith, and he was very successful at his trade. Myddelton also dabbled in seagoing ventures, encouraged by his friendship with Sir Walter Raleigh and other captains. Early in the seventeenth century, when London's water supply from the Thames began to run low, Myddelton volunteered to implement a government plan to tap some springs at Chadwell and Amwell, in Hertfordshire, and bring the overflow to the city by means of a conduit. The project was completed on Michaelmas Day of 1613. The rechannelled springs were known as the New River. A holding company was formed to manage it, and Myddelton went back to his goldsmith's shop. It was said that he and Raleigh used to sit on the shop steps and smoke the newly introduced weed tobacco, much to the amusement of passersby.

Because the square is so self-contained, it approximates in its turnings the pace of old village life. We could buy almost anything we needed within a half-mile radius. For milk and butter, we went to Mr. Lloyd—a Welshman, like Myddelton. Mr. Lloyd was sixty-eight and was nearly as broad as he was tall. He was always dressed in a white shirt, topped by a gray V-necked sweater, topped by a maroon V-necked sweater. A striped blue apron was always tied around his ample waist. He wore spectacles on the tip of his nose, and when he scurried around the neighborhood in his full shopkeeper's uniform he looked as though he'd just run away from a road company of "Alice in Wonderland." Mr. Lloyd used to own a dairy. He told me that he got up at three in the morning to fill bottles with milk trucked in from the countryside. He had three employees, who earned three quarts of milk a day in addition to their wages. Empty Lloyd's Dairy bottles now gathered dust in Mr. Lloyd's windows. The best milk available at the shop was Jersey milk, distinguished by a gold cap and a floating plug of cream. "Builds bonny babies," Mr. Lloyd liked to say as he toted up our bill on the back of a brown paper sack.

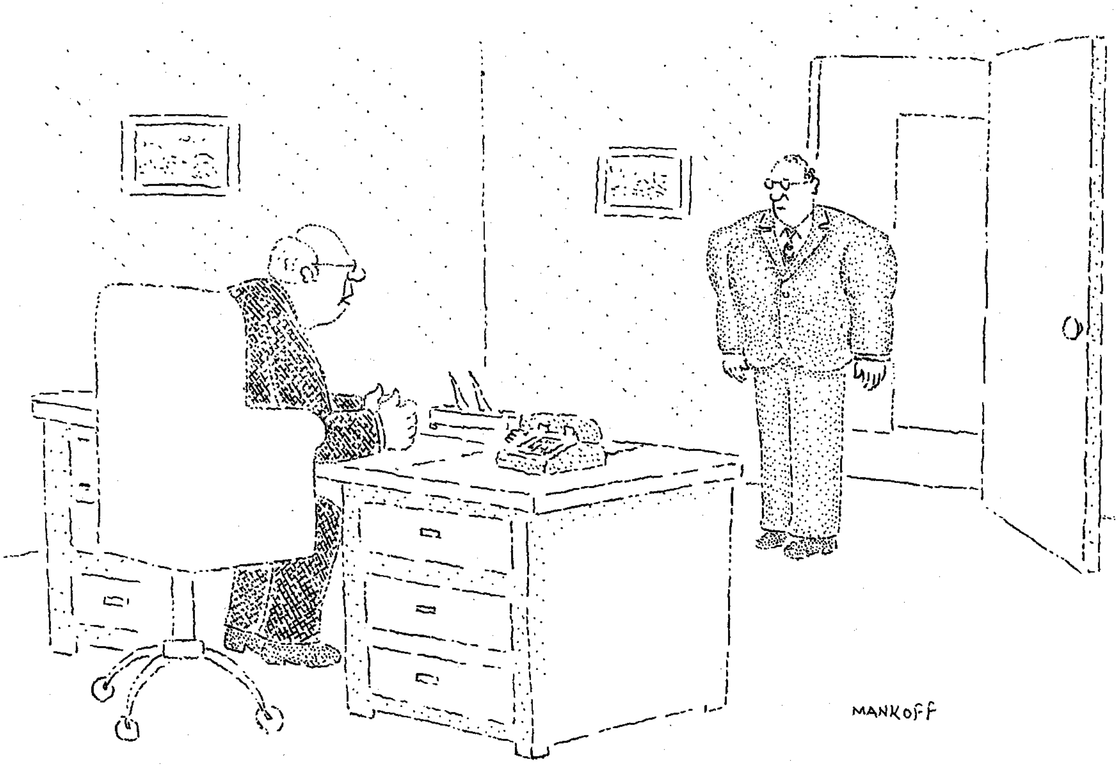


"If you do get one, be sure you don't leave your floppy discs all over the place."

• •

Across from Mr. Lloyd's, there was a greengrocer's, where we bought fruit and vegetables whenever our weekly haul from Chapel Market ran low. On the next block was G. E. Carter's butcher shop. At Carter's, turkeys hung by their feathered necks above gammon steaks, English lamb chops, and trays of deliquescent veal. Our butcher, Ted, was bald and skinny, with dark circles under his eyes. He was fond of hard-rock music, and it was not unusual to see him lay down a few jukey steps to a radio tune while he was hacking the neck off a chicken. His girlfriend, Maureen, was a clerk at A. R. Dennis & Company, Ltd., Turf Accountants—the betting shop across the street. Their romance was rocky, but the books on it were not officially closed. Sometimes I could tell how it was going by how Maureen acted when I stopped in to make a bet. If things were good with Ted, she laughed and joked; if things were bad, she chewed on her lip and fought back tears.

The only other neighborhood romance we observed was at the tobacconist's where we bought the daily papers. A young Indian couple, recently married, managed the shop. Like us, they had no central heating. He seemed not to care very much, but she was devastated by the freezing temperatures—the coldest December in thirty-one years—and half blamed her husband, in the same way that my wife, who took to dressing like Mr. Lloyd, in layer after layer of clothing, half blamed me. Once, when I told the woman that I was from California, she asked in a plaintive voice, "But oh! Then why ever did you come *here*?" The notion that anybody would give up sunshine for snow, slush, and urban blight was as unfathomable to her as it was to the bakery woman who sold us bread and to the cashier who sold us tickets to the Merlin Baths. We swam in the icy pool at Merlin, but we never went upstairs to the private cubicles, where, for about eighty cents, we could have taken hot baths in gigantic porcelain tubs. If we had died on the square, the job of embalming us would have gone to Thomas B. Treacy, whose funeral parlor was close to Sadler's Wells. The black-bordered shop,



"One last question, Berlinger. Is it just you, or is the whole damn Accounting Department shot full of steroids?"

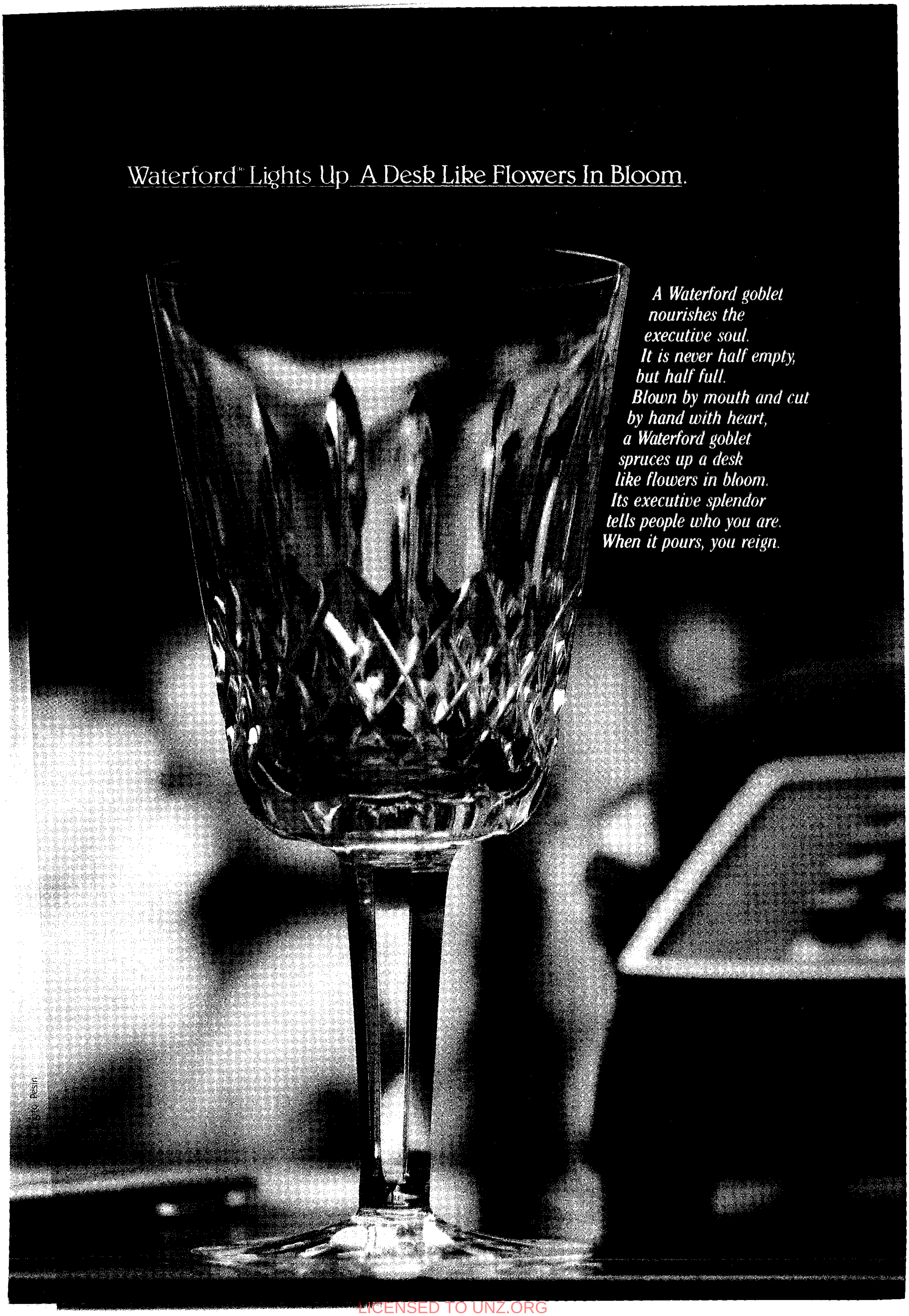
• •

with Treacy's name in gilt lettering, was always a sobering sight when I passed it late at night. Through gauze curtains in the window I could see two plain wood coffins gaping like mouths, and I always quickened my step, striding off in search of sanctuary—some place warm and giving, like my local pub.

THE Fountain is a drab brick building with absolutely no redeeming architectural virtues. It could be a factory or yet another in the endless series of row houses which constitutes North London. The only flashy thing about it is its sign, elongated and maroon. The sign bears the name of the pub and also a large painting of a gold urn (*not*, for some reason, of a fountain) from which streams of gold beer rise, then fall in utter harmony. Inside, the Fountain is divided into two separate bars—the usual practice in pubs of any size. The public bar, where prices are lower by pennies, caters to the working man. Its fixtures are simple and slightly battered. Its decorations include a mirror that reproduces a vintage beer label, and some typed notes from a concerned patron addressing the question of how to form a darts team. The team did not form during the five months I was a regular. The tables in the public bar wobble. The banquettes have hard seats. The crowd drinks mostly draught beer—lager, ale, and stout—while over on the other side of the wall, in the saloon bar, liquor takes precedence. Originally, saloon bars were created to offer upgraded services and fixtures to gents who wished to bring in their lady friends without being afraid that some navvy might spill Guinness into their shoes. The Fountain's saloon bar is a plush room done in reds and golds, with flocked Victorian wallpaper, etched glass, and thickly cushioned chairs. Customers here tend to be older, stauncher, and more conservative than those in the public bar. Traffic between the bars is minimal, since the English are among the most habit-prone people on earth. A visit to the saloon bar by a public-side regular is considered to be roughly equivalent to one of Lawrence's forays into Arabia.

The publican, Peter Keith Page, lived, with his family, in a flat on the second floor. Page was a fiftyish man, slender and well tailored, whose manner might be described as studiously charming. His mustache and hair were tinged with auburn, and this, along with a sharp nose and chin, made him look a bit like a fox. He enjoyed jokes, subtle conversations, double-entendres. When he took one of his turns behind the bar, he worked at a measured pace, spending almost as much time chatting as pouring drinks. Mrs. Page was a short, dark-haired woman. She had a sweet smile that combined weariness with wisdom. The quality of being a "mum" seemed ingrained in her, an inescapable part of her destiny. The Pages had several children—not counting regulars in need of mothering. Most of them were grown, but a teen-age daughter and a little boy about eleven still lived at home. Sometimes while I was there, the daughter came downstairs to meet her dates in the pub. The boy often popped in just before bed to grab a snack of potato chips or peanuts. He stood around in his pajamas talking to the barman or the barmaid, and there were favored customers to whom he went for gossip about soccer games. This was one of the nicest things about the Fountain—its air of domesticity, the way the lovely insistence of family life kept intruding upon the solitary world of the drinker.

In the old days, most publicans owned their pubs, but that is no longer the case. The Fountain belongs to the Ind Coope brewery, and Page ran it for H. H. Finch, a management company, in exchange for a salary, his flat, and a share of the profits. Ind Coope is a division of Allied, which is numbered among the so-called Big Six breweries. The others are Bass Charrington, Courage, Scottish & Newcastle, Watney, and Whitbread. Over the past quarter-century, these corporations have acquired the many small firms that used to compete for a share of the market, and they now dominate the beer business, just as Anheuser-Busch, Miller, Heileman, and so on dominate it in the States. The British giants have gone their American counterparts one better by gaining control of their primary retail outlets—the country's pubs. The Big Six now own most of the seventy thousand-plus pubs in Great Britain. In



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the Fountain, all the beers on draught—with the exception of Guinness, which transcends corporate boundaries and is carried everywhere as the stout of choice—are Ind Coope brands. In a Courage pub, the beers will all be Courage brands.

The advantages to the Big Six of such a scheme are obvious and enormous. British drinkers complain vehemently about it, but they are, on the whole, as lazy as the rest of us, and few of them will desert their handy local and walk an extra block or two to a pub where a preferred brand might be on tap. (In North London, Bass pubs are thought to have the best beer; Watney pubs are thought to have the worst.) Pubs that are still independent are known as free houses, and they offer a very good selection of premium beers that are unavailable in affiliated pubs. The beers come from little breweries outside the corporate world, and they are strong and well made, and have not been toned down to meet the bland requirements of an imaginary customer's palate.

The question of beer quality, or lack of it, is often discussed in pubs, even as the subject of the inquiry is being swallowed. In all my hours at the Fountain, I never heard anybody say that British beer is better now than it was in the past. Generally speaking, beer drinkers seem to feel that since corporations own the pubs and have, as it were, a captive audience, their devotion to quality could be said to be nonexistent. The most common evidence cited in support of this argument is the great keg-beer scandal of the nineteen-sixties, which occurred shortly after the corporate takeover began in earnest. In pubs, the preferred draught is usually bitter ale, a copper-colored, unpasteurized, heavily hopped brew that varies in alcoholic content from three to five and a half per cent. It varies in taste, too. Most bitters are tart on the tongue, with a sour underbite, but a few are slightly sweet. Bitter comes to the pub in casks and undergoes a secondary fermentation in the pub cellar, supervised by an experienced cellarman, who monitors temperatures, the action of the yeast, and other important factors. He keeps the casks well ventilated by hammering a porous wooden peg into each of them. Bitter is such a delicately balanced brew that it must be tapped at exactly the right moment or its flavor will be ruined. The beer, never carbonated, rises to the bar via a manual pump system. The barman or barmaid pulls a handle, and out it flows, half a pint per stroke.

It takes time, care, energy, and a great deal of craft to make traditional cask-conditioned ales, so, not surprisingly, the corporations decided to phase them out and replace them with more cost-efficient products—pristine keg bitters that would be filtered and pasteurized (longer shelf life), carbonated (less fragile and easier to tap), and brewed to be served cold (masks the flavor). Keg bitters would also have the advantage of requiring minimal care. An inept cellarman could knock a keg over, roll it around, thump it like a conga drum, and still not destroy the beer. Moreover, keg bitters, being uniform and widely distributed, would lend themselves to national rather than regional advertising.

This sounds like the perfect corporate ploy, but the British public—habit-prone, raised on notions of quality—was not so easily led astray. Almost as soon as keg bitters were introduced, a vigorous revolt began against them. What *was* this thin, fizzy, foul-smelling, vile-tasting dishwater spitting from the taps? In protest, some drinkers banded together and mounted what became known as the Campaign for Real Ale (CAMRA). Their primary demand was that breweries reinstate old-fashioned bitter and forget about this other swill. When the campaign received coverage in the media, its founders learned that there were millions of disgruntled customers who wanted to join them in applying pressure to the Big Six. The campaign started publishing an annual guide to good beers, which included a directory of the pubs that stocked them. Eventually, the breweries were forced to give in, and they scrapped their plans for dominion. Most decent pubs in London now offer at least one brand of cask-conditioned bitter—*real ale,* that is. Keg bitters are still on draught, but they are ignored by all except the dull, the unrepentant, and the perverse.

STOVE REPAIR
WELDING

THE real ale I most often drank at the Fountain was Burton—a rich, soothing beer named in honor of the town of Burton on Trent, which has been a brewing center for hundreds of years. Ind Coope moved there in 1853 before acquiring the famous Allsopp Company. The Allsopps had been making ale since the Crusades. The water in Burton on Trent is special, with a high gypsum content that is ideal for pale, sparkling brews. Ale produced in the Burton style is sometimes called India Pale Ale—the name is a relic of colonial days.

I still remember the first glass of Burton I ever had, on that first night when I peeked into the public-side bar. The homey radiance of the place drew me in. I hung my coat on a knob of polished brass and took possession of a vacant stool. Right away, a bushy-haired man who'd been doing some kind of puzzle in the *Standard* jumped up from a chair behind the bar and asked me what I wanted to drink. This was John, the cellarman. I say "cellarman" rather than "barman" because John always made that distinction when he talked about his job. He wanted people to know that he had responsibilities beyond the mere drawing of beer. A meticulous person of twenty-eight, John had a vaguely military attitude that manifested itself in a desire for order. Often, he wore a short-sleeved shirt with epaulets, and when he marched from tap to tap or descended into the cellar to check on the pressure of his kegs a huge bunch of keys that dangled from his belt loop rattled like the notes of a martial air. An empty glass never lingered on a table when John was around. He'd grab it up and wash it before it had the slightest chance to offend. It was John's dream that Page would someday recommend him to Ind Coope as a potential publican, so he was dedicated and loyal, and worked hard to see that the Fountain was congenial and well run. Like Page, he was quick with a quip—annoyingly so if you happened to be nursing a sore head and preferred a dose of silence with your beer. Also, he bore an uncanny physical resemblance to his boss. For a while after I started coming in, I assumed that he was Page's son. "Not *likely*, mate," he snorted when I asked him about it, but I think that secretly he was pleased

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  - Card Blanche Ltd.
  - Cherry Creek Luggage Ltd.
  - A.E. Meeks Trunk & Bag
  - H.R. Meininger Co.
  - Pace Jewelers
  - Spivak's
- FORT COLLINS
  - A.E. Meeks Trunk & Bag
- ENGLEWOOD
  - Colorado Shaver Centers
  - A.E. Meeks Trunk & Bag
- VAIL-The Baggage Claim

CONNECTICUT
- CENTERBROOK
  - The Yellow Daffodil
- DARIEN
  - Darien Sport Shop
- EAST HADDAM
  - The Seraph
- FAIRFIELD
  - The Fairfield Store
- GREENWICH
  - Therese St. Clair
- GUILFORD
  - Zimmerman & Fink
- HARTFORD
  - Koenig Art Emporium
  - Luettgens Ltd.
  - Pottery Barn
- NEW CANAAN
  - Langs Pharmacy
  - Taylor Luggage
- NEW HAVEN
  - The Owl Shop
  - Write Approach
- STAMFORD
  - Bloomingdales
  - Lord & Taylor
  - Macy's
  - Philadelphia Trunk Co.
  - Pottery Barn
  - Saks Fifth Avenue
- W. HARTFORD
  - Allen Collins
  - Lord & Taylor
  - Plimptons
- TRUMBULL-Hoffritz
- WESTPORT
  - Kleins
  - Sascoa
  - Silvers

FLORIDA
- BAL HARBOUR
  - *Elson's Sheraton*
  - Neiman-Marcus
  - Saks Fifth Avenue
- BOCA RATON
  - Luminaire
- CORAL GABLES
  - Luminaire
- FT. LAUDERDALE
  - Arango
  - Gallerio
  - Lord & Taylor
  - Luminaire
  - Maus & Hoffman
  - Neiman-Marcus
  - Saks Fifth Avenue
  - Smokers Gallery
- MELBOURNE
  - Meehan Stationery
- MIAMI
  - Arango Inc.
  - Balough Jewelers
  - Bob's Pipe Shop
  - Braman Porsche-Audi
  - Burdine's
  - Luminaire
  - Macy's
  - Omni Chemists
  - Porsche-Audi Collection
  - *Sirgany International*
- NORTH MIAMI
  - Turnberry Isle Gift Shop
- PALM BEACH GARDENS
  - Elson's Sheraton Resort
  - Lord & Taylor
- STUART-Quill & Press Inc.
- VERO BEACH
  - Mark Chrisman
  - Trafalgar Square

GEORGIA
- *Elson's—All Stores*
- ATLANTA
  - Abercrombie & Fitch
  - Artlite Office Supply
  - Bland Terry
  - Davison's
  - Guffey's of Atlanta
  - Hoffritz
  - House of Denmark
  - Lord & Taylor
  - Muse's
  - *The Nth Degree*
  - Neiman-Marcus
  - Saks Fifth Avenue

IDAHO
- BOISE
  - Quality Trunk & Luggage

ILLINOIS
- CHICAGO
  - Beyond Design
  - Carnegie Drugs
  - Carson, Pirie, Scott & Co.
  - City
  - Deutsch Luggage
  - The Flax Co.
  - Lord & Taylor
  - Marshall Fields
  - Neiman-Marcus
  - Nonpareil
  - Old Chicago Smoke Shop
  - Otto Pomper
  - Rehabilitation Institute Gift Shop
  - Saks Fifth Avenue
  - Ultimo
- GLEN ELLYN-Trip Smith

INDIANA
- INDIANAPOLIS
  - Hoosier Pen

IOWA
- CEDAR RAPIDS-Enzler's
- DAVENPORT
  - Electric Shaver Center
- DES MOINES
  - The Art Store
  - Madison Avenue

KANSAS
- OVERLAND PARK
  - Art World
  - Stix, Baer & Fuller
- WICHITA
  - Custom Sound
  - Haveners

KENTUCKY
- LOUISVILLE-Bittner's

LOUISIANA
- *BATON ROUGE*
  - *Office Supplies Inc.*
- HOUMA-Gary's Luggage
- LAFAYETTE
  - Les Amis Gifts
  - Sandy Austin Ltd.
  - The Paper Place
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  - Elson's
  - Rapp Luggage
  - Saks Fifth Avenue
  - 20th Century Shop
- SHREVEPORT
  - Gate House

MAINE
- PORTLAND
  - Jordan Marsh

MARYLAND
- BALTIMORE
  - Baltimore Museum of Art
  - Howard Luggage Co.
  - The Store Ltd.
- BETHESDA-Lord & Taylor
- CHEVY CHASE
  - Lord & Taylor
  - Saks Fifth Avenue
- WHITE FLINT
  - Bloomingdales

MASSACHUSETTS
- BOSTON
  - Communications
  - Dartmouth Pharmacy
  - Jordan Marsh
  - Lord & Taylor
  - Placewares
  - Saks Fifth Avenue
- BRAINTREE-Jordan Marsh
- BURLINGTON-Jordan Marsh
- CAMBRIDGE
  - Elson's Hyatt Regency
  - Harvard Coop
  - Marcella's
- CHESTNUT HILL
  - Bloomingdales
- LAWRENCE-Royal Jewelry
- MARBLEHEAD
  - Beach Bluff Pharmacy
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- DEARBORN
  - Saks Fifth Avenue
- DETROIT
  - Finger's—All Stores
  - Shapero's—All Stores
  - Silver's—All Stores
  - London Luggage
  - Lord & Taylor
- GRAND RAPIDS-Papers Plus
- MIDLAND-Wellington Ltd.
- SOUTHFIELD
  - Phones, Gadgets & Things
- TROY-Saks Fifth Avenue

MINNESOTA
- MINNEAPOLIS
  - The Cutlery
  - Dayton's
  - The Perfect Gift
  - The Walker Art Center
- ST. PAUL
  - Starkman Highland Drug
  - Timberdoodle

MISSISSIPPI
- JACKSON
  - The Owls Nest
  - The Rogue

MISSOURI
- CHESTERFIELD
  - John Morris, Ltd.
- KANSAS CITY
  - Bennett-Schneider
  - *Demaree*
  - Halls-Country Club Plaza
  - Halls-Crown Centre
  - Saks Fifth Avenue
- SIKESTON-Ben's
- ST. LOUIS
  - Froehlichs
  - Library, Ltd.
  - Neiman-Marcus
  - Saks Fifth Avenue
  - The Second Story
  - Stix, Baer & Fuller

NEBRASKA
- LINCOLN-Hovland-Swanson
- OMAHA
  - The Afternoon
  - Art World
  - Hovland-Swanson
  - Raders
  - Suttons

NEVADA
- LAS VEGAS
  - Neiman-Marcus
  - Saks Fifth Avenue
- RENO-Macy's

NEW HAMPSHIRE
- BEDFORD-Jordan Marsh

NEW JERSEY
- E. BRUNSWICK-Platypus
- FORT LEE-Pipe and Pen
- HACKENSACK
  - Bloomingdales
  - Hoffritz
  - Roots
  - Saks Fifth Avenue
- PRINCETON-Goods & Co.
- RED BANK-Roots
- RIVERSIDE-Goods & Co.
- SECAUCUS-Goods & Co.
- SHORT HILLS
  - Goods & Co.
  - Roots
- SUMMIT
  - Bloomingdales
  - Hoffritz
  - Roots
- WESTFIELD-The Luggage Shop
- WHIPPANY-Nook & Corner
- WOODBRIDGE-Goods & Co.

NEW MEXICO
- ALBUQUERQUE
  - The Apothecary Shop
  - Pennysmiths
  - Roberto's
- SANTA FE
  - Case & Crystal
  - Paper Unlimited

NEW YORK
- BUFFALO
  - Albright Knox Art Gallery
  - L.L. Berger
  - Hyatts
  - Pitt Petri
- ELMIRA
  - Carey's Luggage—All Stores
- MANHATTAN
  - Stephen Anson
  - T. Anthony
  - Arts and Letters
  - Barney's
  - Bergdorf Goodman
  - Bloomingdales
  - A. Brown & Bros.
  - Sam Flax
  - Fuller Stationers
  - Hoffritz
  - Ideal Stationery
  - King Office Supply
  - Landsberg Stationers
  - *Lee's Studio Gallery*
  - Lester Inc.
  - Lord & Taylor
  - Macy's
  - Manhattan Ad Hoc
  - Menash
  - Museum of Modern Art
  - Parsons Art Supply
  - Pottery Barn
  - Saks Fifth Avenue
  - *Sointu*
  - Turpan-Sanders
  - Venture Stationers
  - Zitomer Pharmacy
- ROCHESTER
  - Park Leigh Pharmacy
- ROSLYN-Quintessence
- SOUTHAMPTON-Loring
- WHITE PLAINS
  - Bloomingdales
  - Macy's
  - Neiman-Marcus
  - Saks Fifth Avenue
  - Whats What
- YONKERS
  - Hudson River Museum

NORTH CAROLINA
- CHAPEL HILL
  - Bentwood
- CHARLOTTE-Sharon Luggage
- GREENSBORO
  - Greensboro Luggage
- *LINCOLNTON-King's Office Supply*
- RALEIGH
  - Bentwood
  - The Globetrotter
  - Hudson-Belk
- WINSTOM SALEM
  - Winston Salem Luggage

OHIO
- AKRON-Prinz Office Equipment
- CINCINNATI
  - Contemporary Galleries
  - *Parchment & Presents*
  - d. Raphael
  - Shillitos
- CLEVELAND
  - Checker Office Supply
  - The Higbee Co.
  - *Saks Fifth Avenue*
- COLUMBUS
  - Continental Office Supply
  - J. Duffy's
  - The Inkstone
  - Lazarus
  - Nitschke Bros.
  - *The Pace Setting East*

OKLAHOMA
- ARDMORE-Houseriggers
- NORMAN-Ratcliff's of Norman
- *OKLAHOMA CITY*
  - Additions
  - Kamber's
- TULSA
  - Sanger-Harris
  - Snow Goose

OREGON
- PORTLAND
  - Alan Costley
  - Da Vinci
  - Paper Parlour Ltd.
  - *Zell Bros.*

PENNSYLVANIA
- KING OF PRUSSIA
  - Bloomingdales
  - Philadelphia Trunk Co.
- MONTGOMERYVILLE
  - Pacific Briefcase & Luggage
- PHILADELPHIA
  - Holt Cigar
  - Pacific Briefcase & Luggage
  - Philadelphia Art Supply
  - Philadelphia Museum of Art
  - A. Pomerantz
  - Saks Fifth Avenue
  - Strawbridge & Clothier
  - John Wanamaker
- PITTSBURGH
  - *Kaufman's*
  - Saks Fifth Avenue
  - Specialty Luggage Co.
- WILLOW GROVE
  - Bloomingdales

SOUTH CAROLINA
- COLUMBIA
  - The R.L. Bryan Co.
  - Cokesbury Book Store
  - Columbia Luggage

TENNESSEE
- *MEMPHIS-Tobacco Corner Ltd.*
- NASHVILLE
  - Taylor Armistead
  - B.A. Pargh
  - Turnbulls

TEXAS
- ABILENE
  - Jeffory's Village Peddler
- AMARILLO
  - McCoy-Ballou
  - Suzanne's
- AUSTIN
  - The Cadeau
  - Foley's
  - *Higginbottoms*
  - Paper Place
  - Practical Stuff
- COLLEGE STATION
  - R. Rush & Co.
- COPPERAS COVE-Cove Jewelry
- *CORPUS CHRISTI*
  - Jack Michael Solovey
- DALLAS
  - Arresta
  - Bloomingdales
  - Elson's
  - Harrison & Co.
  - The Ice House
  - Marshall Fields
  - Neiman-Marcus
  - 9 to 5 Office Products
  - *Rush Art Supply*
  - Saks Fifth Avenue
  - Sanger-Harris
  - Vertu
  - Via Condotti
  - Write Angles
- *EL PASO*
  - Roberto's Luggage
- FORT WORTH
  - Clarkson's
  - Elson's
- GALVESTON-The Curiosity Shop
- HILDAGO
  - Brady's Bonded Warehouse
- HOUSTON
  - Beckman Office Supply
  - Doctor Center Pharmacy
  - *Domicile*
  - Foley's
  - Ft. Bend Office Supply
  - The Gazebo
  - Jay's Hallmark
  - Marshall Fields
  - Massin Office Supply
  - Neiman-Marcus
  - Norton Ditto
  - Papers Etc.
  - Paper Place
  - Post Oak Pharmacy
  - Sakowitz
  - Saks Fifth Avenue
  - Shapero's
  - Skylark-Camera
- HUNTSVILLE-Ernst Jewelers
- *KERRVILLE*
  - Schreiner's
  - Shamrock Office Supply
- LAREDO-Sande's
- LUBBOCK
  - Hemphill-Wells
  - Hour Glass
  - Malouf's
  - Uncommon Graphics
- MIDLAND-Roberto's Luggage
- SAN ANTONIO
  - Foley's
  - Natural Selections
  - On Main
  - Picadilly Place-Four Seasons
  - Shamrock Office Supply
- VICTORIA-Potpourri
- WACO-Schmidt Stationery

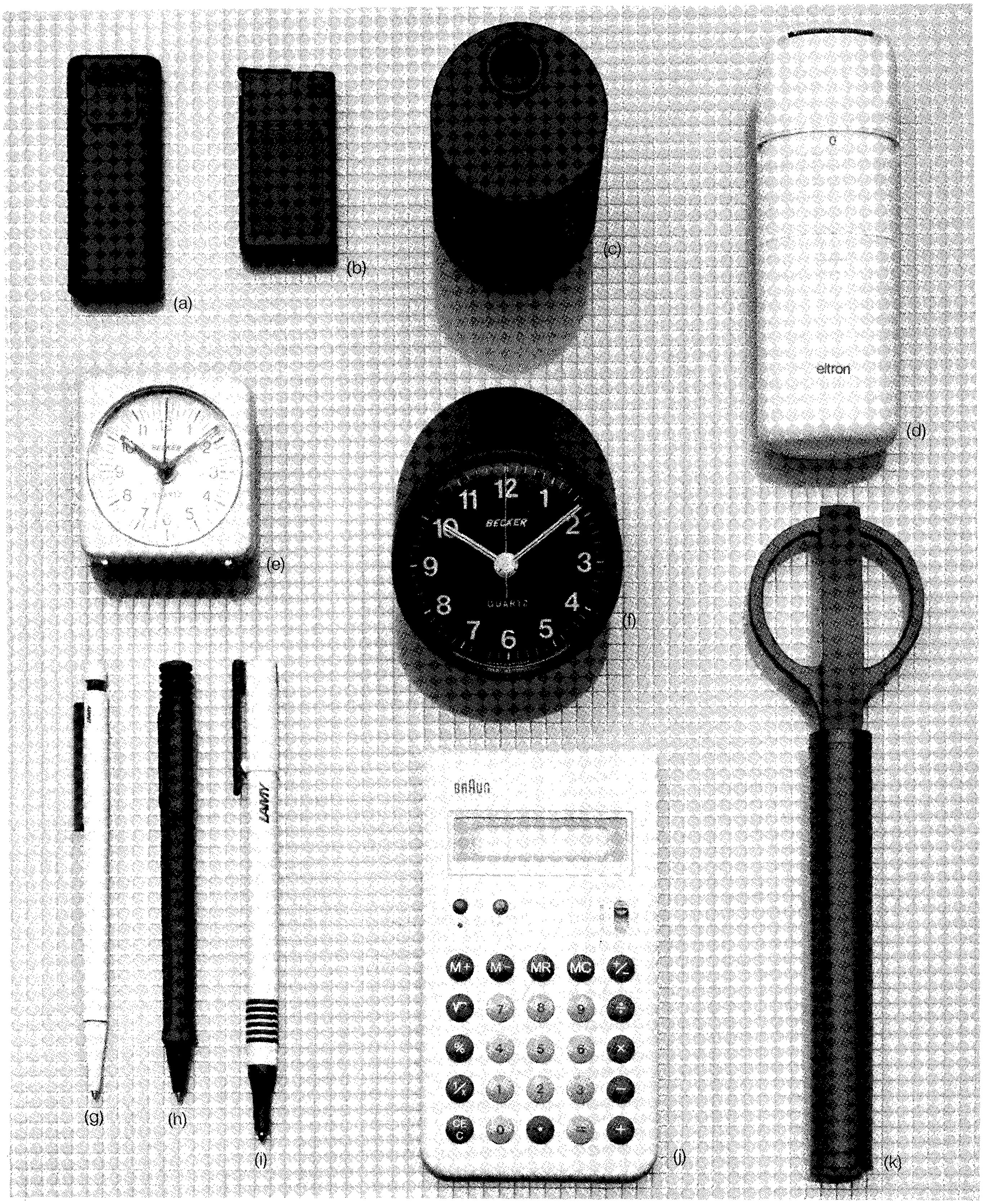
UTAH
- SALT LAKE CITY
  - Castleton's
  - Little America (Gift Shop)
  - Office and Things

VIRGINIA
- TYSON'S CORNER
  - Bloomingdales

WASHINGTON
- BELLEVUE-Interior Concepts
- *LONGVIEW*
  - Austin Office Supply
- SEATTLE
  - Abercombie & Fitch
  - The Bon
  - William Ernest Brown
  - The Current
  - Design Concern
  - Shapero's
- SPOKANE
  - The Crescent
  - Spokane Shaver
- YAKIMA-Dunbar

WASHINGTON, D.C.
- Garfinckel's
- Lane's Luggage
- Noteworthy
- Lord & Taylor
- Neiman-Marcus
- Ursell's
- Woodward & Lothrop

WYOMING
- CASPER
  - Wyoming Stationery



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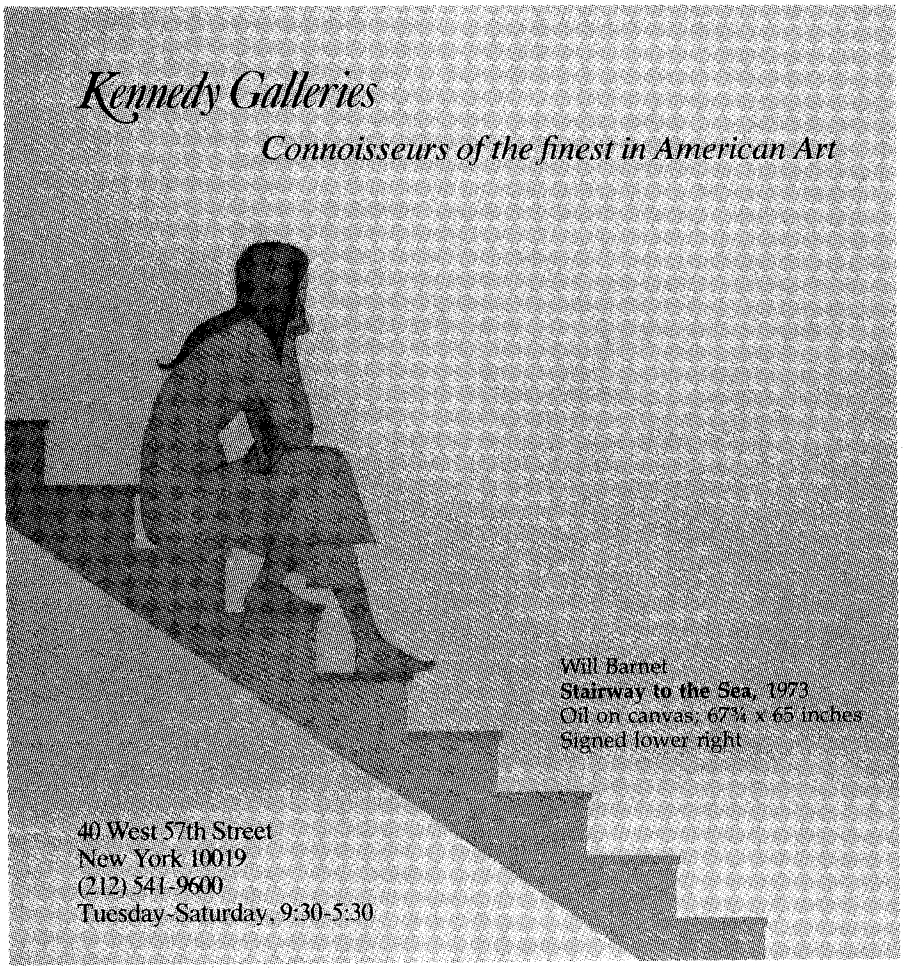
I told John that I'd like a pint of bitter. "Try the Burton," he said. "It's going very nicely." I watched as he drew my pint—twenty ounces of beer. (The pint measure derives from an old measure for corn.) He filled the glass right to the top, as is required by law. The glass was tall and had no handle. It looked a bit like a Coke glass, although it was twice as big and not quite as nipped in at the middle. Pints are also served in squat, dimpled mugs *with* handles, but such mugs are thought to be on the sissy side of life, and some men won't accept them. Ordering half a pint also smacks of effeminacy, since custom dictates that half pints are for women.

I sipped the Burton. It didn't remind me of any of the other bitters I'd sampled on my rounds. It was softer and milder, with a complex flavor that kept developing nuances on the tongue. The prevailing myth about British beers is that they are served warm, but this isn't true. Pub cellars are cool—particularly in winter. The Burton was not as icy as an average American draught, but it wasn't tepid, either. "That's sweeter than Taylor Walker," John said, referring to another real ale that Ind Coope makes. When I tried Taylor Walker a few days later, I thought it was thinner-tasting than Burton, with more bite.

Five other draughts are available in the public bar—Double Diamond, Guinness, John Bull, Long Life, and Skol. Long Life and Skol are billed as lagers, but that's deceptive. They have none of the clean crispness of German lagers, and none of the soda-poppy effervescence of American brews. Instead, they're thick and syrupy, conspicuously lacking an edge. For me, they held all the attraction of thirty-weight motor oil. Some people like to spike lager with a jigger or two of Rose's Lime Juice. The concoction is known as lager-and-lime, and it is even more sludgelike than unadulterated lager. Draught Guinness moves slowly at the Fountain, but those who enjoy stout support it vociferously. Stout is stronger than bitter or lager—higher in alcohol, almost black in the glass, and topped with a scurf of foam that tastes healthful when you lift it to your lips. (In West Africa, where Guinness is revered as a potent sexual elixir, the company slogan is "Guinness Gives You Power.") Bottled Guinness is an entirely different brew, and, with its slightly medicinal bou-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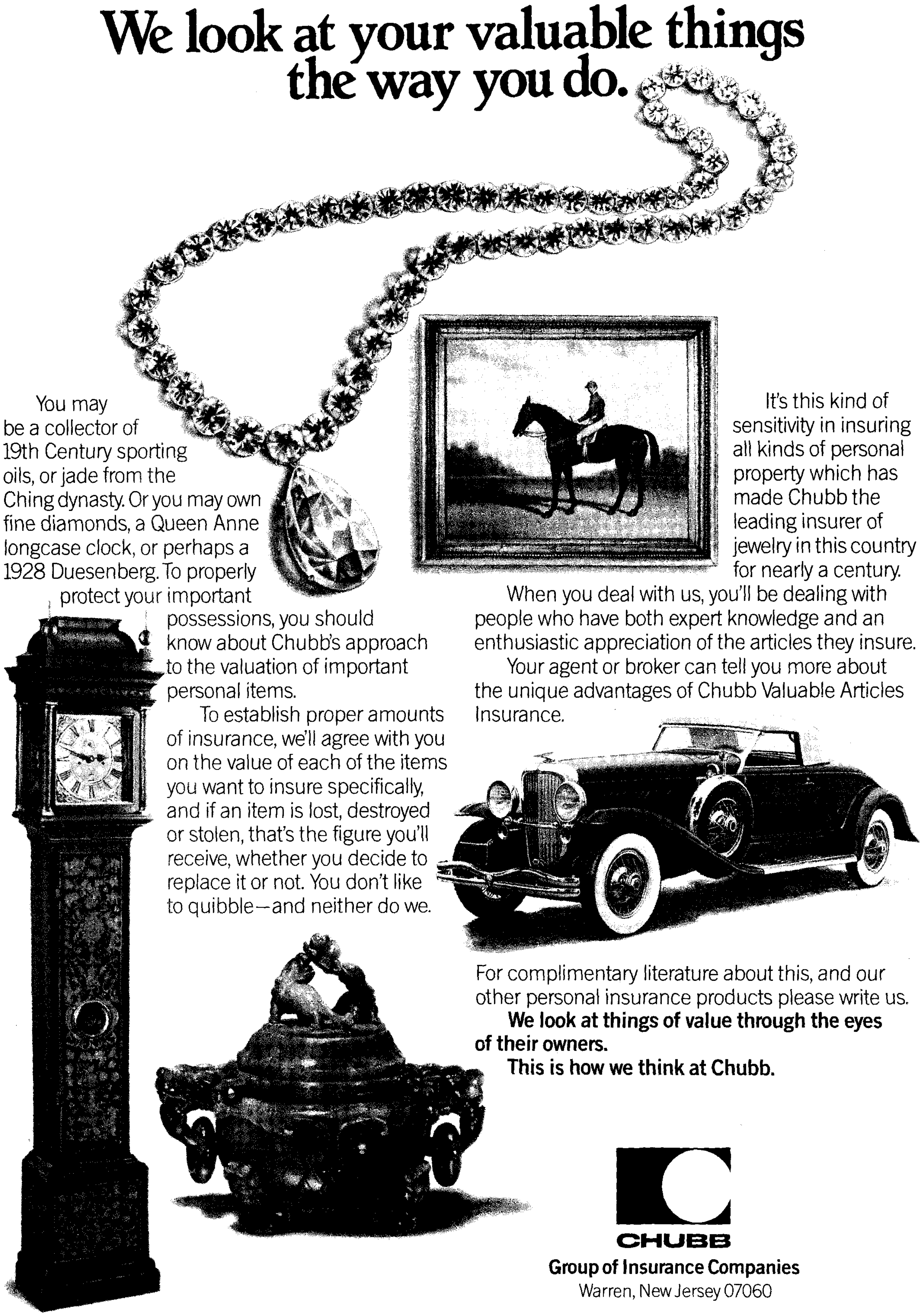

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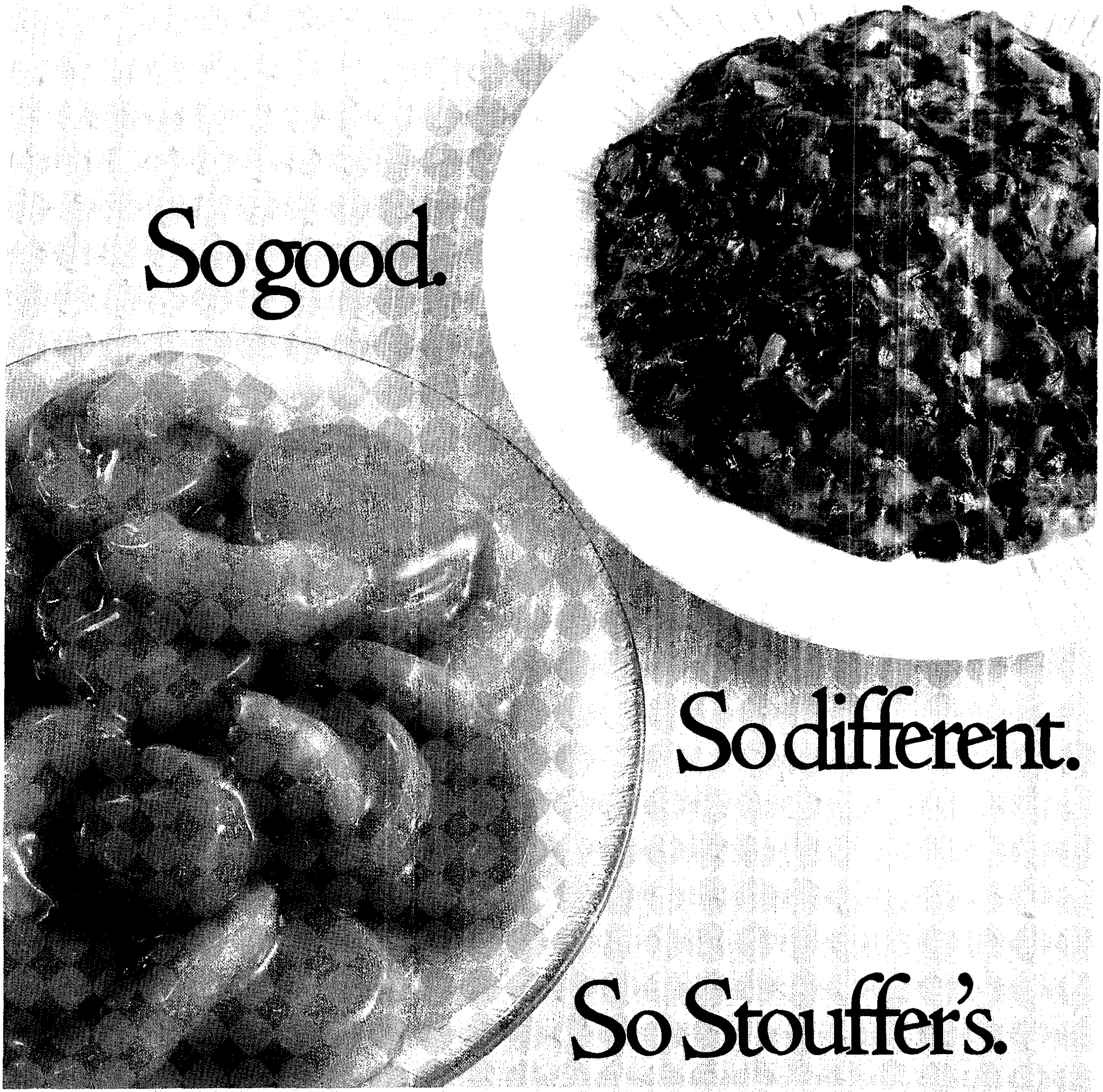
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quet, it attracts a different constituency. People who swear by it avoid the draught variety, on the ground that it is an inauthentic product. Both Double Diamond and John Bull are examples of the notorious keg bitters that were supposed to sweep the nation. They are not as bad as the British pretend, but they do not compare in any sense with Burton or Taylor Walker.

When I finished my pint, John drew me another. He wasn't very busy that night. There were only about six customers in the public bar. I asked him if the Fountain was usually so quiet, and he said no—the lack of traffic could be directly attributed to the distance that several regulars were from their next paychecks. Money was tight in Britain, especially among working people, and the Thatcher government seemed determined to tax most stringently their simple pleasures. In the past, anybody with a job could afford a pint or two at the local, but that had changed radically in the last decade. Beer wasn't cheap anymore. Burton went for sixty-four pence a pint, or about a dollar-fifteen, and Guinness was ten pence higher. Liquor prices were altogether outrageous. The government insisted that spirits be sold in a standard measure of one-sixth of a gill—about half an ounce. The price of an ordinary whiskey, gin, or vodka was about ten pence less than that of a pint of bitter. John told me that most drinkers just ordered a double shot instead of mucking around with the singles.

There was a TV in the public bar, mounted near the ceiling, and I asked John what customers liked to watch. Soccer games and horse races, he said. John himself enjoyed a show called "Dr. Who," a science-fiction program about outer-space types and their intergalactic intrigues. Occasionally, when he had a few minutes to spare, he switched the set on to catch a little of the BBC news. John had a real respect for time—for making the most of it instead of letting it slip away. He often used his free moments behind the bar to do some reading—tales of adventure, detection, espionage, and, of course, sci-fi. One night when I came in, I was shocked to see him reading a paperback copy of John Fowles' "The Magus." "Pretty heavy business, this is," he said, shaking his head. A week later, he was still plugging away, but he complained that Fowles demanded too much concentration, that "The Magus" was dicey in ways that did not necessarily complement the diciness he had to deal with on the job. Soon the book was laid to rest, consigned to the shelf marked "Good Intentions." John replaced it with a mystery novel, and before long the furrows went out of his brow and his air of jollity returned.

That John was basically a cheerful person (the English never whine) became clear to me as I drank my second pint. The puzzle he was doing in the *Standard* required him to make as many words as possible from a group of scrambled letters, and he paused every now and then during his cogitation to compliment himself on various acts of deduction. "Take these four letters," he said, showing me the scramble. "N-a-v-e. That's a word, isn't it? Like in a church?" I couldn't resist the challenge, so I copied the puzzle on a bar napkin and had at it. If I hadn't already drunk two pints, I might have been upset at tally time when John proved to have a much higher score than I did. "It's important to have a good vocabulary," he said, in a voice that smacked of barely suppressed self-congratulation. He recommended that I have another pint to soften the blow. I protested that a third Burton would push me perilously close to ultimate relaxation, but my protest was overruled, and John delivered another draught. "Cheers, Bill," he said. "All the best." By the time I finished it, I was calm and full and ready to tackle any puzzle that might present itself, including the riddle of existence. I said goodbye to John, stepped out into the night, and rolled down Inglebert Street toward the fortress of St. Mark's and the sweet, baffling peace of Myddelton Square.

So the Fountain became my local pub. What was it that made me so fond of the place? I think, in part, its very ordinariness. It was local in the deepest and truest sense—a fixed point on the neighborhood compass. Beer was served, but so were news, gossip, attitudes, and opinions. If you were a regular, you stopped in at least twice a day just to keep up with things. These stops were not open-ended for most regulars. They knew in advance how long they'd stay, give or take the odd pint, just as they knew when the fresh scones would come out of the oven at the bakery or when the betting shop would have the results of the late greyhound races from White City. Pubs, with their tightly controlled hours, encourage a rigorous approach to drinking. The midafternoon closing has its roots in the Defense of the Realm Act, passed by the government during the First World War to prevent workers at munitions plants from getting too soused at lunch. Let fumbling fingers aid the Kaiser? Not likely, mate. That DORA is still law seventy years later can be counted as yet another tribute to the British love of the habitual.

d. ehrenberg

The hours at the Fountain could be carved into a granite tablet, so strictly did Page and his staff adhere to them. Six days a week, the doors opened at eleven in the morning and closed at three, then opened again at five-thirty and closed at eleven. On Sunday, even the grimiest public-side customers dashed their cheeks with cologne and put on sports coats in anticipation of an alcoholic blitzkrieg that lasted only from noon until two. Because time was short, drinking was fast, with pints being downed so quickly that Page himself had to pitch in. Luckily, an enforced period of recuperation followed. The Fountain didn't open again until seven, and its windows went dark for good at half past ten.

Although I thought of myself as a Fountain regular, I seldom dropped in on weekday afternoons unless I was planning to have lunch—a sandwich from the bakery or a slab of steak-and-kidney pie that Mrs. Page cooked in her kitchen upstairs. If I had a pint on an empty stomach, as many regulars did, I'd wind up staring out the window at the blowing flakes of snow, and I'd remember how cold it was out there—the coldest December in thirty-one years—and my hand would begin an involuntary ascent into the air, poking around for John's attention. The refill he brought always ruined me. It undermined the possibility of further work and suggested that instead I go home and take a nice, cozy nap under a down comforter. Even if I went into the pub with steely resolve, swearing a silent oath to have one pint and no more, I got trapped sometimes by other customers, who'd treat me to the second pint before I could refuse. Pub etiquette dictates that the favor be returned, and I'd be stuck. I was afraid I might end up like the Irish bad boys who stayed at the Fountain until the last second and then walked over to A. R. Dennis and killed the sodden hours until the bar opened again by fooling around with Maureen. She seemed to appreciate the break they gave her from the tedium of betting slips and a world view conditioned by the mesh cage in which she sat.

The restraint I imposed on myself during the day made me ravenous for beer by early evening. After a quick swim at the Merlin Baths, which created the illusion that I was building up my body faster than I was tearing it down, I bought a *Standard* from the poor, frozen Indian woman and proceeded to the pub. If John was on duty, he'd raise an empty glass and ask "Pint of Burton?" and I'd nod and find the pint resting on a coaster even before I'd hung up my coat. Things did not go as smoothly when Colin was the barman. He was a dreamy lad in his thirties who worked the public side when John was in the saloon bar or was taking a rare night off. Colin had been a travel agent once, and sometimes he seemed to be suffering from jet lag. He'd put a glass under the Guinness tap, leave it to fill, and forget about it until stout was dripping onto the floor. Or he'd squirt liquid soap into the sink, turn on the hot water, and forget about it until he noticed an armada of soap bubbles about to be launched.

One Sunday night, Colin forgot to open the public bar. I got there at about seven-fifteen and had to join a queue of regulars who were knocking on the locked pub door—rather vehemently, I'll admit, since they were cold and thirsty. Finally, Colin answered the knocks. He looked like the kid on Christmas cards who comes downstairs in Dr. Dentons, with two fists in his crusty eyes. He told us that he'd fallen asleep on a banquette while he was watching an old movie on TV. Later in the evening, Colin and I had a chat about these missed connections. "Amazin', isn't it?" he said, smiling and scratching his head, where the hair lay short and flat, like the hair of

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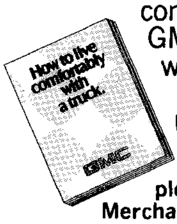

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a monk. "You start to doing the one thing and you forget all about the others." This was as much a statement of philosophy as a confession of regret, and it endeared Colin to those of us who shared his bent for dreaming. He was a fine barman in his own special way.

Once I had my pint in hand, whether from John or from Colin, I read my *Standard*. It's a nice paper, tabloid size, heavy on feature stories and columns but lacking the photos of bare-breasted girls that appear on page 3 of the *Sun*. It functions as an antidepressant, lightening the burdensome weight of the hard and frequently bad news that more serious papers heap on your shoulders every morning. In the evening, you're ready for comic strips, the inside scoop on Prince Charles and Princess Di, and some handicapping advice. (The betting shops were accepting bets on whether or not Christmas would be white.) After I finished the *Standard*, I ordered another round, and sometimes got involved in a game of darts, doing my best to imitate the style of Jocky Wilson, the pro champ of Great Britain. Jocky was a rotund Scot who admitted to reporters that his recent successes were due to a newfound ability to monitor the amount of alcohol he drank the night before a tournament. Simply put, Jocky played better when he wasn't hung over. I became fairly adept at darts, and learned to throw a set of "arrows" without impaling any bystanders, but what I really liked to do while I nursed my second pint was talk to people.

IT is true that the British are reserved and perhaps seriously repressed, but in the Fountain these characteristics were not so noticeable. I credit the beer. Whiskey tends to sweep the drinker into sudden, unpredictable moods, often of a provocative nature, but good ale or stout loosens the vocables and sets free our hidden desire for intimacy. I believe that a glass or two of Burton will make even the shyest person want to lean over and tap the stranger on the next stool. I tapped or was tapped many times at the pub, and it seems only fair to provide a brief catalogue of some of the people I met, as testimony to Burton's power: a pen salesman; a poet who published in little magazines; a charwoman; several construction workers; a Rastafarian who was lost; a hod carrier who had an American friend called Chicago Bob; a clerk

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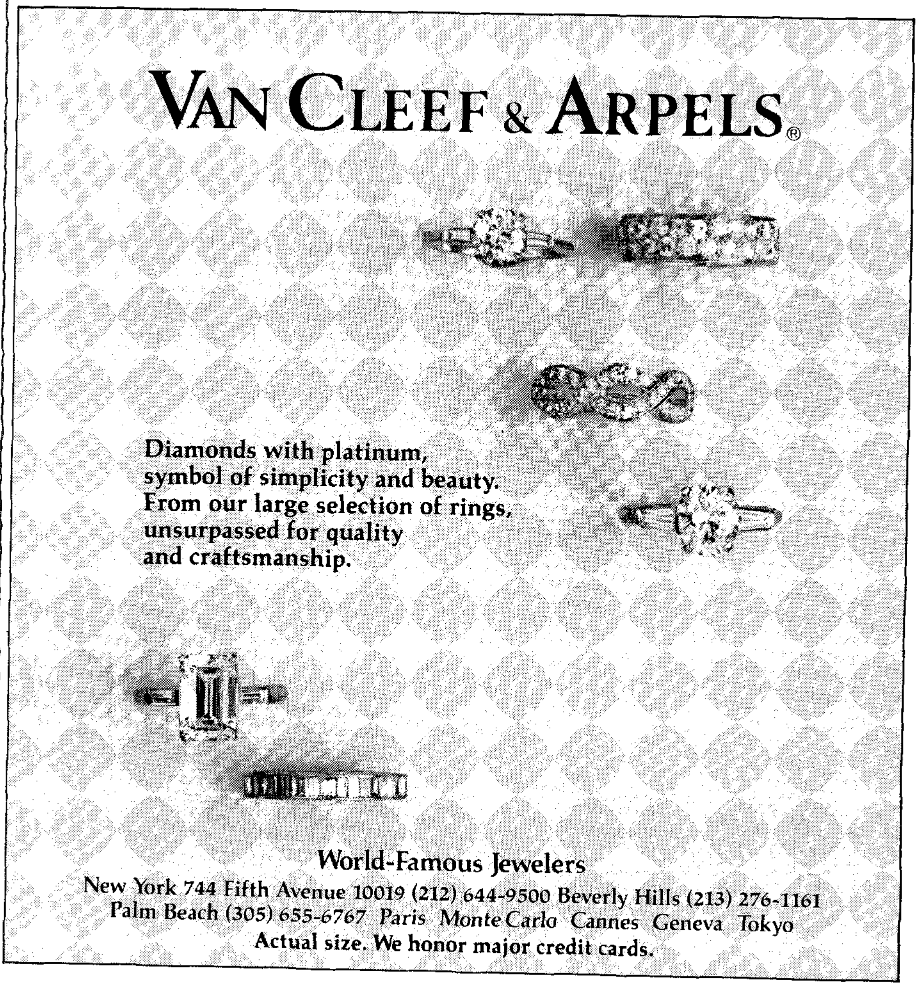

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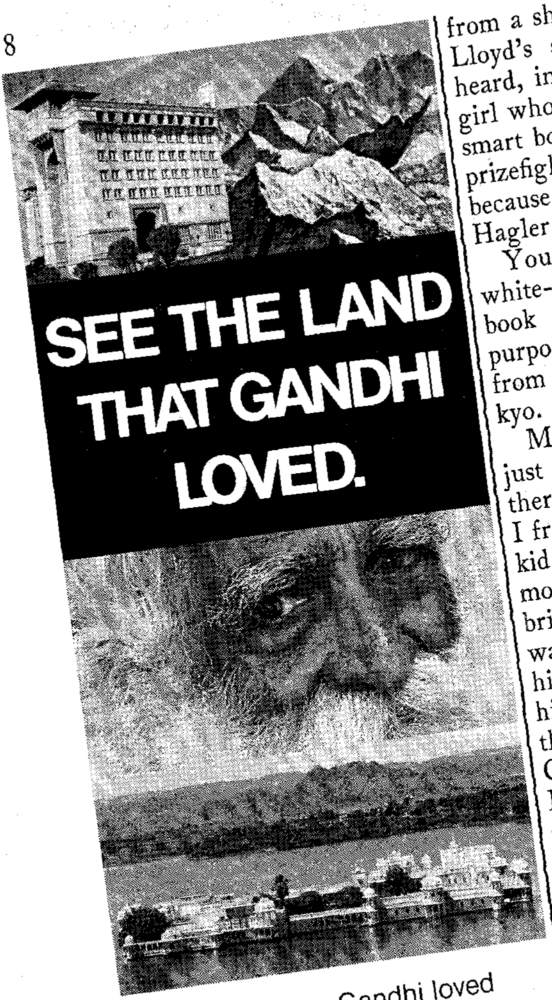

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from a shipping firm; a solicitor; Mr. Lloyd's son, Lloyd, whose name I heard, in my cups, as Floyd Lloyd; a girl who sold naughty underwear at a smart boutique in Belgravia; a retired prizefighter, who almost punched me because I didn't know who Marvin Hagler was.

Young and old, rich and poor, white-collar and blue-collar. In guidebook pubs, the ones where Boswell purportedly drank, you meet Rotarians from Denver, sushi barons from Tokyo.

Most of the people on my list were just passing through Islington, but there were a few regulars with whom I frequently spoke. One of them was a kid named Colin, who was twenty-six, moon-faced, intelligent, with short, bristle-cut brown hair that verged toward punk. Once, I heard him refer to himself as Colin II, to distinguish himself from Colin the barman, and that's how I always thought of him. Colin II had warm soup for blood. Even in the dead of winter, when the snow lay thick on the ground, he ran around in summery clothes—sometimes just a T-shirt and a sleeveless wool sweater above his trousers. Maybe he could tolerate the cold because he had such a short trip home. He lived with his mother in a council-owned flat above A. R. Dennis. The arrangement was fine, since Colin II saved money and had somebody to darn his socks and remind him to eat, but he told me that his mother could be tough on him when he boozed it up. "She'll only give me enough rope to hang myself," he said. "Then I'm out on my arse."

Recently, Colin II had been working at a pub on nearby Essex Road as a part-time barman and "dogsbody," doing odd chores, like mopping up the cellar floor. He'd been made redundant, though—the morbid British way of saying that a position has been terminated. He was considering a new job, with a cleaning service. He said he wouldn't mind the job so long as there was no hassle about it. In a sense, Colin II was a victim of the Tory economy. Working-class kids like him had no old-boy network to turn to in times of trouble. He spoke often of a trip he planned to make in the spring, with his brother, drifting down the Thames on a barge and just lying around in the sunshine.

Doug was eighty when I met him. He was waiting for dreamy Colin to bring him a beer, and we struck up a conversation. He invited me to join

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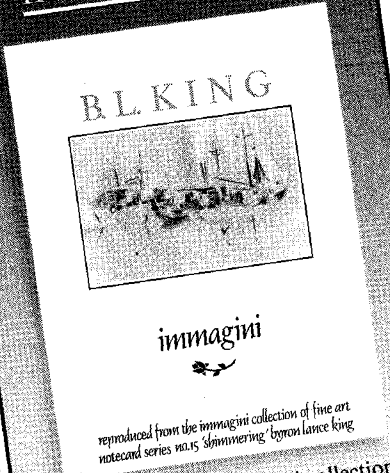

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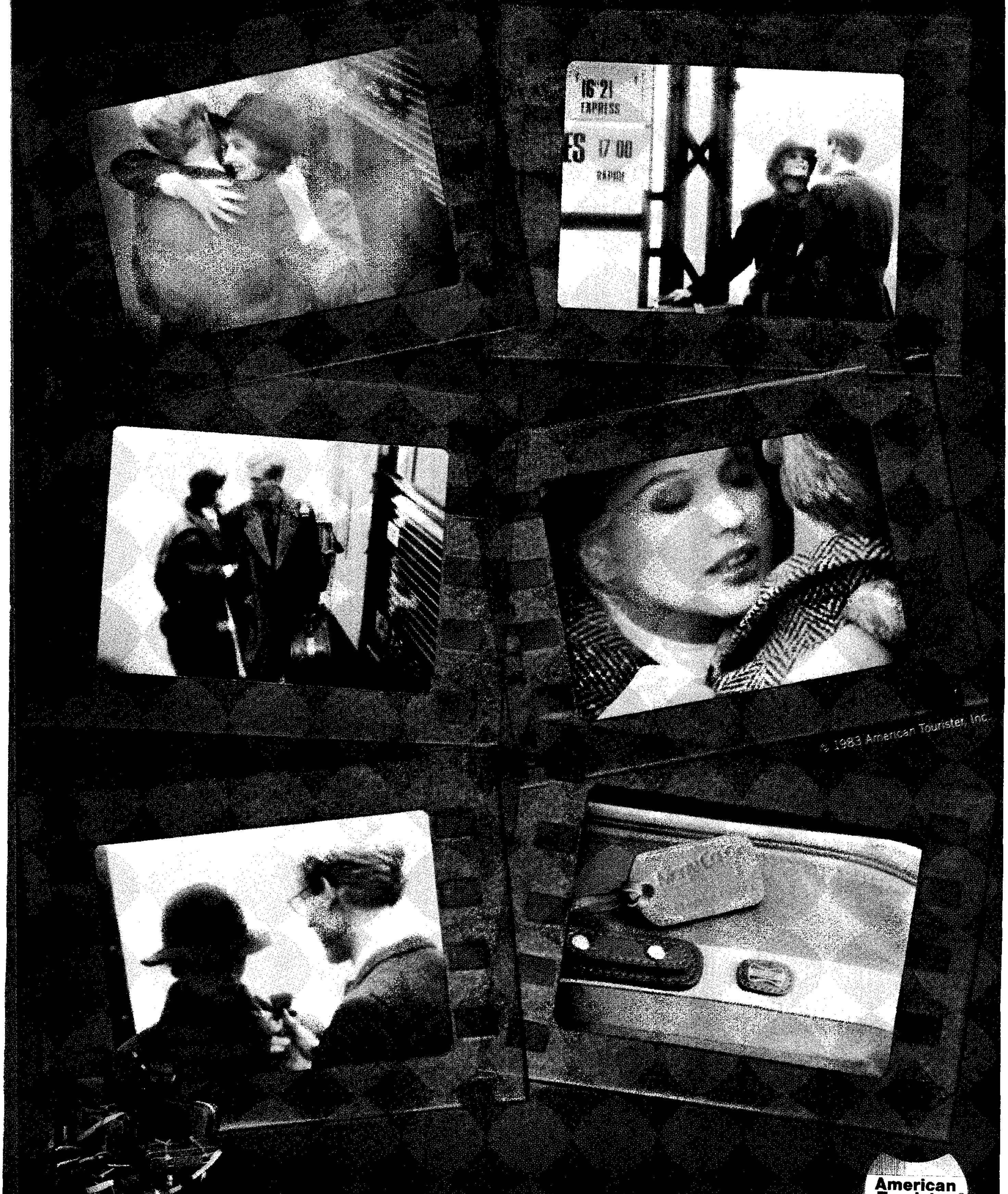

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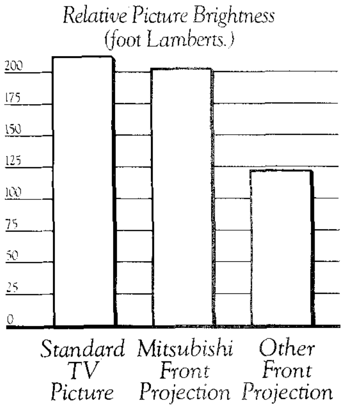

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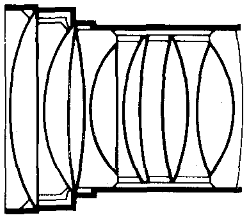
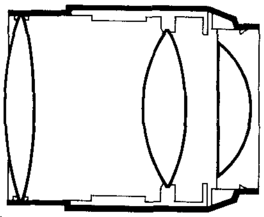


Mistubishi's 6-element glass lens vs. conventional 3-element plastic lens. There is no comparison.



Also contributing to the color purity and fine picture detail are features like electromagnetic focus and front-plated, optical-quality mirrors.

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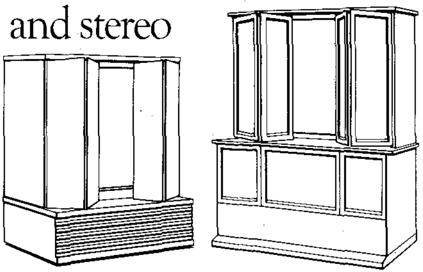

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him at a table he was sharing with his sister, who was eighty-three. She was a shrunken little woman who immediately directed my attention to her glass of stout and introduced me to Mr. Guinness—a pseudo face in the foam. Mr. Guinness had a hole for a nose, two holes for eyes.

"That's a sign of fresh beer," she said smugly. "Isn't it, Doug?"

"That's a sign of fresh beer," Doug agreed, tugging at the brim of his slouch cap.

He gave her a bunch of coins, and she wandered off to feed them into a slot machine—it paid off a two-pound jackpot. While she was gone, Doug told me that he had another sister, older still, who liked to go disco dancing. I didn't really doubt it, since Doug was solid testimony to the soundness of his family's stock. He had a steel-trap mind and never missed a thing. Most of all, he loved jokes. Whenever he laughed, he'd throw his body back against his chair and expose the pink toothless gums of a baby and the old pink tip of his tongue.

"I was in the meat game," he said to me on another night, tapping my forearm for emphasis. The meat game—did I understand? Butchers' business! (Gums, pink tongue.) He'd had his own shop, in the days when beef was beef. In his spare time, he'd played the squeeze-box. He'd even performed at dances at the Fountain. "I always loved music," Doug said. He took out his wallet and showed me a brown-edged photo of himself with his squeeze-box draped around his neck, and then one of himself in a soldier's uniform, posed next to his father. The most important one he gave me in secret, passing it under the table. It showed a group of young soldiers from the Great War standing on crutches in the middle of a rutted road. They were all missing an arm or a leg or both legs. "That's what it was like," Doug whispered, as if the image captured every bit of horror that he'd known in his eighty years. But that was the only darkness I ever saw in him, the only wound.

Then, there was Giustino. He was the most generous customer in the pub. He insisted on buying me a beer every time we ran into each other. If I tried to buy one for him, he'd slap my hand. "No, no, Johnny," he'd say, pursing his lips. I was always Johnny to Giustino. His English was faulty. He hadn't been in the country long. His home village, in southern Italy, had been destroyed in an earthquake—

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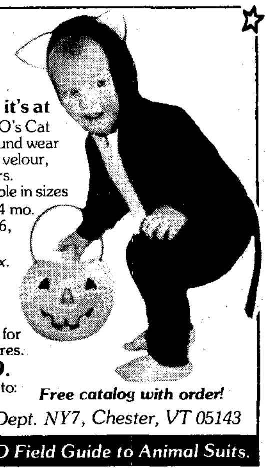

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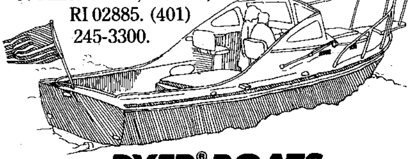

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"*terremoto*," Giustino would say, gesturing with his arms to show how the rubble fell, the houses, the people—and afterward he'd started wandering across the Continent, working as a chef. When I met him, he worked at an excellent restaurant in the financial district. "Good money," he'd say, producing a fat roll of bills as evidence. The cash went for drinks, for luxury items, for *food*—that was Giustino's passion. Every Sunday morning, he shopped at Chapel Market for the big lunch he always cooked for his wife, and he liked to display what he'd bought. "First, *bistecca*," he'd say, putting a slab of marbled beefsteak on the bar. "Second, some potato. Then, radicchio for salad. Lovely." He'd pause to kiss his fingertips. "*Lovely*. Next, some red wine. Some mushroom. Some broccoli. Lovely!" Though Giustino had many acquaintances at the Fountain, he confessed to me once, in a despondent mood, that he was lonely. These English, they were very nice, they treated him decently, but—well, they were *English*, not Italian. "I need *simpatico*," Giustino said.

THE best friends I made at the Fountain were Simon and Juliana. I met Simon first, on a drizzly Sunday night, when he came into the pub and demanded that I give him the magazine I was reading. I glanced over at the next stool and saw a lean, fidgety young man in jeans and a cheap cowboy shirt who resembled the French actor Jean-Pierre Léaud. I was so taken aback by Simon's forwardness that I didn't answer right away. "I just want a bloody look," he said, frustrated by my hesitation. I handed him the magazine and watched as he riffled through the pages, searching for something. When he didn't find it, he rolled up the magazine—rolled it up, I say—and handed it back. Later, I would learn that it was his habit to crush, crumple, or otherwise mangle pretty much every object he touched, the better to file it in a pocket of his pants.

He asked me if I was aware that I'd purchased a blatantly centrist rag. A film he'd done some editing on—a documentary about the People's March for Jobs—wasn't even listed in the cinema section.

I said that I was not aware that I'd purchased a blatantly centrist rag—that I had, in fact, found the magazine's listings to be comprehensive and accurate. I used it when-

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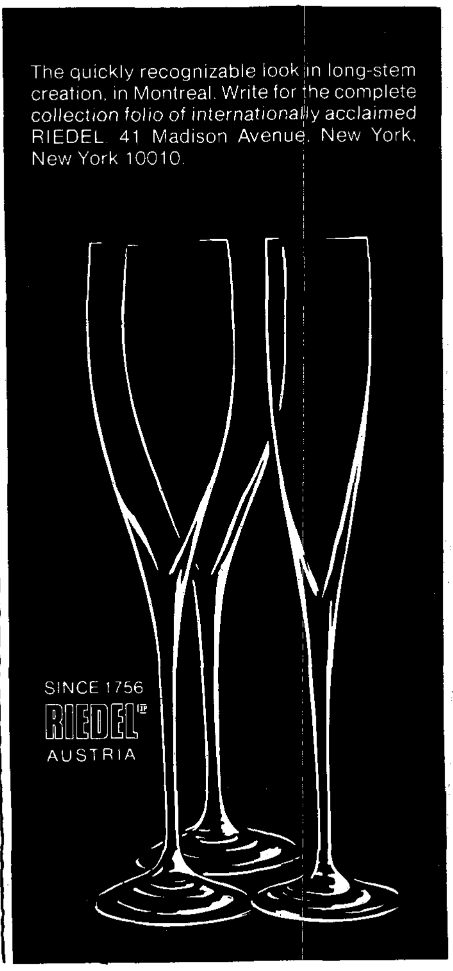

The quickly recognizable look in long-stem creation, in Montreal. Write for the complete collection folio of internationally acclaimed RIEDEL, 41 Madison Avenue, New York, New York 10010.

ever I wanted to go to the movies.

Well, said Simon, running a hand through his long, black hair, wasn't I the lucky American tourist! He wished that he could go to the cinema now and then, inasmuch as film (not bloody literature) was what he cared about. But he was strapped with this insufferable job at a TV station in Southampton, slicing up film for the evening news. Did I have any idea what sort of town Southampton was? It was a bloody nowhere Navy town, better than an hour's train ride from London. Nobody lived there except drunken sailors and indigent shipbuilders. Was there any chance that I could grasp what it was like to have to spend Monday to Friday in that wasteland? Had I ever boarded in a rooming house full of snoring old sots? The bloody Tories had caused the problem—Maggie Thatcher and her lot. There was hardly any work anywhere in the country. The system was falling apart. And if I thought it was tough on white people I ought to go out to Brixton and talk to the blacks who lived there—Jamaicans, Trinidadians, Nigerians, Ghanaians, the poor bloody flotsam of the Empire. Nobody was helping them. It shouldn't come as a surprise to anybody that they'd started putting their feet through the shopwindows.

Simon paused here for breath. "We'd better have another," he said, calling to John. The Burton came. Simon had light-and-bitter—Burton to which a bottle of light ale had been added. He took a sip, then went into a frenzy. "Oh, no!" he cried. "The laundry!" He dashed coatless into the street and returned shortly, shivering. "Forgot the bloody clothes," he said.

Sunday night was laundry night—another in the series of outrageous burdens that Simon had to bear. He was living with a woman, Juliana—they were squatting in an attic room of a row house on the square—and every Sunday he took his clothes and Juliana's clothes to a laundromat on Amwell Street and then stopped at the Fountain for a pint. About midway through the pint, he'd go back to the laundromat and switch the clothes from washer to dryer. He'd forgotten about the dryer part while we were talking, and it had suddenly occurred to him that some swine had probably removed the clothes from the washer (the laundromat was always overcrowded) and thrown them on the floor—not that he, Simon, would mind, but Juliana preferred clean un-

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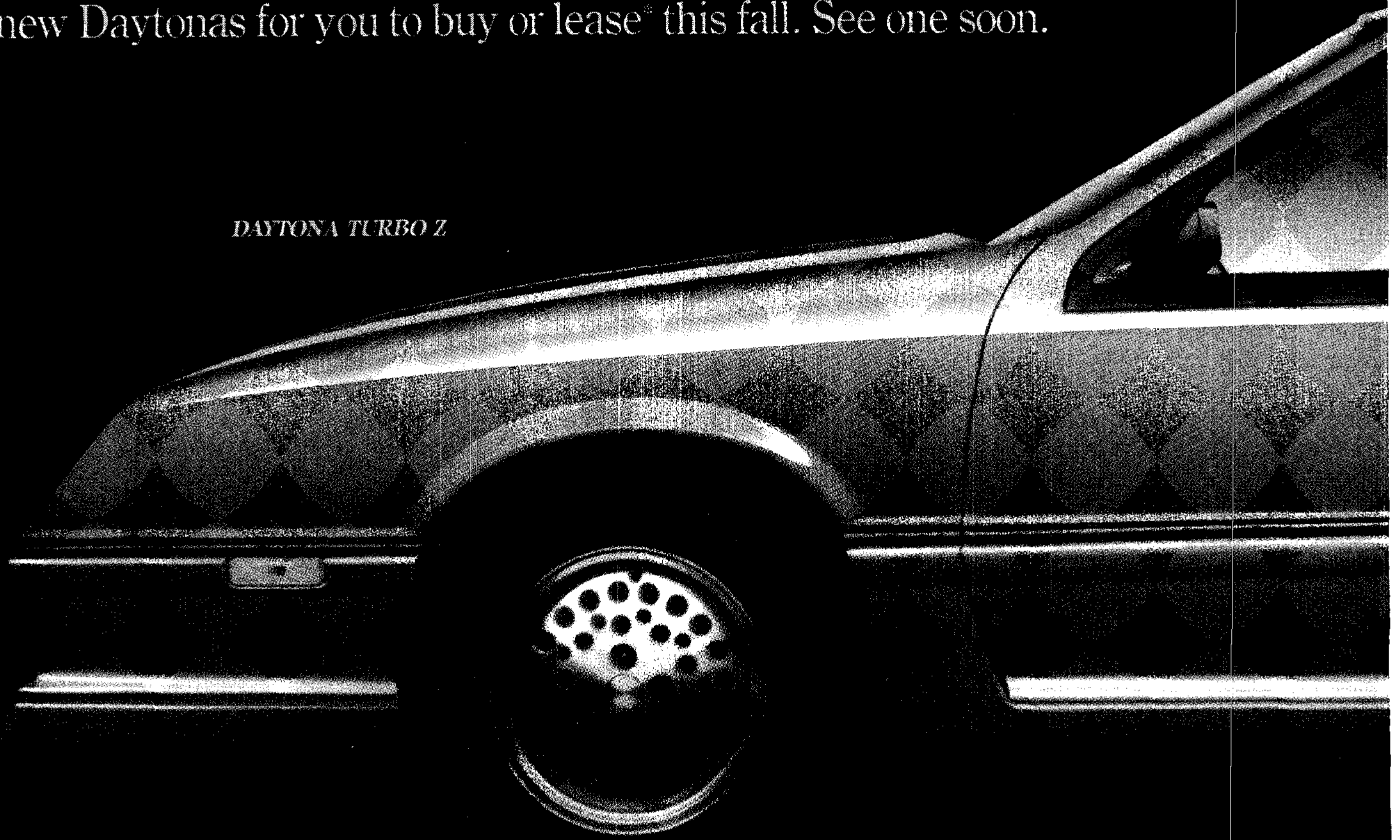

*5 years/50,000 miles, whichever comes first. Limited warranty on outer body rust-through, engine and powertrain. Deductible may be required. Excludes leases. SEE DEALER FOR DETAILS. **Based on accelerat

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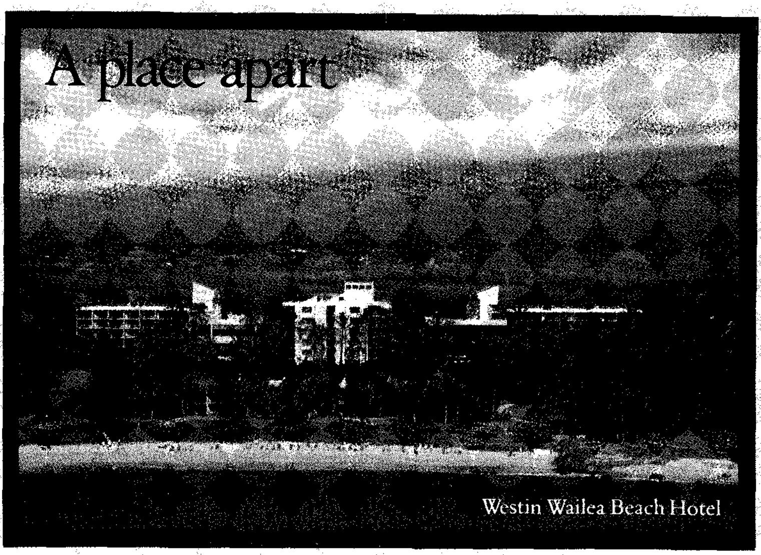
tests performed by NHRA on Daytona Turbo Z with standard engine and transmission. ***Use EPA est. mpg for comparison. Your mileage may vary depending on speed, weather and distance. Actual hwy. mpg lower.

derthings to ones that had been stomped upon. This penchant for cleanliness did not mean that she was willing to *do* the laundry. Juliana had a pathological aversion to laundromats, and wouldn't go near them—something to do with her Irish upbringing, Simon thought, some irrational fear of ending up as a scullery maid. Did I have any idea what it was like to be madly in love with a woman who hated laundromats so much that she expected you to do the bloody wash on your weekend break, when you should have been going to the cinema?

Somewhere in here, I ordered two more pints. The beer must have affected me, because pretty soon I was speaking in as loose-tongued a way as Simon, offering a sampler of opinions on love, sex, films, bloody literature, and anything else that floated up to the surface of my mind. Simon drank and listened. I was impressed by his humility, and by the appreciation he showed for my views—at least, the Burton made it *seem* like appreciation—and I suggested another round. I think we had another round after this, but I wouldn't swear to it. After a while, the pints lose their discreteness. At ten-thirty, John marched by and took our glasses prisoner, but we agreed that it was imperative to continue our conversation on the following Sunday.

A week passed, and I went back to the Fountain. Simon was already there, seated on a banquette with the laundrophobic Juliana. She was about the same age as Simon, in her mid-twenties, and was wrapped in a tweed greatcoat she'd found in a pub. Her attitude toward me was cool, even severe. Who was this American fool? After an hour or so, the beer did its work, and she softened a bit and dropped her guard. She turned out to be witty and tough-minded, locked into a "sorting out" phase of life. She'd just resigned from an administrative job at the BBC in a dispute over feminist issues, and she was a little confused about what had happened to her and not quite certain what came next. She spent her days in the row house, reading novels both great and trashy, listening to soap operas on the radio, and contemplating—in a half-serious way—her future. She was a brilliant conversationalist, with a hard eye for ironies. It was clear that she was as deeply attached to Simon as he was to her. Their fondness for each other made them fun to be around.

I brought my wife on the next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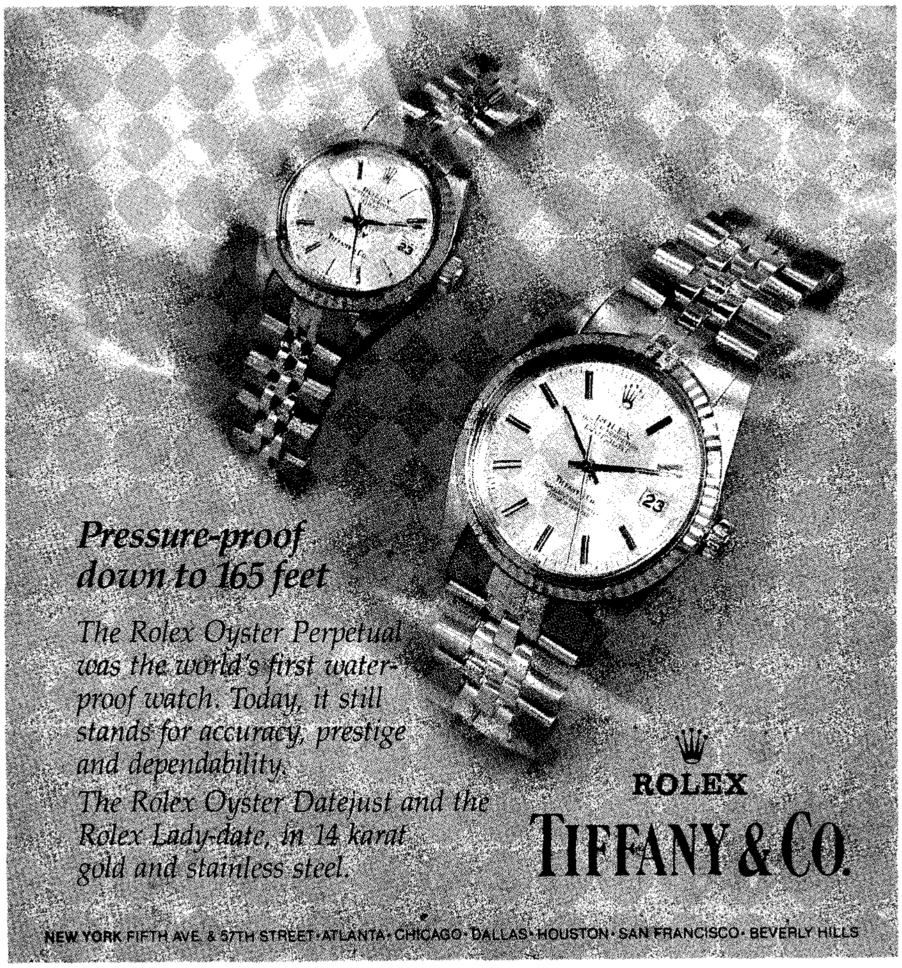
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weekend, done up in her many layers of protective clothing, and it turned out that we all got along quite well. After that, we began drinking together every Sunday night, convening at a banquette and resting our elbows on a table that became progressively wetter from slicks of spilled beer. The difference in our ages seemed not to matter; in the democratic atmosphere of the Fountain all but the most essential differences were ignored. When Simon learned that we'd been radical hippie youths, with a requisite taste for drugs and protest, he forgave us for actually paying rent. We listened to his complaints about the political system and about the world in general, and found that—more often than not—we agreed.

Gradually, our friendship pushed its way out of the pub. We invited Simon and Juliana to our flat and introduced them to Texas chili. Juliana said that she was amazed to see Simon eat real food—at home he survived on crisps, like the dog from the Old Red Lion. One night after the pub closed, they invited us to the squat. We went up to their room by climbing a desperate staircase, past bicycles, boxes of books, and other squatters. There were wires dangling down, exposed bits of insulation. We drank some cans of beer that Simon had stored under the bed, and he sketched some unflattering pictures of us—he'd wanted to be an artist once. The squat was the kind of place that's good to live in when you're young and in love, oblivious of the conditions that will ultimately form the borders of your life. We felt privileged to be there—to be with friends in an improbable country, safe, reasonably warm, in an old stone row house whose windows looked out on a churchyard and those last, stubborn roses.

THE roses died just before Christmas, in a wicked snowstorm. Coldest December in thirty-one years! The Indian woman fell into a constancy of shivering, and Mr. Lloyd put on another sweater. At the Fountain, Christmas decorations went up—strands of gold and silver tinsel across the brass rail of the bar, glittering in the backbar mirror. The spirit of the season affected the behavior of regulars. There were more toasts, more often. The lunch hour stretched into two. John got his hair cut and shaved off his mustache. Ted, the butcher, chased Maureen around with a seltzer bottle

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in a conciliatory bout of good cheer.

We went away for the holidays. My brother and his girl flew over for a visit, and we decided to show them the famous English countryside. It was slush, mostly, all the way to Stratford-upon-Avon. The car I'd rented kept skidding on icy slicks. Driving it was like taking a test for brain function. I had to do everything left-handed. Because we share a language with the British, we tend to think we have more in common with them than with, say, the Rumanians, but it isn't true. The Rumanians know which side of the road to drive on. As we headed southwest, toward the English Channel, the slush was replaced by mud. Near Taunton, in Somerset, there was less mud and more pastureland. Green hills hung with haze. A little lemony sunshine.

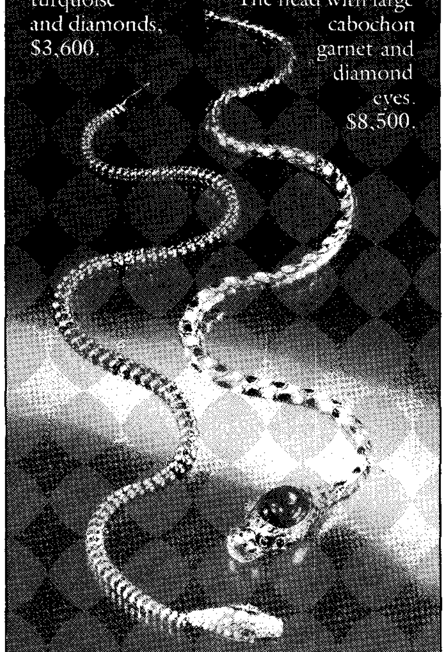
Our destination was Chardstock, a tiny village of ancient farms and single-lane roads. Our cottage, plucked from the advertising pages of the *Times*, dated from the fifteenth century. It had a thatched roof, white plaster walls, black shutters, and a little yard. It was trim and pretty. Inside, the plank floors slanted in several different directions, depending on the slope of the land. There were two parlors, both furnished with antiques that were charming but perilous to sit on. The upstairs bedrooms, under the eaves, had rickety beds with quilts and blankets. The woman who owned the place had told us that the heating system—a couple of Dimplex radiators and a vintage space heater—would be inadequate at freezing temperatures but that she would have a load of wood hauled in. The wood was green. It was wet. We built a fire anyway, using as kindling some coal we'd found, and the cottage filled with smoke. When we opened the windows, frigid air rushed in. Make the best of things, we thought. Be hearty! Thrive in the face of adversity, as the British do. So we set up the larder, drawing a kind of warmth from its promise. The fresh turkey we'd bought from Ted was already larded with bacon, trussed, and ready for the oven. From Harrods we had our Christmas splurge—a haunch of venison, which we stuck in an old pot and doused with red wine and bay leaves. The plum pudding went on a sideboard in the fuming parlor, next to bottles of brandy and port.

That done, we walked to the local at the end of the road. We'd noticed it on our way in, the only business in town—the George Inn, it was called.

English, circa 1840

Snake necklace in gold with turquoise and diamonds, $3,600.

Dragon necklace in gold and enamel. The head with large cabochon garnet and diamond eyes. $8,500.



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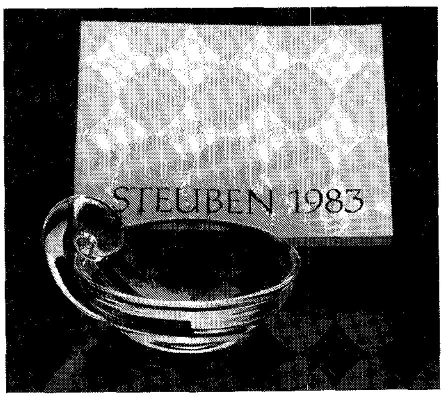

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It looked like our cottage, but larger, with the same thatched roof and whitewashed walls. The barroom was small and undivided. It had about three tables, and a bar with a few stools. In an inglenook fireplace, dry logs were blazing. Nobody was in the pub except a woman who was polishing glasses. "You've come for the carol service," she said, putting her rag down and giving us sheets on which the words to several Christmas carols were printed. We asked for pints and sat on stools to sip them. A man with a ruddy country complexion came in, blowing on his hands. "Come for the carol service, have you?" he asked. He said that it was a custom in the village for families to gather outside the George on the twenty-third of December to await the arrival of Father Christmas, who would ride in on his horse and distribute candy and other trifles to the children. "It's just old Farmer So-and-So, from over the hill," the man said, with a wink. "He's had a few nips at home, and we're hoping he don't fall off the pony."

A crowd began to collect. We joined them, clutching carol sheets and pints. The night air was cold, bloody cold, but the sky was clear and seeded with stars. All around us we saw bundled Chardstockians: red noses, watch caps, tweed coats, steamy breath cycling upward. The kids were bounding around on their toes, punching one another on the arms. Father Christmas was late. There were more whispered speculations about his sobriety. When he arrived at last, shouting "Ho-ho-ho"s, he looked like a stout Don Quixote, listing to the left in the saddle. His horse was white, and so was his beard. His belly needed no padding. From a sack he handed out gifts, and the kids squealed and tore paper and compared what they'd got. The carol singing started. As ever, two or three ringers from the church choir took the lead, and everybody else trailed after them—a junk-yard amalgam of broken sopranos and faded tenors. We sang "O Holy Night," "Good King Wenceslas," and "O Little Town of Bethlehem." Irrepressible emotions. We bit our lips to keep from crying. The simplicity of the moment, its utter satisfaction, overwhelmed us. Later, we had whiskey, standing among strangers at the bar, but we were no longer strange to them, nor were they to us. Then we walked up the hill to our cottage and ate a cold supper. The sheets

CASHMERE
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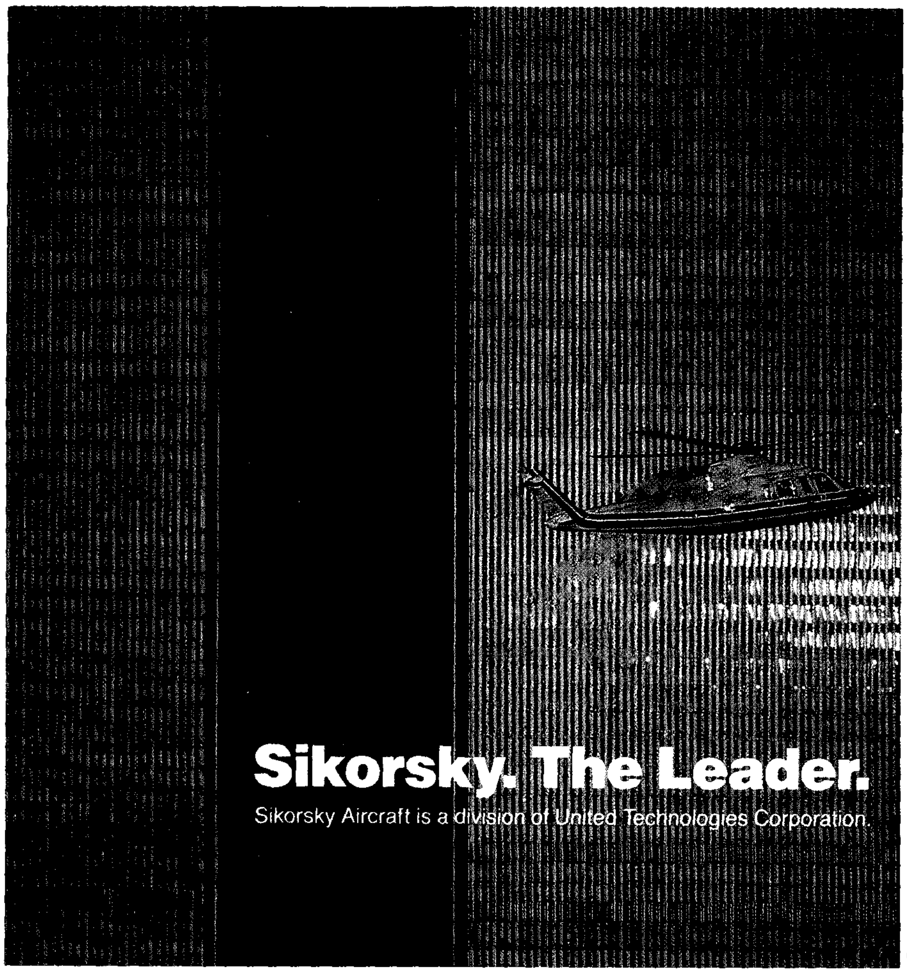
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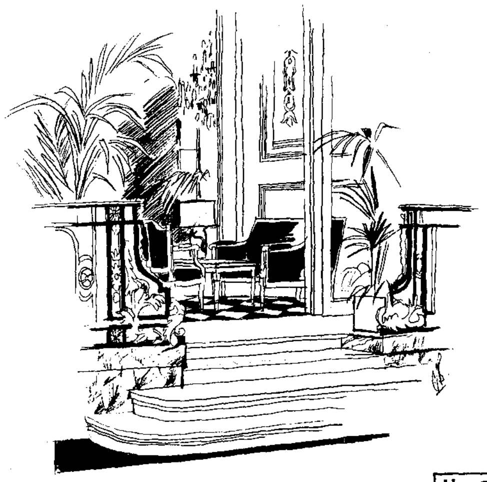

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in the rickety beds were downright frosty, but we managed to generate some heat—lucky, blessed, thankful for favors.

FAREWELL to the Fountain. It had to happen sooner or later, in the New Year—real life sticking its beak into our affairs. I felt awful to leave London, suffering, even before the actual moment of sundering, a terrible bout of Burton deprivation—conditioned cells in their infinite craving tossed back on Budweiser or, worse, Coors. Would there ever be a proper pub in the States? Not likely, mate. We still needed to learn some of the hard lessons of history, how to be grateful for little things. A good local keeps your nose pressed to essentials. Its rhythms are circadian, recognizable—this small spot in time where burdens are shared and somehow leavened. Sumerian pharmacists prescribed beer for patients, and so did Egyptian doctors. Anyhow, the neighborhood grows into your bones: roses dead and living, churches, squares. We felt it in ours, a constant pull as we packed our bags, sad-eyed and unwilling to contemplate the future. The Sunday bus to Luton Airport left at one o'clock, so I ducked out for a final pint and got to the door just as Colin was remembering to unlock it at noon. The Marvin Hagler guy was there, standing next to me—a message from Fate that too much sentiment could be my undoing. You never tip a barman, so instead I gave Colin a bottle of wine. I had one for John, too, and he came around from the saloon bar to accept it. He said he'd put it in his landlord's basement, where it would have company. He wrote his name and the address of the pub on a slip of paper: John, Cellarman, The Fountain, 68 Amwell Street, London, EC1, England. He shook my hand. Would we be coming back? Of course we would. We were always on our way back somewhere, even as arms, legs, bodies stumbled forward. Cheers, John. All the best. —BILL BARICH

●

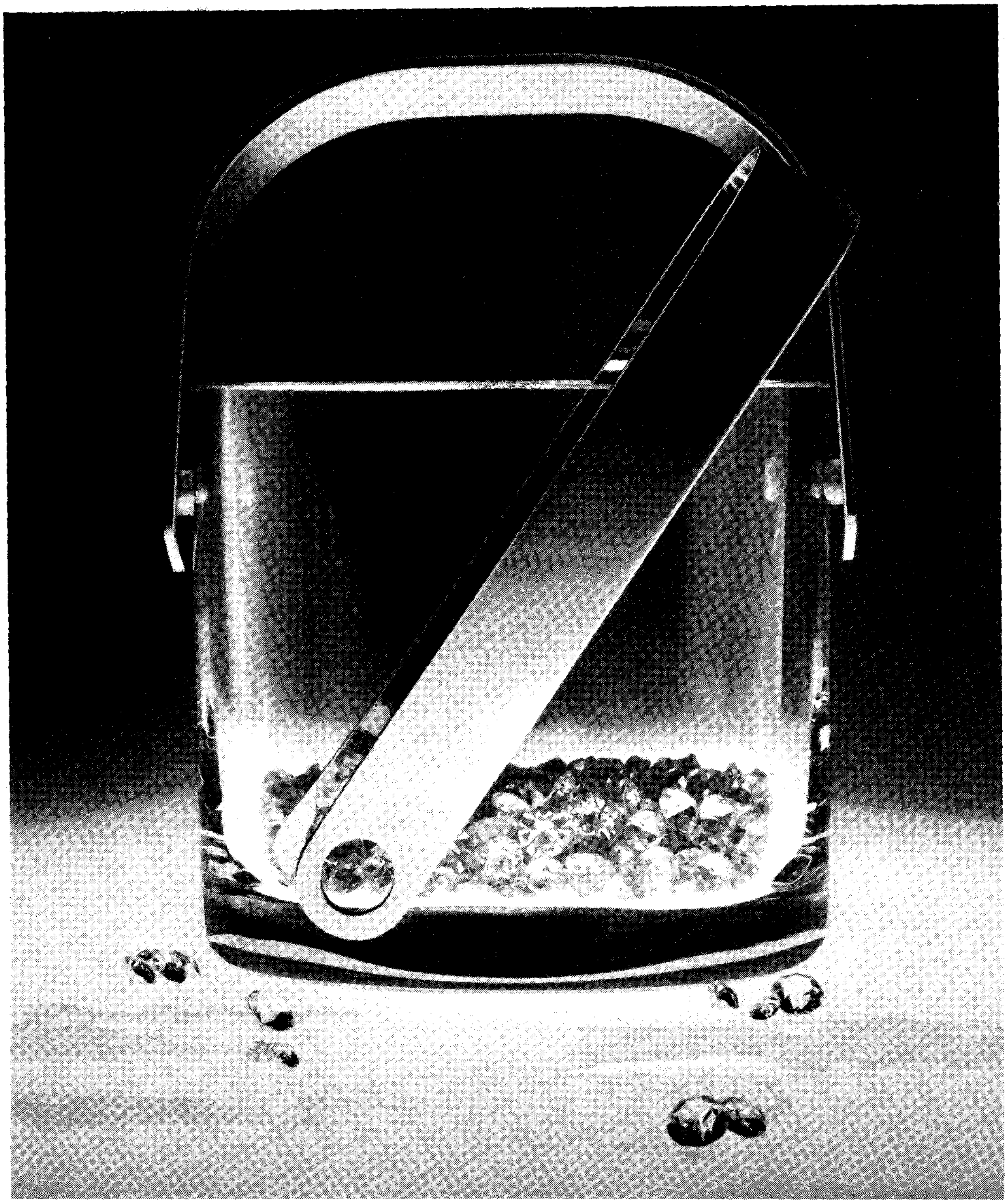
LIFE IN TORONTO

[*From the Minutes of the Toronto Board of Education*]

18. INJUSTICE, INEQUALITY, ETC.

Trustee Moll, seconded by Trustee Nelson, moved that this Board go on record as opposing vice, evil, injustice, inequality and bad taste, in whatever form it takes, wherever it is, and that this motion, from time to time, be forwarded to all appropriate persons or bodies.

FIRE AND ICE



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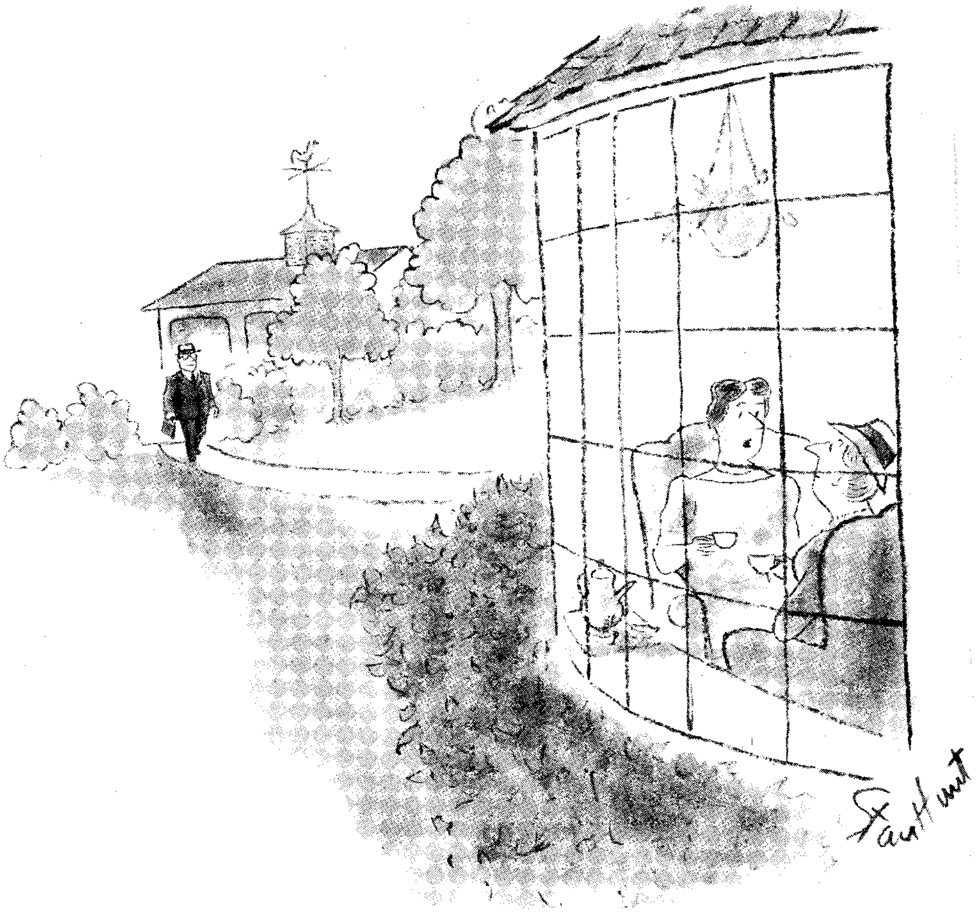
ANNALS OF DIPLOMACY

ALLIANCE—II

THE Western alliance was in disarray of one sort or another from the day the North Atlantic Treaty was signed—April 4, 1949—because the members had different visions of what they were doing, and different expectations. Confusion centered on the NATO military forces. The threat against which the forces were arrayed (a large-scale Soviet invasion) seemed improbable, and the defense they could offer (either a nuclear or conventional war fought on German soil) seemed implausible, because war of either sort would *not* protect the people, the territory, or the institutions of Western Europe, and nuclear war would lead to destruction beyond anything experienced in two terrible world wars. On the very purpose of NATO, profound differences existed on the two sides of the Atlantic. For the Europeans, NATO was essentially an insurance policy—a way of committing the United States in advance to their defense, so that the horrible uncertainty of the two world wars, when America hung back while Europe bled, would never be repeated. In NATO's early years, it was the presumed certainty of the American response that provided the deterrent against any possible Soviet aggression. For the Americans, however, NATO was a geopolitical instrument for restoring a power balance on the European Continent to contain the forces of the East. But American strategic planners believed that the deterrent strategy would not work unless the security problem in Europe was treated as a real military task, for which solutions must be found. Yet in the classic military sense there never were any solutions.

By the mid-nineteen-fifties, NATO had become an impressive bureaucratic institution. It had a large headquarters area at Rocquencourt, near Paris, with soldiers resplendent in the uniforms of fifteen countries. But in reality Rocquencourt was an American headquarters. Almost half the officers were American. Critical documents were stamped "A.E.O." ("American Eyes Only") or "NOFORN." A secretariat had been organized by Lord Ismay, who had been Churchill's chief of staff during the war and had become the first NATO secretary-general. Under his successor, the former Belgian Premier Paul-Henri Spaak, the NATO bureaucracy mushroomed. One of the leading "good Europeans," he tried vainly to turn NATO into what it could never be: an instrument for integrating Europe and the United States into an Atlantic community. There was a military committee made up of the chiefs of staff of the fifteen NATO countries, but it rarely met. A Standing Group of military representatives from the United States, Britain, and France was established in what one French member called a "gilded cage at the Pentagon." But the planning exercises, though time-consuming, were largely meaningless, since the "national guidance" that the members received from Paris, London, and, most important, from the inner recesses of the Pentagon itself determined the policy. While duty at NATO provided respectability for German officers and helped to overcome the resistance among the European military to the rebirth of the German Army, for most non-Americans assignment to NATO remained what Eisenhower once called it—a thorn, not a plum.

All this was taking place at a time when the most perceptive statesmen were beginning to realize that in the age of nuclear weapons there was no defense. In 1953, the Soviet Union exploded a hydrogen bomb. Winston Churchill immediately declared that "the entire foundation of human affairs was revolutionized," and said that the problem of defense had been "fundamentally altered." He was astonished, he told the House of Commons, at how little reaction there was to the disclosure that the hydrogen bomb created an area of destruction six miles in diameter. The development of the Soviet ability to annihilate American cities was now just a matter of time. The American threat to initiate the use of nuclear weapons in the defense of Europe had become a threat to commit suicide. Yet so out of phase were the military planning and the political reality that NATO military planners talked as if nothing had



"Osgood is as much in love now as when we were first married, but I discovered that, unfortunately, it's with investment banking."

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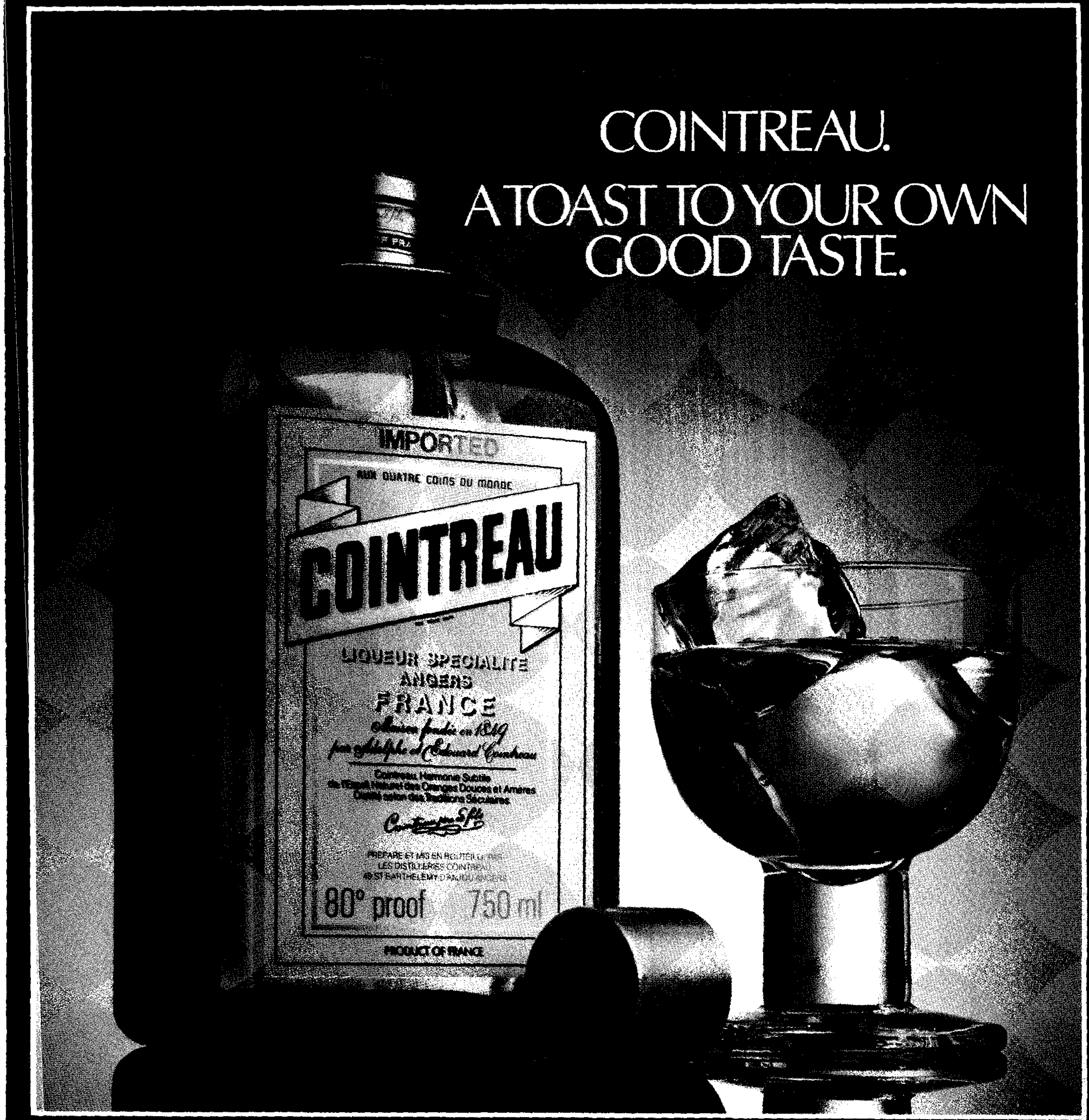
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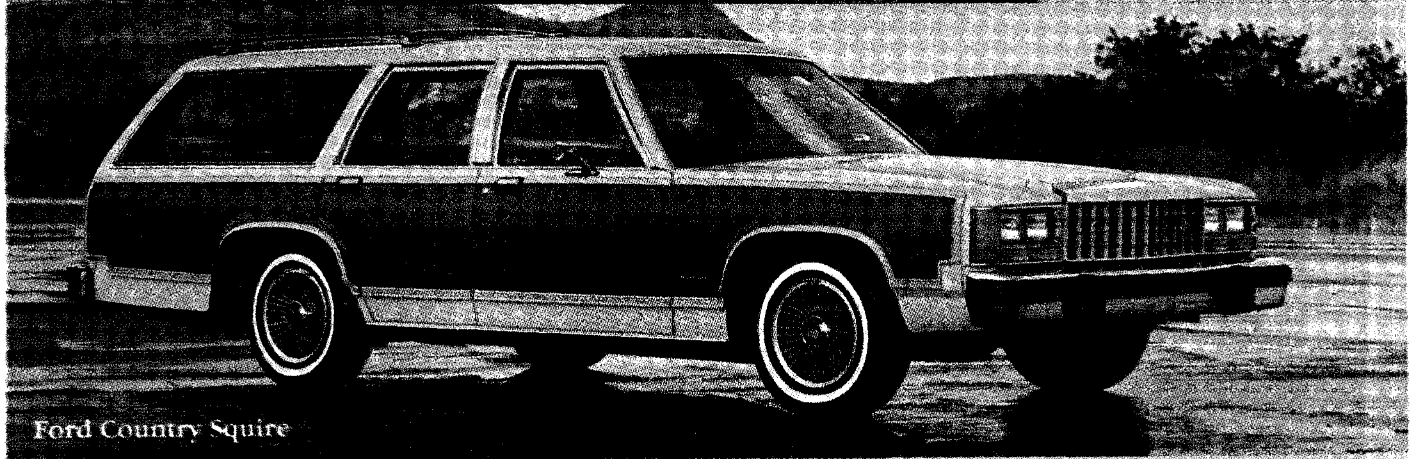

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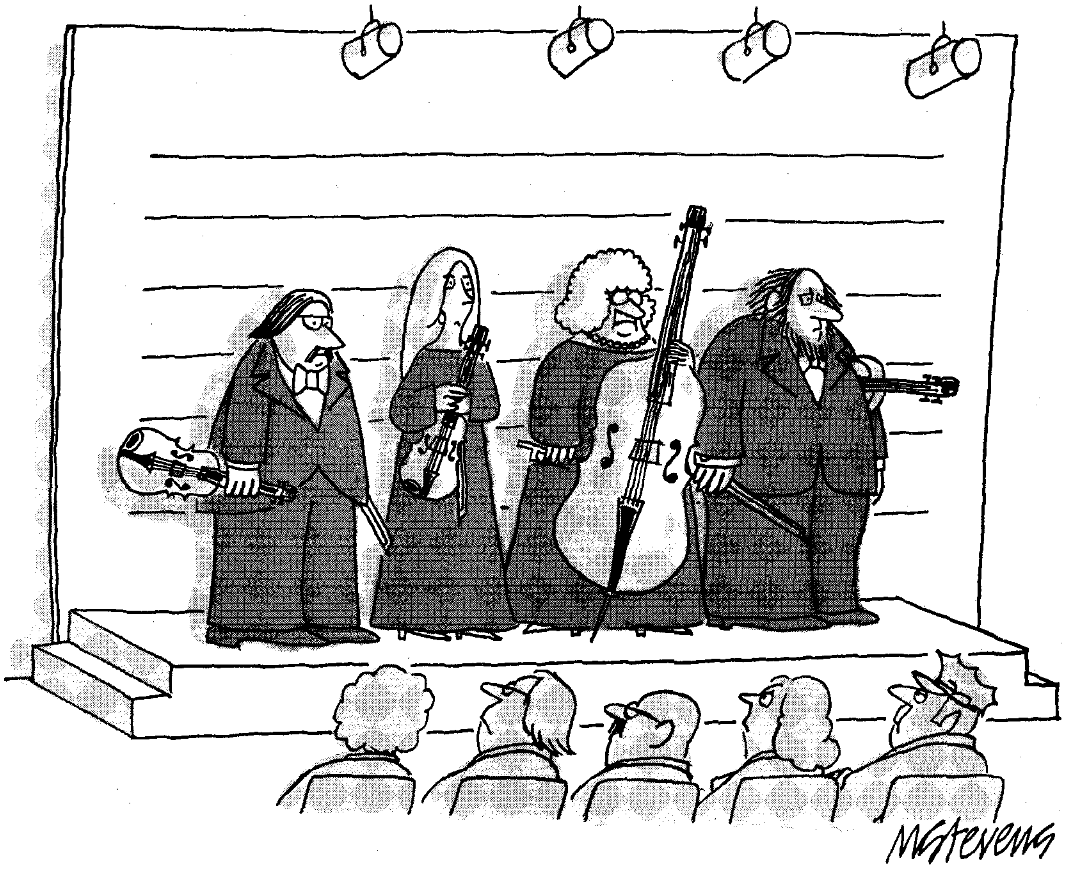

changed. "I want to make it absolutely clear that we at SHAPE"—the Supreme Headquarters of the Allied Powers in Europe—"are basing all our operational planning on using atomic and thermonuclear weapons in our own defense," Field Marshal Bernard Montgomery, the Deputy Supreme Commander of NATO, declared at the Royal United Services Institute for Defence Studies, in London, in 1954. And a classified study by General Alfred Gruenther, the Supreme Allied Commander in Europe, that was leaked to the press said that any future war in Europe would "inevitably be atomic."

In 1955 and 1956, Premier Nikita Khrushchev announced that the Soviet armed forces were being reduced by more than a million eight hundred thousand troops. But the Soviet Union now had intermediate-range nuclear rockets aimed at Western Europe. Britain was finding the military burden so severe that in 1957 the Government instituted a program to cut the armed forces, and to reduce substantially the British Army of the Rhine. Since 1954, France had pulled most of its NATO troops out of Europe and sent them to fight in Algeria, where, according to a succession of French statesmen, the battle to defend Western civilization was joined. The more NATO searched for a credible military strategy, the greater the friction within the alliance grew.

In 1955, a thirty-one-year-old German refugee named Henry Kissinger, who had recently been denied a tenured teaching post at Harvard, landed a position as secretary to a study group at the Council on Foreign Relations. Kissinger turned his report of the discussions into a best-seller. His book, "Nuclear Weapons and Foreign Policy," was an attack on Secretary of State John Foster Dulles's strategy of "massive retaliation" and offered the solution that the American planners had been looking for. There could be such a thing as a "limited nuclear war," Kissinger assured his readers. If the United States were prepared to fight one, he said, the Russians would be deterred. By 1961, he changed his mind. Dulles, too, briefly embraced the idea of limited nuclear war. Yet the difficulties of fighting a nuclear war of any kind were becoming more apparent. Christian A. Herter, who was appointed to succeed Dulles, caused alarm in Europe when he remarked at his confirmation hearings in Washington, on April 21, 1959, as if restating the obvious, that he could not "conceive of any President engaging in all-out nuclear war unless we were in danger of all-out devastation ourselves." In one sentence, the new secretary had blown away the solemn assurances of a decade. Adding to the confusion was a statement that had been made by Vice-Admiral Charles R. Brown, the commander of the American Sixth Fleet, a few months earlier. "I would not recommend the use of any atomic weapon, no matter how small, when both sides have the power to destroy the world," the Admiral said.

The nuclear-weapons issue shook the alliance in the nineteen-fifties just as it is shaking the alliance today, because of two huge gaps in perspective—one between the Americans and the Europeans, the other between the military and the politicians. The decision to store nuclear weapons in Europe had torn at the alliance from the first moment, in 1952, when Pentagon planners had publicly envisioned the idea of unleashing mushroom clouds, radioactive fallout, and small-scale fireballs over what they called "the battlefield" and what the Germans called Mainz, Hannover, and München. Not only were nuclear weapons hopelessly destructive for their intended purposes, but they were also shrouded in a secrecy that served to underscore the point that one ally was more equal than all the others. Under American law, Marshal Alphonse-Pierre Juin, the French general in charge of NATO's ground troops, was prohibited from knowing the number and character of atomic arms with which his troops might be equipped. (Only in 1954 did Congress change the law to provide minimal information to the allies. But legal control and the decision to use such weapons have remained with the United States to this day.)

By the mid-nineteen-fifties, when NATO developed its nuclear strategy, the Russians had nuclear weapons, too. At the very moment when economics was forcing the alliance to think in nuclear terms, the strategic reality had already rendered a nuclear strategy hopeless. In June of 1955, a

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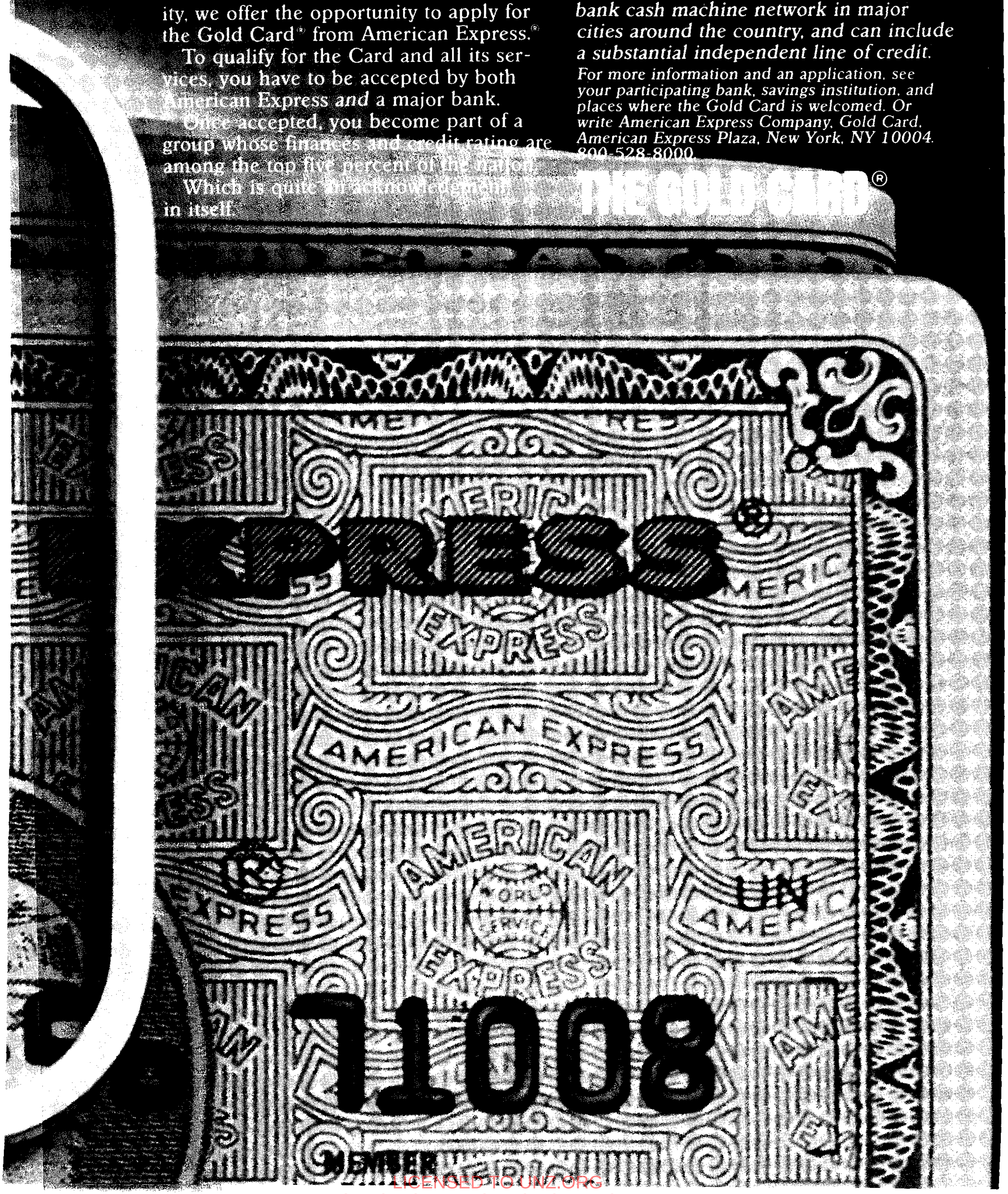

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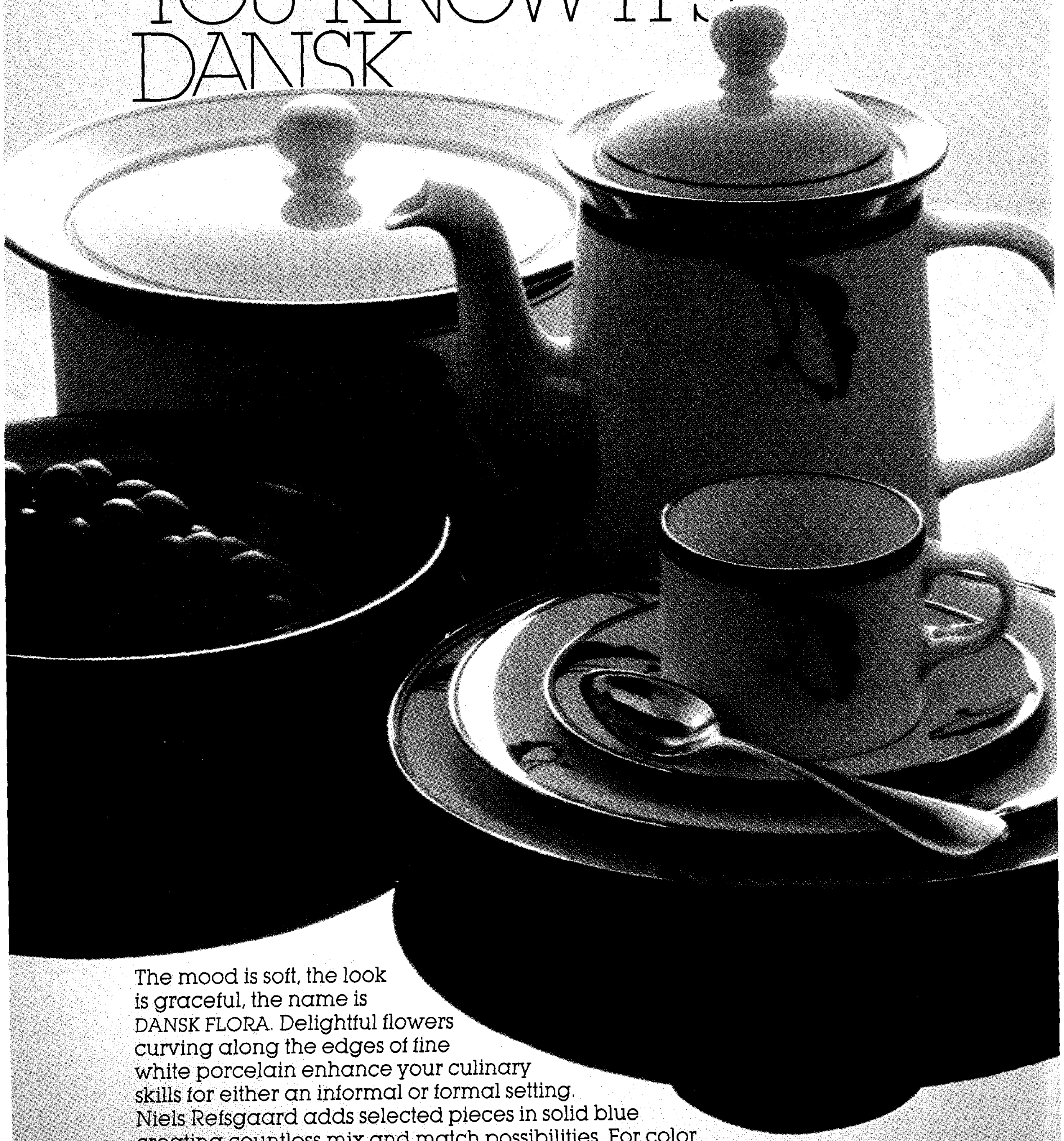

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NATO exercise called Carte Blanche was held in Europe. The players were asked to assume that in West Germany, the Low Countries, and northeastern France three hundred and thirty-five nuclear bombs had been dropped, and then to calculate the consequences. The umpires reported that more than a million and a half people would have been killed in any such attack and three and a half million wounded. These impressive results were published. A new era of warfare had indeed arrived. Every European statesman was shocked. German politicians immediately questioned the need for recruiting German troops, since NATO was planning to use atomic weapons immediately in a war and these would destroy Germany—troops, civilians, and all. In public-opinion polls, the German people overwhelmingly rejected the idea of being "defended" with catastrophic weapons.

By 1961, when John F. Kennedy was in the White House, the new Administration was determined to avoid the immediate resort to nuclear weapons in the event of a war in Europe. For Secretary of Defense Robert S. McNamara, Khrushchev's pressure to change the legal status of Berlin so as to force recognition of East Germany's right to control access to the still occupied city provided the occasion to test a new doctrine of "flexible response" that McNamara was trying to have adopted as the NATO strategy: Only after the Russians had repulsed a "probe" by ground forces down the Autobahn would nuclear weapons be introduced. This strategy would provide a "pause" of up to several weeks in the rush of events to permit everyone to come to his senses before all-out war occurred.

Ostensibly, the contingency-planning effort to meet the Berlin crisis involved all the NATO countries, but in reality the strategy was strictly an American creation. Kennedy admitted as much in a speech on July 25th, when he referred to the "decisions" made by the Administration. The allies had been consulted, but the strategy bore an American stamp. Not only was there no consensus on what to do but the new American military strategy alarmed the German government. At the NATO Foreign Ministers Conference the previous May, the German Foreign Minister, Heinrich von Brentano, had declared that the West should "not hesitate to use atomic weapons" in any hostilities involving Berlin. The idea of doing anything else, Defense Minister Franz Josef Strauss had said, would give him "holy terrors." While McNamara has recently stated his belief that President Kennedy never intended to initiate the use of nuclear weapons under any circumstances during the Berlin crisis, the National Security Council, with the President's concurrence, adopted NSA 109, a contingency plan for protecting the access to Berlin with nuclear weapons if non-nuclear measures should fail. The top-secret paper called for "selective nuclear attacks for the primary purpose of demonstrating the will to use nuclear weapons;" for "limited tactical employment" of such weapons; and, if necessary, for "general nuclear war."

AT the end of the decade, the issues of European defense remained unresolved, but the growing cleavage in the alliance focussed on the war in Vietnam. President Lyndon B. Johnson's appeals for an allied "presence" in Vietnam had produced little more than twenty-three professors from Germany, two Dutch surgical teams, and eleven British police instructors, *U.S. News & World Report* noted indignantly in 1966. Some eighty per cent of the Western European public, American officials admitted to the *Wall Street Journal* in May of 1967, "is against what the U.S. is doing in Vietnam." The typical European, a survey by the paper's correspondents concluded, "simply wants the U.S. to quit fighting and clear out." Protests in Germany against the Vietnam War became increasingly militant and took on an increasingly anti-American cast as disillusionment with the United States—the model of success, the cleanser of Nazism—swept the universities. "My whole liberal education started in the Amerika Haus in Berlin, where I studied the Declaration of Independence," one German activist explained to an American reporter as he took up a token collection to buy weapons for the Vietcong. "What is happening now is an outright violation of my ideals."

In 1969, in the midst of this crisis, two ambitious outsiders finally achieved supreme power. In January of that year, Richard Nixon, a mercurial character whose disciplined mind never seemed quite in command of his awkward body, had arrived in the White House. He masked his intuitive brilliance with a banality that dismayed intellectuals of all political persuasions, including the one—Henry Kissinger—whom he picked to be his principal adviser. Nixon had made his reputation as an anti-Communist and a hard-liner, but he campaigned for the highest office as a healer and peacemaker, and promised "an era of negotiation" once he was in the White House. His political mission, as he saw it, was to extricate the country from the disaster in Indo-China, to calm the nation, and to create what Henry Kissinger, his national-security adviser, later called a "structure of peace." Kissinger, who had written his doctoral dissertation on the efforts of the great powers to put the world back together after Europe was rent by the French Revolution and the Napoleonic Wars, once again envisaged a world restored by the brilliance of diplomats.

Willy Brandt, who became Chancellor later the same year, began as even more of an outsider than Nixon. But while the American President had been a dominant figure in American politics for more than twenty years and had not won the trust of the American establishment—not the press, certainly not the intellectuals, not even important leaders of the East Coast banking and commercial world—the new Bundeskanzler had been a respected international figure since he served as mayor of Berlin, twelve years before. Given to fits of self-doubt no less than Nixon, he exhibited a heartiness that contrasted sharply with the President's evasive manner. Though Brandt was well to the left of the conservative West European politicians who made careers out of their Washington connections, he had been enthusiastically promoted with the American foreign-policy establishment for many years by Eleanor Dulles, who ran the Berlin desk in the State Department and shared her brother John Foster Dulles's politics.

Brandt was born in Lübeck, the city of "Buddenbrooks," but his family was far removed from the high commercial culture depicted in the Thomas Mann novel. His mother was not married, and he did not know who his father was. As a young man, he joined a revolutionary socialist party that had broken away from the Social Democratic Party when the latter lacked the moral courage to oppose the Nazis. Having made a reputation as a young rabble-rouser and pamphleteer, he feared for his safety after Hitler came to power, and so, stuffing a few shirts into a briefcase along with the first volume of "Das Kapital," he went into exile in Norway. He stayed away twelve years, during which he wrote six books and numerous articles, and though he was sure that Hitler was only a passing fury, he married a Norwegian and became a citizen of Norway. Following his return to Germany after the war to reclaim his German citizenship and to enter politics, his exile past persistently haunted him. In the nineteen-sixties, he had to defend himself on more than one occasion against a calumny that was threatening his career—that he had put on a Norwegian uniform and fought against Germany in the war.

Brandt became the Social Democratic representative from Berlin to the Bundestag shortly after the 1948-49 Soviet blockade ended, and in 1957 he became the city's mayor. Privately a brooding, somewhat driven man, Brandt had an easy smile, a love of jokes, friends, and music, and a relaxed manner, all of which made him an attractive figure in politics. Like his mentor Ernst Reuter, who was Berlin's mayor during the blockade, he came to personify the courageous struggle of Berlin, and this gave him a national political reputation. (During the blockade, he flew in and out of the city, and often he brought in quantities of flower seeds in his briefcase.) In his years in Berlin, first as editor of the Social Democratic Party's newspaper and later as mayor, he hammered away at Chancellor Konrad Adenauer's sterile approach to German reunification, for he knew that unrelenting confrontation would prolong, not end, the separation of Germany. In a speech to a British audience in 1958, Brandt said that the helplessness of NATO in the face of the East Berlin uprising of 1953 and the Hungarian revolution three years later convinced him that the only possible course was "an unflinching, stubborn struggle for a peaceful solution by political action." (In 1953, despite Dulles's rhetoric about rolling back Soviet power in Eastern Europe, the United States stood by as Soviet tanks crushed the riots in East Berlin, and took no vigorous action in the defense of the Hungarian protesters.) Brandt began to speak frequently of "normalization" of relations and "an open-door policy in human and cultural contacts."

With Herbert Wehner, a former member of the Central Committee of the German Communist Party, who had an unusually agile political mind, Brandt helped transform the Social Democrats from "a sect with no political influence," in the words of one of his colleagues, into a Fabian reform party, appealing to the middle class as well as to workers. He led the Party in the election of 1961, but although his personal popularity as a sort of German John F. Kennedy (Brandt, too, wrote books and projected the vigor of youth) guaranteed large crowds, the electorate was unwilling to vote against the old man—*Der Alte*—who had managed to maintain unprecedented prosperity. The Social Democrats grew in strength, yet Adenauer stayed in office. Four years later, Brandt tried again, and again he failed. The midpoint of the decade was a time of personal crisis for both Brandt and Nixon: both had been defeated twice in hard-fought electoral battles. After the failures, it seemed that Brandt's chance for leadership was fading. He ate and drank too much, and his own son Peter was caught up in the student movement of the sixties.

Nixon and Brandt, so different from each other as to be constitutionally incapable of serious communication, were both diplomatic innovators, bent on changing history after a long, debilitating freeze. Nixon relished the fact that—as an American President elected as a centrist under the auspices of a conservative party that had won only by attracting disaffected Democrats—he labored under few ideological restraints. He was free to dart, twist, and shock, and he would use these tactics in pursuit of a new world order that would assure the continuation of America's world supremacy. If to end the Vietnam War without a humiliating defeat he had to convince the Vietnamese that he was capable of genocide—"the madman theory," this notion was called in the White House—he would use that method. But he was equally capable of ignoring the ideological debris of a generation, to the point of dining with Zhou Enlai, the "Chinese devil" whom Secretary Dulles had refused even to greet almost twenty years before.

In 1966, Brandt became Foreign Minister in a "grand coalition" of the Social Democrats and the Christian Democratic Union, with Kurt Georg Kiesinger as chancellor. He was acutely conscious that—except for a few months in 1920—he was the first Social Democrat in German history to be in charge of the nation's foreign policy. For his generation, the Social Democratic Party in its modern dress was the key to German revival and the maintenance of peace. Unlike France and Italy, postwar Germany had no legitimate Communist Party; the Communist Party was in the East, and the intense anti-Communist feelings of most Germans could be projected onto Walter Ulbricht, the East German leader, and his Stalinist apparat. That meant that the Social Democratic Party was the left, and had to play the role that the left had failed to play in the pre-Hitler era: to project a vision of a progressive German society that was neither resentful nor nationalist. For the Social Democrats, the all-important question was one that Adenauer refused to face: the question of German identity. Not that Brandt

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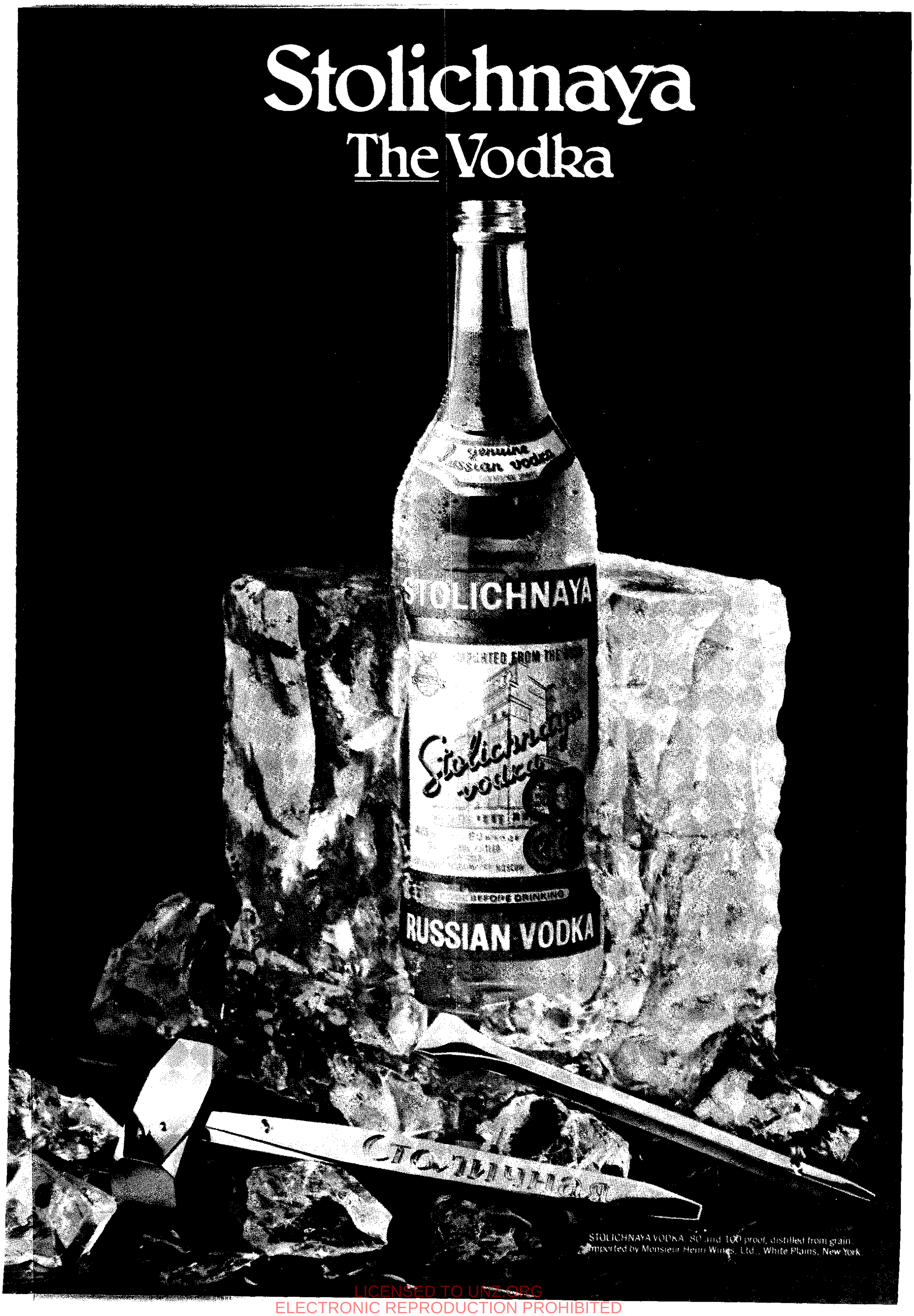
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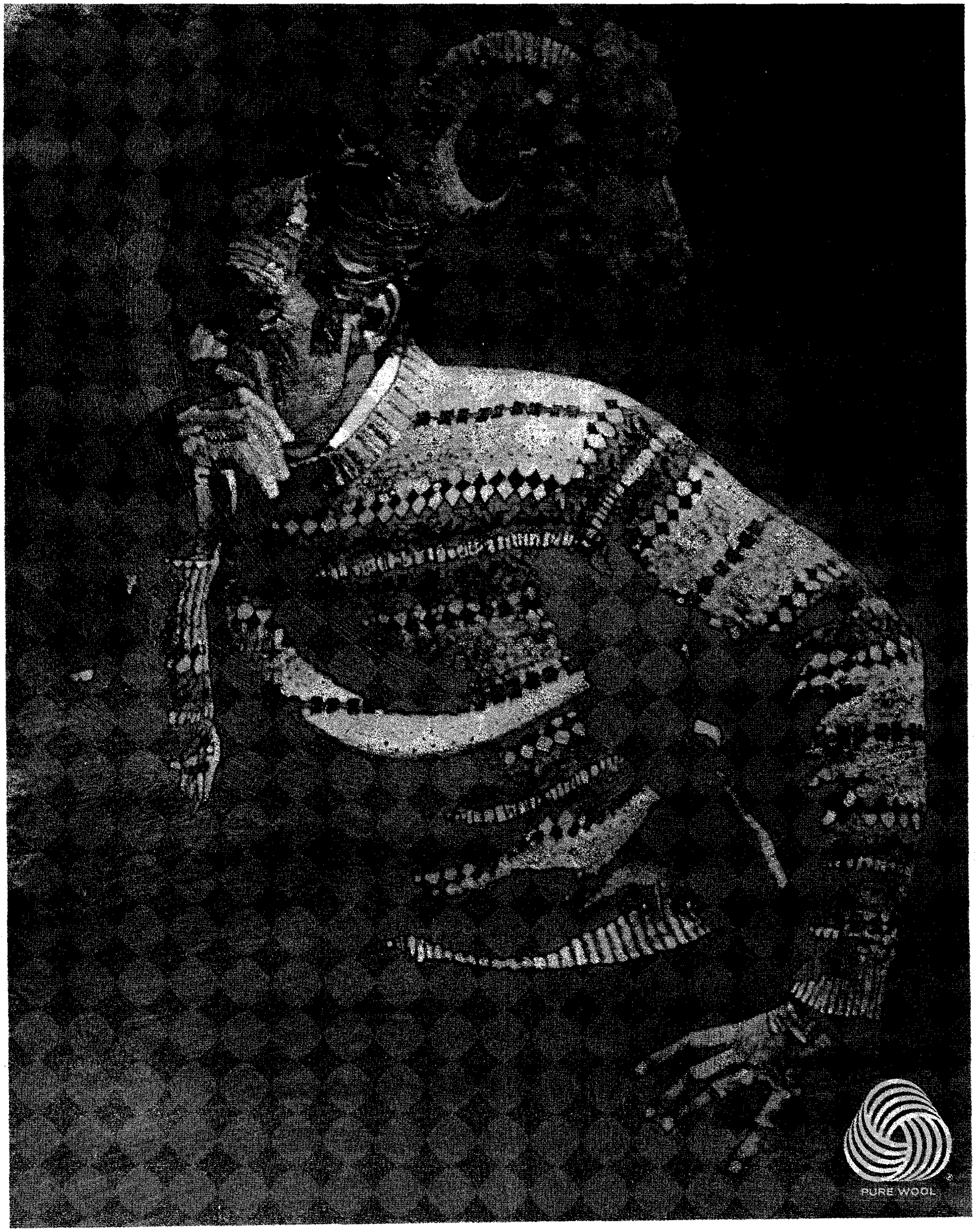

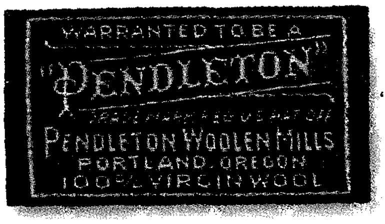
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had the answer, but, unlike Adenauer and his successors, he was convinced that the question had to be confronted directly, and stripped of the hopeless propaganda concerning the reunification of Germany; otherwise, the Federal Republic could never be a normal society.

Like every Western society, Germany twenty years after the war was looking less and less "normal." Brandt's years as Foreign Minister coincided with the cultural upheaval that crested in 1968. At a Social Democratic convention in Nuremberg in 1968, young people swarmed into the hall tearing down posters, throwing stones, and grabbing at Brandt's overcoat; one young man hit him with an umbrella. Brandt supported tough emergency laws in the face of mounting demonstrations—his son drew a six-week suspended sentence for participating in one—but he wanted to bring the student movement back into the Party. In his memoir, "People and Politics," he wrote:

> Insofar as these young people would accept a commitment to one of the parties of the Federal German "system," their interest centered mainly on the Social Democrats. It hit them all the harder that this very party should have entered into a coalition with a conservative bloc and subscribed to compromises which they found hard to understand. My friends and I were determined to integrate these youthful forces into our society, our state and party.

In his years as Foreign Minister, Brandt pressed forward with *Ostpolitik*—the doctrine of extending relations with the East. By the time he became Chancellor, he had accomplished three important changes. First, he made it understood that the Federal Republic would act for itself "instead of relying solely on others to speak for us." He explained, "This meant that, while remaining in touch with our allies and retaining their confidence, we became the advocate of our own interests vis-à-vis the governments of Eastern Europe." Second, he made it increasingly clear that the Federal Republic recognized the permanent loss of the territories that had been incorporated into Poland east of the Oder-Neisse Line—the boundary established in 1945, at the Potsdam Conference. Although West Germans continued to refer to East Germany as Mitteldeutschland, the Federal Republic did not control even the area between the Elbe and the Oder, so how could it ever reclaim the Eastern territories? To think that a generation of Poles would be uprooted to permit East Prussia to become German again was to indulge in dangerous fantasy. Third, with the active encouragement of the United States, he began efforts to improve Germany's relations with Moscow and the nations of Eastern Europe, including East Germany itself.

Brandt understood that a détente of sorts had been in effect between the superpowers ever since the Cuban missile crisis of October, 1962, and that as a result the map of Europe drawn by the victorious armies of the Second World War was acquiring a new legitimacy. Reduced tensions between the United States and the Soviet Union offered stability on the Continent, but they also sealed its division. The brutal Soviet invasion of Czechoslovakia in August of 1968 to end the Dubček government's experiment in "socialism with a human face" dramatized the perverse nature of the new order that had settled on Europe. Détente was now more real than ever. The powerlessness of the West to do anything about the events in Prague, or even to suggest a strategy for dealing with the East other than waiting for long-term evolution, simply restated the lesson brought home when the East Germans built the Berlin Wall in 1961: West Germany had to give up the illusion of reunification through force. Michel Debré, President Charles de Gaulle's Foreign Minister, waved aside the Czechoslovak invasion as merely a "traffic accident" on the highway to détente, and the Americans indicated that when their perfunctory denunciations were out of the way arms negotiations with the Russians would proceed. American Embassy officials discouraged the hope that a few Germans harbored of making an alliance with Mao Zedong to force the Russians to "disgorge" territory.

Ostpolitik, which had been cautiously supported by the conservatives in the grand coalition, became more controversial as the 1969 elections approached. The idea of improving relations with Poland was a popular one in Germany, not only because so many Germans and Poles had intermarried over the centuries but also because reaching out to Poland was like reaching out to Israel—an act of expiation. Yet when it became clear that there could be no peace with Eastern Europe unless the Federal Republic came to terms with East Germany, the skepticism that Christian Democrats felt about *Ostpolitik* grew once again. Near election time, Brandt could point out some rewards for his efforts: in 1968, about a million and a half East Germans, almost all of them old-age pensioners, had travelled to see family members in West Germany, and one million two hundred and sixty thousand West Germans had visited East Germany. However, Brandt's coalition partners—especially Franz Josef Strauss, who had become Finance Minister in 1966—were determined to use *Ostpolitik* as ammunition against him. The Christian Social Union spread reports received from the West German intelligence agency—it had been established by Reinhard Gehlen, Hitler's old intelligence chief—that Egon Bahr, Brandt's close associate and the designer of *Ostpolitik*, had for a number of years been secretly meeting with the East Germans. Newspapers suddenly began printing cartoons that depicted Brandt as a mouse about to be devoured by a Soviet cat.

Bahr had indeed held a number of quiet talks with officials in East Berlin while Brandt was mayor. The experience had strengthened his conviction that the key to the German question was to concentrate less on the status of the two halves of Germany and more on human relations across the political divide. Bahr, who had started as a radio commentator for RIAS, the radio station set up in the American sector of Berlin after the war, became the mayor's press secretary in 1960. Six years later, when Brandt became Foreign Minister, Bahr accompanied him to Bonn, and there flaunted a gift for withering logic before the starched bureaucrats of the Foreign Office and revealed a talent for negotiation. Henry Kissinger, himself a refugee from German persecution, deeply distrusted what he termed this "unprepossessing . . . extremely agile . . . indefatigable" figure, for here was a man classified as a Jew under Nazi law who had stayed, and had even tried to

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become an officer in Hitler's army. Bahr was a "reptilian" influence, a "pernicious" man, Kissinger raged in private.

But Bahr, having worked for years as the strategist of *Ostpolitik*, was now in a position to help bring it about. Years later, Kissinger called him "an old-fashioned German nationalist," but the term had different meanings for the Americans and for the German Social Democrats. Kissinger, like the Secretaries of State Dean Acheson and John Foster Dulles in the forties and fifties, was haunted by the prospect of Rapallo—the German-Soviet treaty of 1922, which established a short-lived coöperation. There was little danger that the Federal Republic would actually leave NATO, Kissinger believed, for no government would give up American protection. But if Germany refused to follow American policy outside Europe—in Southeast Asia or in the Middle East, for example—that independent attitude would adversely affect the balance of power on the Continent itself. If Germany were ever to spring loose ideologically from the Western alliance, it could become a pendulum swinging from side to side which would eventually crash like a wrecker's ball into the body of Europe.

No Germans saw the situation this way. Brandt and Bahr thought of themselves as Atlanticists, veterans of many battles with the German "Gaullists." The Social Democrats had been the most ardent of Cold Warriors. In 1950, the Party had set up a clandestine intelligence operation called Ost-Büro to infiltrate propaganda into East Germany attached to balloons provided by the Central Intelligence Agency, to help people escape, and to tweak the nose of Walter Ulbricht, the East German leader, in a hundred ways. "We were the anti-Leninist Leninists," in the words of Stephan Thomas, the head of the organization; that is, tough and experienced in fighting the Bolsheviks. The generation of Social Democrats led by the longtime socialist politician, Kurt Schumacher, who died in 1952, had historical memories of which the Americans knew nothing, for the Americans' German contacts were principally with the bankers and the conservative politicians of the Rhineland, the Ruhr, and Bavaria, for whom the East was no more than a political symbol. But the Social Democratic Party, the party of August Bebel and Rosa Luxemburg, saw itself as the *Mutterpartei* of all the left parties of Eastern Europe, which the Russians had either compromised or destroyed. In the eyes of the older Social Democrats, it was the Russians who were the revisionists and the betrayers of the socialist dream. The struggle over Berlin, which had brought Brandt and a new generation of Social Democratic leadership to national prominence, was for these older men an ideological struggle as much as a struggle for power in Central Europe, but while a few ideologues in the C.I.A. understood the Social Democrats, American diplomats by and large did not.

a. ehrenberg

In the years between the Berlin spy war and the October day in 1969 when Brandt moved into the Chancellor's bungalow, on the grounds of the Palais Schaumburg, the view of the world held by German Social Democrats had changed. Premier Joseph Stalin's hint in 1952 that he might liquidate the Ulbricht regime and permit a neutralized Germany to be reunited was taken by the Social Democratic Cold Warriors as evidence that they had won: Stalin was ready to retreat from Germany. The NATO allies' summary rejection of the Soviet proposal provided a painful reminder of Germany's dependence. (Many of the older Social Democrats were convinced by Ulbricht's mutterings years later that Stalin had been serious, and the historical evidence supporting the conclusion that Stalin's successors were even more eager to make a deal on Germany is even more convincing.) A second painful memory for the Social Democrats was NATO's helplessness in the face of the Berlin Wall, which went up in August of 1961. But there were positive memories, too. When Premier Nikita Khrushchev and President John F. Kennedy had absorbed the lessons of the Cuban missile crisis, the struggle over Berlin lost much of its force. By 1968, the NATO alliance had adopted the Harmel Report, drawn up for it by a committee led by Belgian Foreign Minister Pierre Harmel, which stated that "military security and a policy of détente are not contradictory but complementary." Détente was now not only a de-facto reality but a respectable policy. The Atlanticists in Washington, fearing that the Senate was about to pass the Mansfield Resolution—it demanded the unilateral withdrawal of American troops from Germany and bore the name of Senate Majority Leader Mike Mansfield—quickly came up with a proposal to negotiate with the Soviet Union for "mutual and balanced force reductions."

In 1969, Germany was still, as Brandt liked to say, an economic giant but a political pygmy. Thanks largely to a program for stimulating and guiding investment, which had been devised by Karl Schiller, the Social Democratic Economic Affairs Minister, the grand coalition had restored prosperity. German economic power was now formidable. But the Federal Republic played virtually no role on the world stage. It was not even a member of the United Nations. Brandt and Bahr were not old-fashioned nationalists but new-fashioned ones, who saw the necessity and the opportunity for Germany to reënter world politics. The key to Germany's becoming a significant world power was *Ostpolitik*, for the Western remnant of Hitler's Reich could never act on the world stage until the fears of its neighbors and former victims in the East had been allayed. The indispensable base from which a diplomatic thrust toward the East could be made was the Atlantic alliance, for only with the Americans behind him could Brandt summon the strength to deal with the Russians.

BRANDT, like Nixon, saw himself as a liberator and a restorer. When he became the first Bundeskanzler untouched by any Nazi participation or Nazi associates, he took advantage of the moment to declare that he was the leader not of a "conquered" Germany but of a "liberated" one. His meaning, as his associate Horst Ehmke explained it, was that he, unlike his predecessors, could not be "blackmailed" by people pointing to his country's Nazi past. Within the narrow bounds open to it, Germany would walk a more independent path, and would redefine strictly German interests without being obsessed by the need to remain a circumspect power, for surely the man who had fought the Nazis for twelve years "didn't need any lessons in anti-Nazism," in the words of one of Brandt's advisers.

Nixon had his own burden of the past to dispose of. The Vietnam War was the project of a liberal establishment that had scorned the graceless, gutter-fighting California parvenu. The certitudes of Harvard, the Coun-

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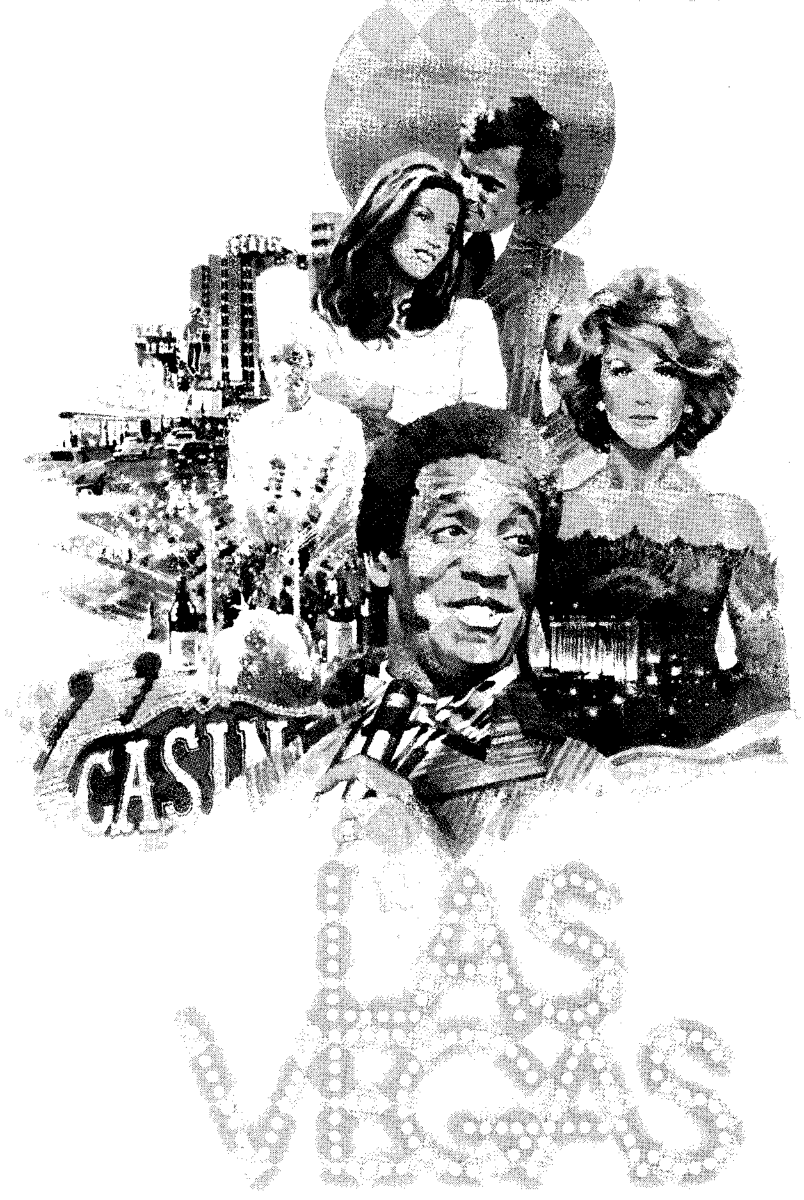

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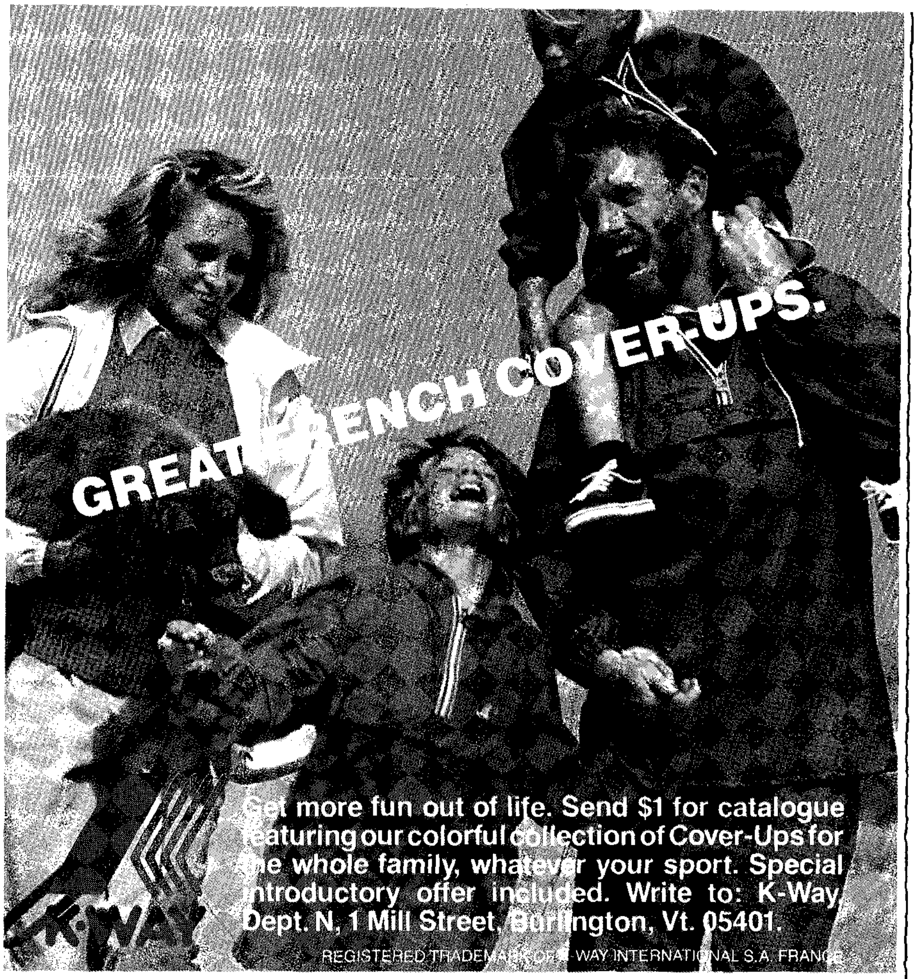
cil on Foreign Relations, and the boardrooms of the great capitalist enterprises and Wall Street law firms had come apart in the jungles of Indo-China, and the result was one of the greatest national disasters of the century. To pull the American war machine out of the mud and put it once again on a track that would restore American power was, as Nixon saw it, the supreme challenge of statesmanship.

Nixon came into office with no grand design for a new world order. But he did bring a sense of priorities. The most urgent requirement was to create a political climate in which statesmen could maneuver. We must lower our voices, he pleaded in his Inaugural Address. All he meant was that public pressure on the foreign-policy establishment in the democratic societies should be relaxed, so that leaders could protect the public interest as they saw fit. The first step in diplomacy was to soothe the forces in American society that were hamstringing his executive action abroad. But if the country was to be quieted commitments must be reduced and military burdens shared. Nixon understood that none of this could be done without Soviet coöperation. But no one believed in the gospel of "negotiation from strength" more firmly than Nixon. He must not be too eager for agreement, and he must not negotiate in such a way as to erode the very basis of his strength by alienating the allies in Europe. Above all, the alliance must present a common front to Moscow. But, unlike the foreign-policy establishment of an earlier day, Nixon was hardly beguiled by dreams of Atlantica. Dean Acheson and John J. McCloy, onetime American High Commissioner for Germany and later adviser to several Presidents, had moved effortlessly across this mythical kingdom, settling into boardrooms, clubs, and country houses in England and on the Continent which resembled the ones they had just left on the Eastern seaboard, but this was not Nixon's world. Europe was not a love or a protégé or a place in which he felt comfortable. Quite the contrary. Though he had travelled widely on the Continent and had been graciously received by heads of state—including de Gaulle, who reported having been drawn to him as a "frank and steady" personality—Nixon's awe of the self-assured ways of European statesmen reinforced his feelings of inferiority.

For Nixon, Europe was a flank to be



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secured before daring diplomacy could be attempted elsewhere. In the campaign, he had attacked the Democrats for allowing America's relationships with her allies to deteriorate. It was time for "structural changes" in the alliance—more consultation, more concern for European interests, and a broader vision. NATO should now concern itself with the newly fashionable topic of environmental damage. More occasions for high NATO officials to get together were invented, more frequent desultory discussions were held, but this was not where Nixon's heart was. By 1970, the new President had given a symbolic nod to Europe with a highly publicized journey to the Continent, and had backed up his commitment with strong rhetoric. The United States could no more detach itself from Europe, the President told Congress in his first State of the World Message, than it could from Alaska. Yet competing priorities in Washington and Bonn began straining the alliance more severely than ever.

Nixon and Brandt eyed each other warily from the start. Brandt thought of the Americans, and especially Kissinger, as having "the disdain of the new Roman for Hellenic petty states," while the Americans worried that the new chancellor might be contemplating a Rapallo-like policy. Brandt had already initiated a frosty exchange with Willi Stoph, the chairman of the Council of Ministers of East Germany. That encounter had taken place less than a month before in Erfurt, in East Germany, where Brandt reminded his host that Germany had been united after the revolution of 1848.

Kissinger regarded the prospect of a West German diplomatic offensive toward Eastern Europe as distinctly threatening. The new crowd in Bonn did not resemble the familiar Christian Democratic Union politicians who had flocked to the summer seminars that the Professor had run at Harvard in the nineteen-fifties for the up-and-coming political leaders of Europe, and who so admired Kissinger's prose. The Brandt he met in the nineteen-fifties had seemed obsessed with the threat to Berlin, but the Brandt of the nineteen-seventies talked as if reunification could somehow be achieved through recognizing the division of Germany, and Bahr, his chief adviser, seemed especially interested in opening up Germany's room to maneuver, steering the same dangerous course

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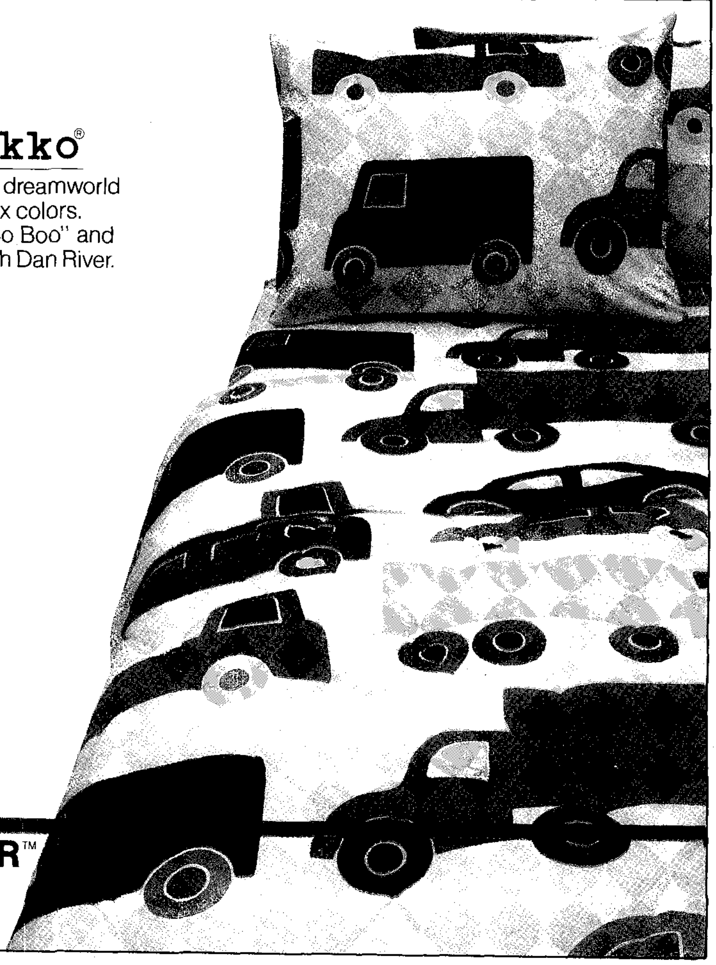

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that had led earlier German leaders to catastrophe. Brandt was a prisoner of his own mission, Kissinger feared, and this fear, widely shared by the allies, became a major topic of conversation when Nixon next met Harold Wilson, the British Prime Minister, and Georges Pompidou, the President of France. Replacing Adenauer's ideological commitment to a capitalist West was a new, vague notion of a European restoration. There would be a coming together of the sundered Continent through a process of slow convergence—more Social Democracy in the West eliciting more freedom in the East. Was this not a revival in a new guise of the Social Democratic ideas of Kurt Schumacher's time—a drift toward neutralism and revived German nationalism?

Even the process of negotiation disturbed Kissinger, because it undermined his control over the global negotiations that he contemplated with the Soviet Union. The aspiring architect of a new world order worried that Brandt was too eager to prove that *Ostpolitik* could work: the Chancellor's very zeal would hand the Russians a diplomatic victory. Kissinger worried that a realistic détente, which he never saw as more than an antagonistic collaboration with the Soviet Union, was too complex a relationship for the public to understand and accept. In his 1957 book "A World Restored," he had written that statesmen "always have a difficult task in legitimizing their programmes domestically," and that "their greatness is usually apparent only in retrospect when their intuition has become experience." Too eager to tear down the barriers of a generation of Cold War, Brandt risked creating a domestic political climate in the West in which a German chancellor could never again "afford the hostility of the Soviet Union." To sacrifice Western interests in Central Europe would obviously undermine the whole bargaining position of the new American Administration. While publicly supporting *Ostpolitik,* Kissinger volunteered "background" comments that reflected the growing apprehension of those who, in Dean Acheson's phrase, had been "present at the creation" of the Western alliance—General Lucius Clay, head of the American Military Government in Germany after the war, John McCloy, and Acheson himself.

Power, as Kissinger understood it, was built on a web of appearances.

Without creating a public persona for himself, he would not have the credibility to take on the formidable antagonists to his subtle new diplomacy. By the time Brandt arrived in Washington, three weeks before the Cambodian "incursion," Kissinger was beginning to be touted as "the Merlin of diplomacy." He used his clandestine peregrinations, with their spectacular dénouements—dramatic scenes of reconciliation with the nation's enemies in Peking and Moscow—to legitimate deception, the critical instrument of his diplomacy.

All through 1970, there was a flurry of activity inside the State Department concerning Berlin as second-level officials hammered out the technical details of an agreement guaranteeing Western access to Berlin. Only at the end of the year, when it had become clear that the Russians were interested in the agreement, did Kissinger mute his off-the-record skepticism and move from monitoring the negotiations to becoming the impresario. Weakening normal diplomatic channels through his consistent resort to so-called back channels, Kissinger was quite prepared to ignore what he calls in his memoirs "the not unreasonable" insistence of Secretary of State William Rogers that the State Department conduct negotiations. Although the basic framework of the negotiations had been worked out with the British, the French, and the Germans, Kissinger's private talks with Soviet Ambassador Anatoly Dobrynin were carried on without the knowledge either of the allies or of Secretary Rogers, and so were secret conversations that Kenneth Rush, Nixon's old law professor, held with Soviet officials in Germany. Besides infuriating the professionals in every foreign office, including the State Department, the secret superpower talks lent credence to a growing suspicion in Europe that a new Yalta was in the making. The national-security adviser positively flaunted his secret diplomacy—as when he arranged to have Egon Bahr leave the White House by the front door, shake his State Department escort, and reënter by the basement entrance to get down to serious business. (State Department officials were, of course, quite aware of the whereabouts of their guest.)

The pace and flurry of German diplomacy began to create pressure in Washington. In December of 1970, Brandt flew to Warsaw, signed a treaty that he had initiated with

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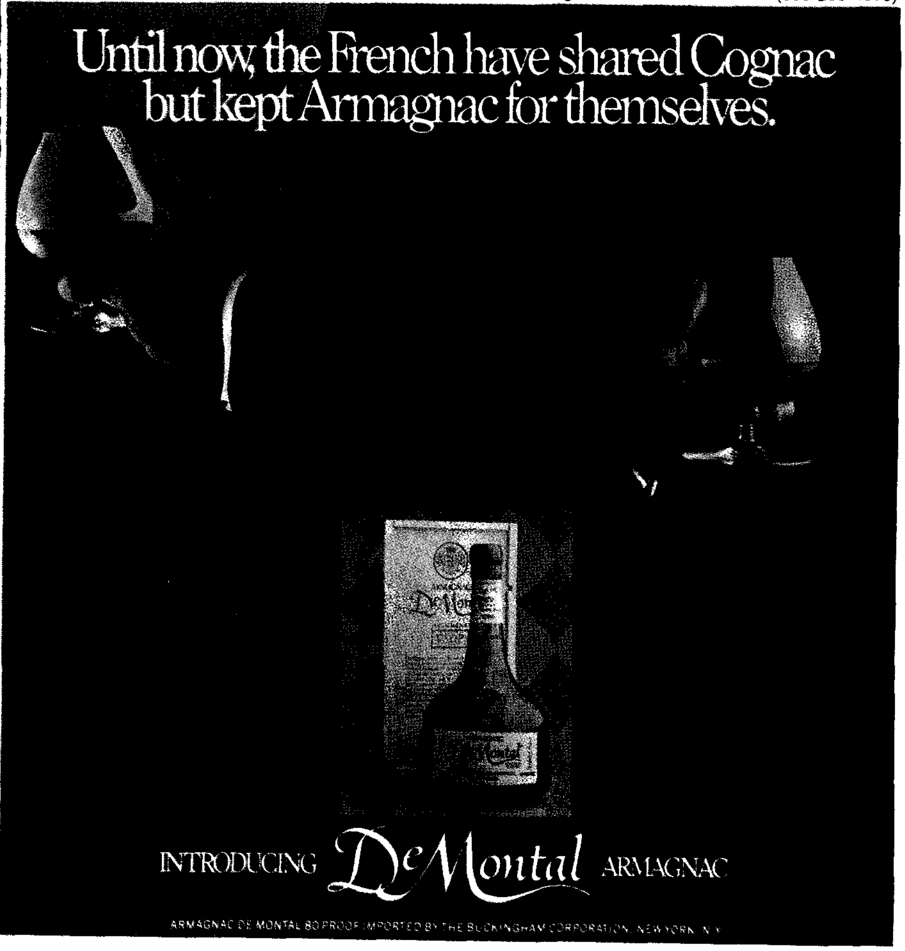

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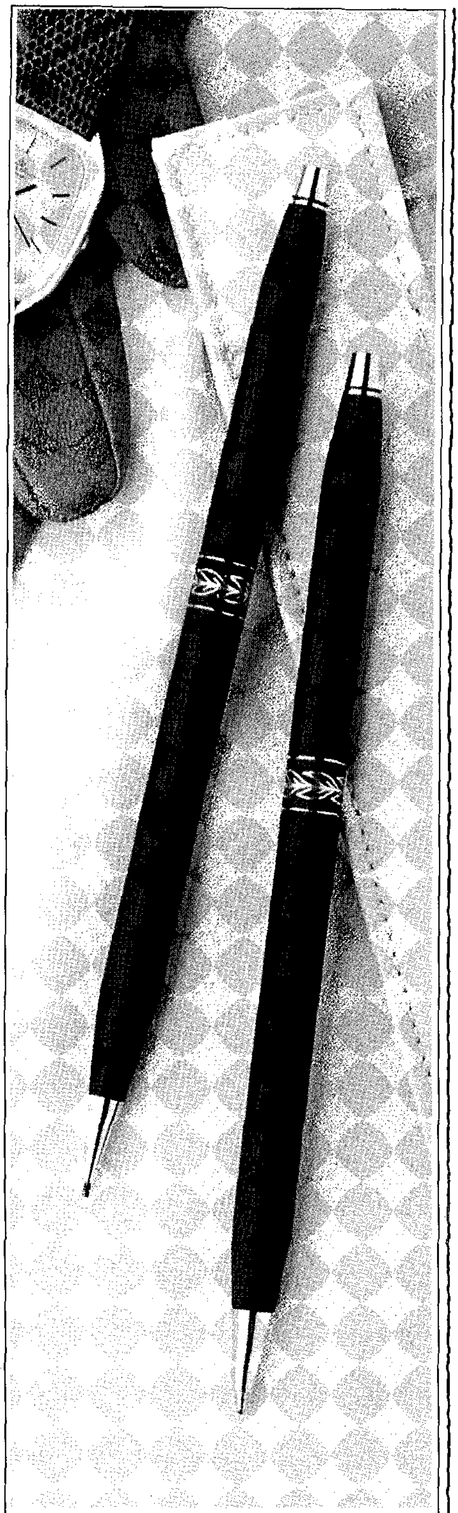

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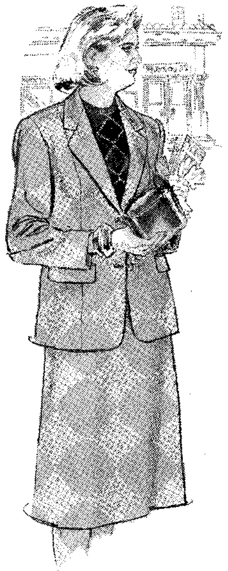
Wladyslaw Gomulka the year before for "full normalization" of relations, and sealed it by suddenly falling to his knees in tears before the memorial to the dead in the Warsaw ghetto. The spontaneous gesture infuriated German nationalists, electrified the Poles, and worried the Americans. Events were moving too fast. This "sentimental" figure—"sentimental" being perhaps the most negative epithet in the Kissinger political vocabulary—was a loose cannon: Brandt might enter into bilateral talks not only with Warsaw but with Moscow. One of Brandt's close advisers, Horst Ehmke, called at the White House to inform the Americans that Brandt now felt free to talk to the East Germans directly about Berlin access in the course of their discussions on normalizing relations. He urged the Americans to step up the pace of their own negotiations with the Soviet Union.

As far as European-American relations were concerned, Brandt wrote in one of the most understated passages in his memoirs, "Nixon did not receive on the same wavelength I was at pains to broadcast on." The suspicion about Bahr and Brandt in the Nixon White House now turned to alarm. The war-horses, as Brandt called them—Acheson, Clay, and McCloy—were summoned to the White House to express their outrage that Willy Brandt was writing the peace treaty "while the Allies are on the sidelines." After leaving the President, they publicly denounced the Chancellor in a press conference and urged him to "cool off" what Acheson called his "mad race to Moscow." Falling back into line, Brandt now accepted the Kissinger concept of linkage. The Bundestag's ratification of the Warsaw Treaty, which was seen in Washington but not in Bonn as a major concession to the East, would be held up until the Russians agreed to a Berlin settlement that the Western allies could accept.

By April of 1971, the miraculous seemed possible: the Russians might actually give up their leverage on Berlin, which, because of the ambiguities of wartime agreements, permitted them to tighten the screws on the United States and the Federal Republic whenever they liked. They even seemed ready to renounce rights they had under the United Nations Charter to "intervene" in the former "enemy state." The highly technical negotiations, held in Bonn, West Berlin, and Washington, bogged down in trade-



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offs of legal nuances as the negotiators danced around the real issues. For the West, these were a guaranty of access and the recognition of a delicate status that preserved the rights of the occupying powers but did not isolate the city from the Federal Republic, to which it was spiritually but not legally connected. For Moscow, the negotiations were part of a larger diplomatic mosaic for legitimating the split of Europe and Soviet hegemony over the Eastern half. Since East Germany was the linchpin of the Eastern bloc, the Russians insisted on transferring the responsibility for access to Berlin to the East Germans; the fiction of German sovereignty could hardly be maintained if East Germany lacked the normal prerogative of a government to control the traffic across its borders. Indeed, this issue had previously sparked two major confrontations with the West.

Old German hands in the State Department, such as Martin Hillenbrand, the Assistant Secretary of State for European Affairs and later the Ambassador to West Germany, deeply resented Kissinger's intrusion into the negotiations. They considered his sudden interest merely a sign that they were on the threshold of success after much hard work and he wished to take the credit. Kissinger, however, saw the State Department as a foil against which to display the speed, brilliance, and wit that were so notably lacking in that labyrinth of paper. Accusing the Foreign Service of both immobility and unseemly haste in making concessions to the Russians, Kissinger lost no opportunity to pronounce the professionals a formidable obstacle to getting anything done. As the negotiations matured, it turned out that the German bureaucracy was also an adversary. Bureaucrats in the Foreign Office, who sympathized with the Christian Democrats and regarded Bahr much as the State Department regarded Kissinger, began leaking cables to Axel Springer's *Quick* and other conservative German publications designed to show that certain proposals Bahr was advancing had originated in Moscow—that indeed he was, as one Bavarian newspaper charged, "selling out Berlin." The negotiations ended with marathon sessions culminating in the signing of the Quadripartite Agreement on September 3, 1971, which established a new status for the former German capital.

Apparently, the Russians, who had become involved in a border war with

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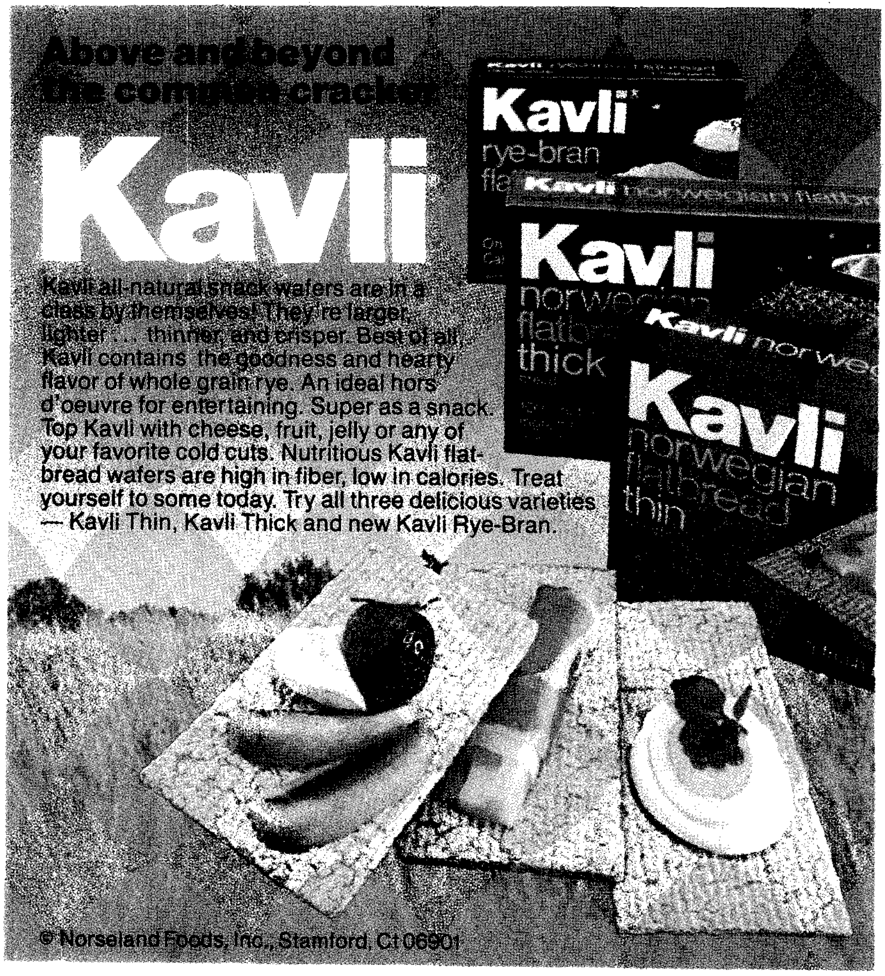
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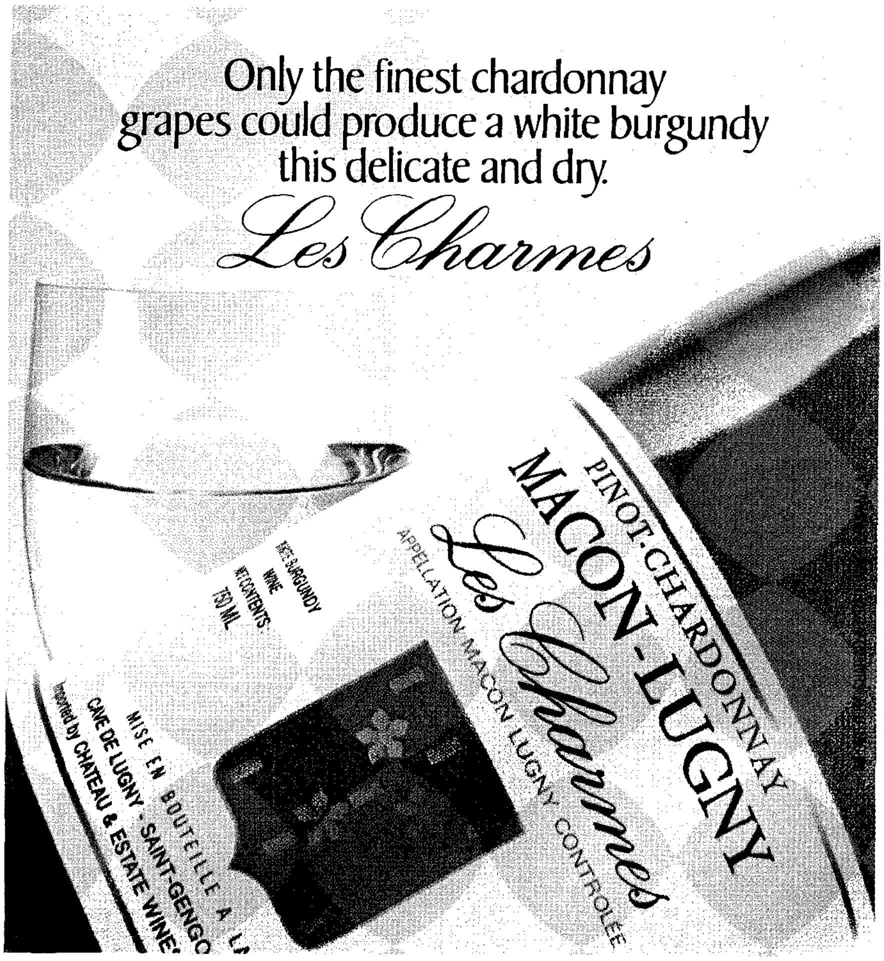
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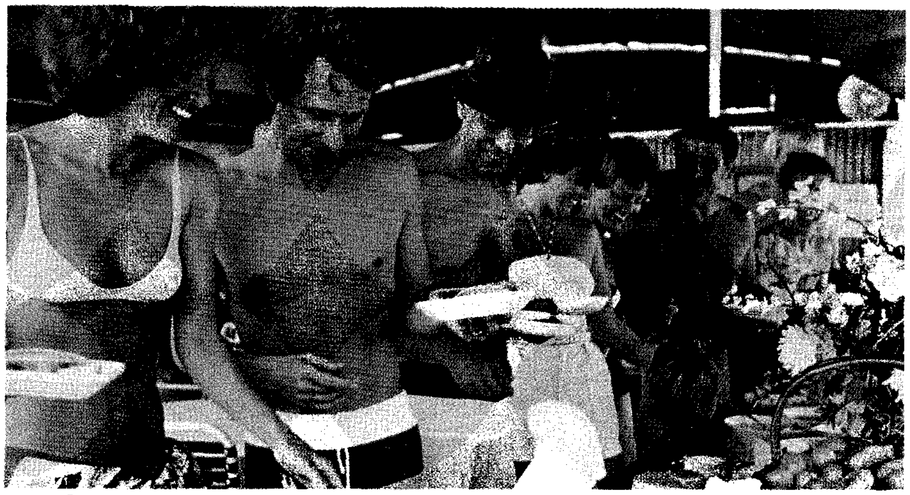

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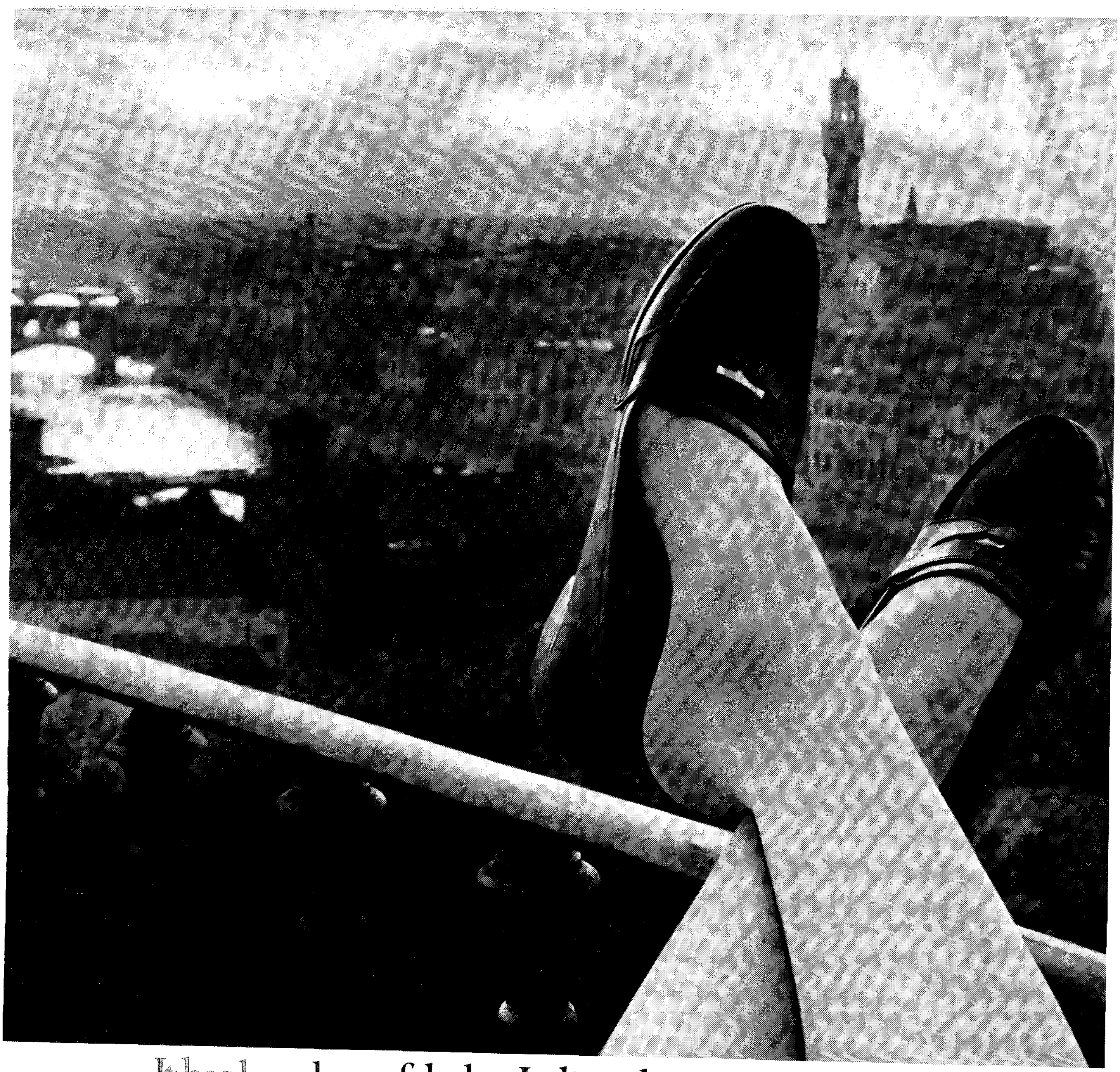
China two years earlier, felt some pressure to move toward détente with the United States after Kissinger's trip to Peking was announced the previous July. For the Kremlin, a German settlement was the culmination of years of diplomatic effort to secure legal recognition by the West of Soviet control of the Eastern half of Europe. Another factor influencing the decision was an American concession. Reversing a long-held position, the United States had agreed in principle to participate in a conference on European security—something that the Russians had been relentlessly pushing for years. Kissinger had insisted on making the convening of the conference conditional upon the conclusion of acceptable agreements on Berlin and Germany. The conference—an essentially empty gesture, in Kissinger's view, once the new status quo in Europe had been underwritten with the agreements on Berlin and Germany—was urged upon Nixon by Brandt as an instrument for developing a new relationship between the United States and Europe, which would be based neither on residual rights of conquest nor on America's role as chief guarantor of the NATO alliance. The Chancellor was worried about what he called "inordinate U.S.-Soviet bilateralism" in the emerging détente. Moreover, the perennial Mansfield Resolution for cutting the American forces in Europe—this time by as much as half—had been defeated in May of 1971, but only after the entire NATO establishment (Acheson, McCloy, and others) had been pressed into service as lobbyists, and the Russians had, much to Kissinger's amazement, suddenly taken the steam out of the campaign for unilateral withdrawal by calling for mutual force reductions. The shifting tides of American politics and the uncertain new relationship evolving between Washington and Moscow made a redefined American-European connection a priority for the Germans. But in American eyes the old relationships were positions of strength based on unique advantages. They would not be changed lightly.

During the three-month negotiation between the two Germanys on visits and access to and communications with the divided city, Brandt was under increasing political pressure at home. The opposition kept repeating the charge that the Social Democrats were selling out, and began demanding a new government. The negotia-



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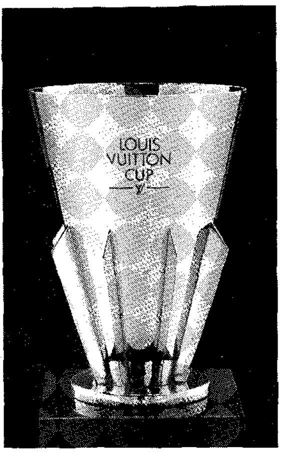
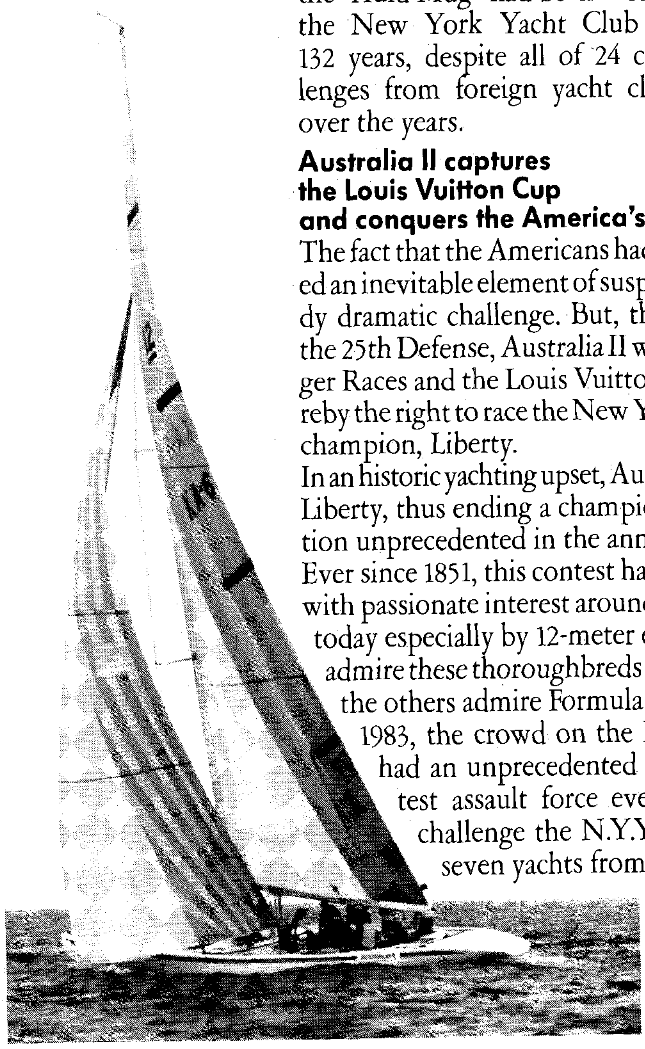
BEFORE CONQUERING AUSTRALIA II FIRST HAD TO C





AUSTRALIA II.

Newport (Rhode Island). The summer here was once more the scene of an unforgettable sporting event: the America's Cup Races. Probably the oldest trophy in the international world of sport, the "Auld Mug" had been held by the New York Yacht Club for 132 years, despite all of 24 challenges from foreign yacht clubs over the years.

Australia II captures the Louis Vuitton Cup and conquers the America's Cup.

The fact that the Americans had never lost added an inevitable element of suspense to an already dramatic challenge. But, this summer, for the 25th Defense, Australia II won the Challenger Races and the Louis Vuitton Cup, and thereby the right to race the New York Yacht Club champion, Liberty.

In an historic yachting upset, Australia II defeated Liberty, thus ending a championship domination unprecedented in the annals of sports.

Ever since 1851, this contest has been followed with passionate interest around the world, and today especially by 12-meter enthusiasts who admire these thoroughbreds of the sea, just as the others admire Formula 1 racing cars. In 1983, the crowd on the Newport docks had an unprecedented show: the greatest assault force ever assembled to challenge the N.Y.Y.C. There were seven yachts from 5 nations: Australia, Britain, Canada, France and Italy. The Challenger Races were to decide which one of the 7 boats would have the honor of racing against the Americans. Louis Vuitton was named the Official Sponsor of these Races, and has contributed to their organisation. The story has it that when Queen Victoria was watching the first Cup Races around the Isle of Wight in 1851, she asked her Signal Master:

- "Who is leading?"
- "The America, Your Majesty"
- "Ah!... and who is second?"
- "... There is no second, Your Majesty".

This story illustrates the peculiar feature of this race: it's a duel, with one winner and one loser, a battle between challenger and defender. Louis Vuitton was the Official Sponsor. It was the preliminary races to select this challenger that Louis Vuitton helped to organize this summer in Newport.

WHY DID LOUIS VUITTON SPONSOR THE AMERICA'S CUP CHALLENGE?

132 years of parallel history.

When the schooner America won the Cup in 1851, the young Louis Vuitton was preparing the opening of his first luggage store in Paris in 1854. Louis Vuitton and the America's Cup are contemporaries, and their histories have run parallel.

A common respect for tradition.

Today's impressive 12-meter boats still race

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THE AMERICA'S CUP,
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according to rules laid down in the 19th century. Louis Vuitton's traditions of luggage craftsmanship also date from the same period. The work is still done by hand, as it was a century ago. And the result is as successful as it always was. What keeps Louis Vuitton so young? Perhaps it is the pursuit of challenge, which is another point in common with the America's Cup.

The pursuit of challenge.

When Louis Vuitton invented the flat trunk, or when he was the first one, in 1896, to think of printing his initials on his products, he threw down a challenge... and he won. When new technology makes it possible to improve quality even more, Louis Vuitton is always ready to adopt it. Remember that extraordinary "soft" fabric in the 60s? It made a whole new generation of luggage and bags possible.

Striving for innovation.

The advanced materials tested this summer in Newport – in sails, hulls and rigging – could well provide creative inspiration to an entirely new line of innovative luggage.

LOUIS VUITTON IN NEWPORT

For the first time of his history, Louis Vuitton has thus contributed to an important sporting event: the "Challenger Races", the eliminatory trials between the seven Yacht Clubs.

At sea.

It took three months of continuous, hard and dedicated racing, between June and September, to decide which was the best... In the finals, Victory 83 won the first race, but on September 5, it was the brilliant and innovative Australia II that clinched the series with four victories over the British of Peter de Savary, who were keen, courageous and skillful to the last. Australia II of the Royal Perth Yacht Club, won the Louis Vuitton Cup, the trophy awarded to the boat that would have the honor of challenging alone the superb American defender, Liberty and its famous skipper, Dennis Cooner.

On land.

In Newport, the "Louis Vuitton Information center", on Thames Street, close to the dock where the 12-meters are berthed, was a rendezvous throughout the summer for both journalists and the great many sailing enthusiasts who followed the races without ever seeing them, because they took place 10 miles offshore. The results and the times at the buoys were posted there. And it was there that the decisions on the unavoidable race protests were rendered.

It was also there, against the background of an exhibition that illustrated the great moments of the history of Louis Vuitton and of the America's Cup, that John Bertrand, skipper of Australia II with Alan Bond, leader of the Royal Perth syndicate beside him, received the Louis Vuitton Cup, that was thus awarded for the first time. It is the wish of Louis Vuitton that this sterling silver cup, the work of the famous silversmith Jean Puiforcat, reward the winner of the next challenge in 1987.

Presentation of the Louis Vuitton Cup aboard Australia II to Alan Bond, John Bertrand and Warren Jones by Henry Racamier of Louis Vuitton.

LOUIS VUITTON
MALLETIER A PARIS
MAISON FONDEE EN 1854

In Paris and the major cities of the world.

tions on a Basic Treaty between the Germanys drew even more fire. The treaty called for a renunciation of force, a recognition of the sovereignty of the two states, an exchange of diplomatic missions, and the membership of both states in the United Nations. It was the final recognition that the myth of reunification was dead—that Germany, as Brandt wrote, could never again be a nineteenth-century state. Its hope was "cultural nationhood"—an idea that *Realpolitik* advocates in Washington and Paris viewed with suspicion but a large majority of the German people instinctively understood and supported. After a wrenching debate on ratification in both houses of parliament, Brandt called an election in November of 1972, and in it the Social Democrats gained significantly. As a result of strong popular support for *Ostpolitik*, the Party emerged for the first time as the strongest in Germany.

Also by the end of 1972, a fragile American-Soviet détente was in place. In a diplomatic spectacular unequalled since the end of the war—a product of three sleepness nights of continuous negotiations—Nixon and Communist Party Chairman Leonid Brezhnev, in the very midst of fighting a "proxy war" with each other in Indo-China, signed a battery of agreements: cultural exchanges, scientific coöperation, principles of coexistence, and, most significant, the SALT I arms-limitation accord. Thus, Kissinger caught up with Brandt. But from the start the German détente and the American détente rested on completely different principles, priorities, and assumptions, and, for that reason, a decade later the experience with détente was evaluated differently in Bonn and Washington.

For Kissinger, détente was an essential instrument for achieving his overriding goals—world stability and order. Since he was too astute to believe that political change could ever be frozen, his idea of a stable order was one in which the process of change was subjected to effective governance. As a naturalized American geopolitician, he found the proposition that the United States should be the gyroscope, if not the engine, of world politics to be self-evident. Moreover, while the Americans might be neither more moral nor less naïve than the Europeans, it was the Germans, the French, the British, and the Russians—especially the Germans—who had allowed the world order to collapse in two world wars. Europe had not had a legitimate government since 1914, Kissinger once told a group of State Department wives. Europe's misuse of power was the foundation of the American responsibility to keep the peace. Yet Kissinger understood that "the American Century," as articulated in the Truman Doctrine and in Lyndon Johnson's grandiloquence, was over. The critical factor in America's decline, as Kissinger saw it, was not so much the changed economic relations between Europe, Japan, and America, or even the shifts in the balance of military power, as their consequence: the domestic consensus that previously supported American foreign policy had broken down. The tides of history had inevitably shifted against the United States. It was no longer the holder of that monopoly of world military and economic power which had been a unique American asset in the aftermath of victory. Détente could serve not only as a domestic slogan to recreate a consensus but also as bait for the Russians to get them into the new relationship—as an instrument for controlling Soviet behavior at a time when the United States was severely wounded by a war it could not win and dared not lose. Nixon and Brezhnev, as Kissinger later wrote, were both "betting on the future."

The moment that détente with the Soviet Union became the most publicized and energetically pursued American policy, the American partnership with Europe underwent a fundamental change. Never would the nations of Atlantica regard one another in the same way again. A European sense of identity was in the making—a defensive alliance of the nation-states of Western Europe against what Michel Jobert, the French Foreign Minister, later called the "condominium" of the superpowers. The acrimony of the nineteen-eighties had its roots in the confusions of the nineteen-seventies: the American inability to accept a diminished notion of what it meant to be No. 1 in a post-imperial world, and a European failure to muster the energy and imagination to create a common vision capable of replacing the ones that had developed in the Cold War. If the United States was immobilized by its brief Pax Americana, which it seemed unable to transcend, Europe

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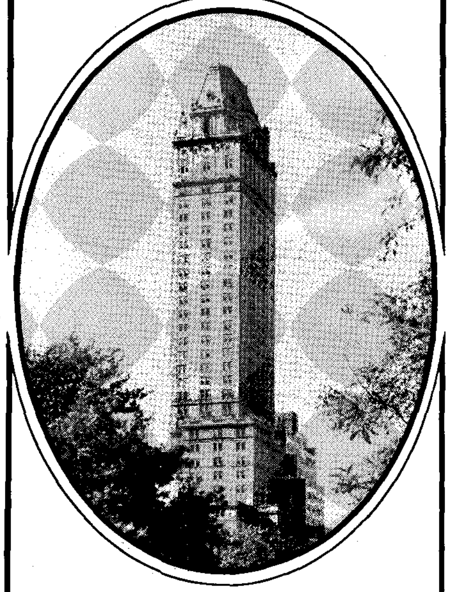

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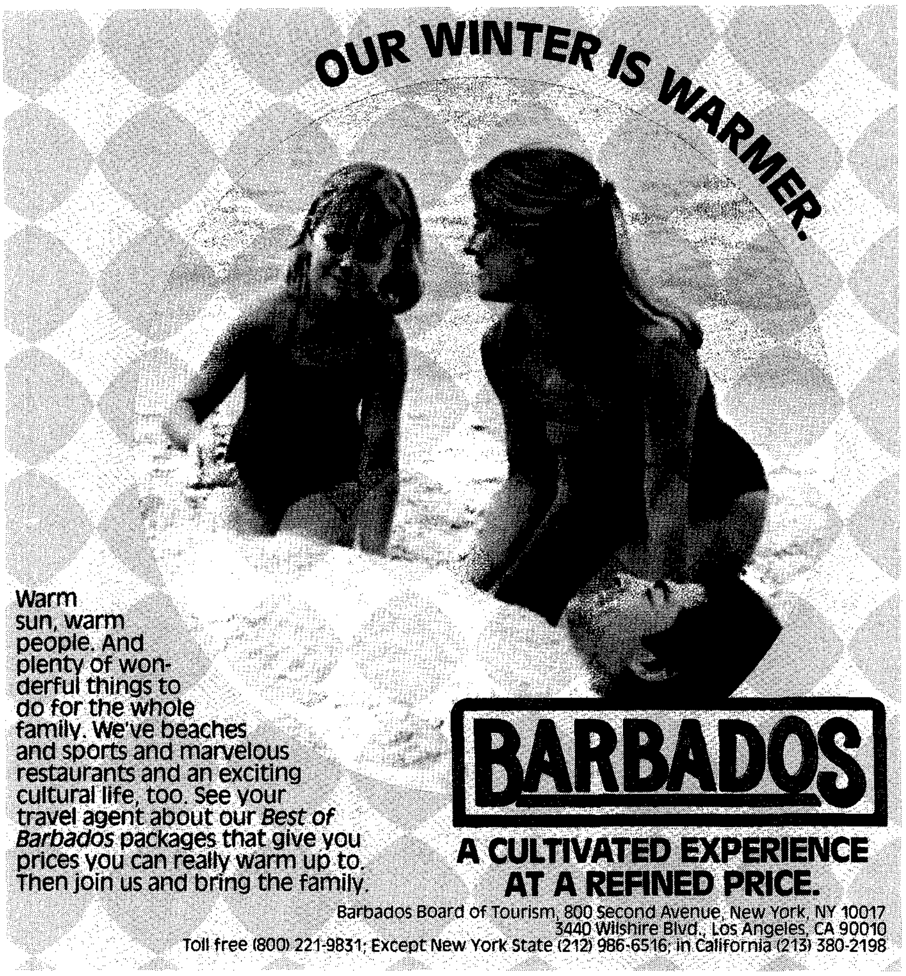
was still, politically speaking, a victim of the Second World War. As much as the new generation of European leaders longed to be independent of the United States, they did not dare to act together on this shared desire, because they had too little control over their own societies and too little trust in one another. Thus, while it was comforting to note that the alliance had always been in disarray, and that the tempers of the partners had actually improved since the Suez crisis of 1956, this view of American-European relations overlooked the essential difference between the fifties and the seventies. The conflicts in Dulles's time were over the vestiges of the past—the last act of a drama already written. The conflicts that first became visible in Kissinger's time concerned the future—the establishment of new, uncertain roles for great nations with proud but traumatic histories.

At the heart of every alliance is the fear of betrayal—the fear that one member or another will make a secret accommodation with the adversary. By the early nineteen-seventies, this classic concern had begun to surface in transatlantic discourse. The stated justification for the huge American nuclear arsenal was to deter an attack on Europe no less than on the United States. The conventional armies on which the bulk of the American military budget was expended were for the defense of Europe, which continued to be regarded by military planners as America's forward defense, as it had been ever since the First World War. But the SALT I discussions with the Russians on limiting long-range nuclear missiles were negotiations on a matter touching European security in which Europeans did not participate: the first such negotiations of the postwar period. The more Nixon and Brezhnev toasted peace in private, the more expendable it seemed that Europe had become.

Strategic thinkers in the United States and Europe came up with the idea of "decoupling." Now that the Soviet Union had achieved "parity" with the United States, which meant that each side could destroy the other, the American guaranty to risk Detroit and San Francisco for Munich and Paris was no longer credible; indeed, the promise to destroy Moscow if the Russians menaced Western Europe had brought reassurance to the allies in the nineteen-fifties and early sixties only because the Americans remained relatively safe, thanks to the small size



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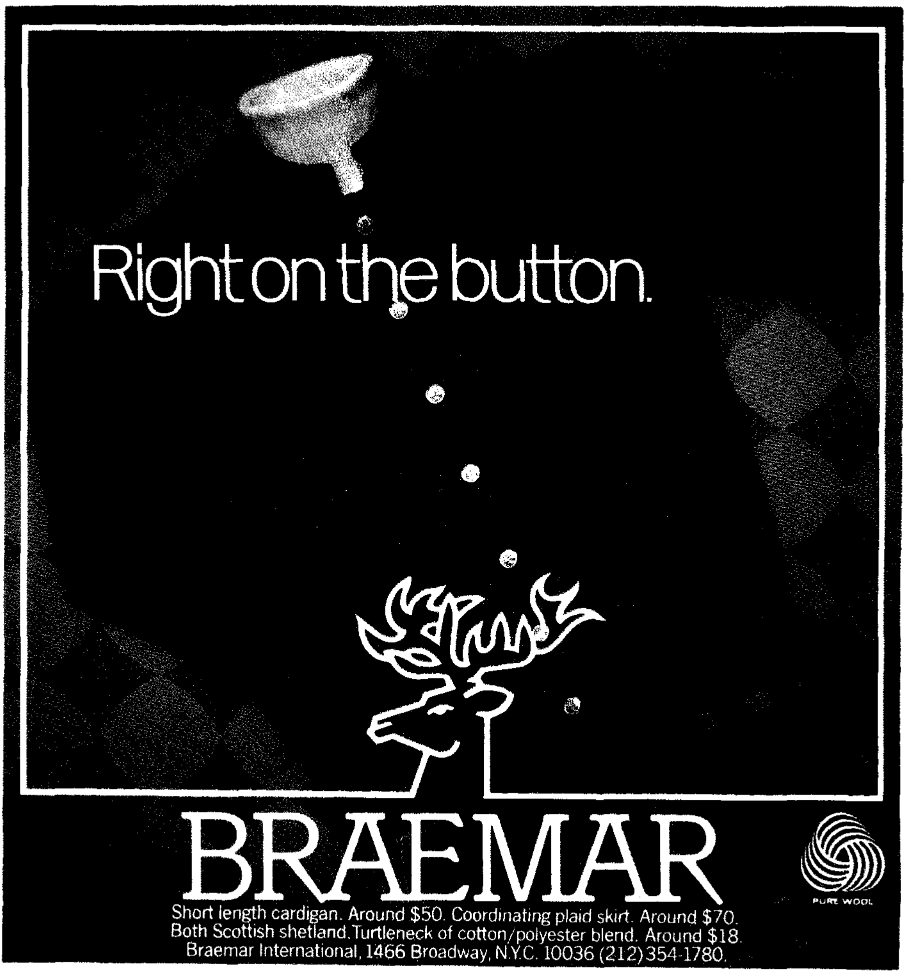

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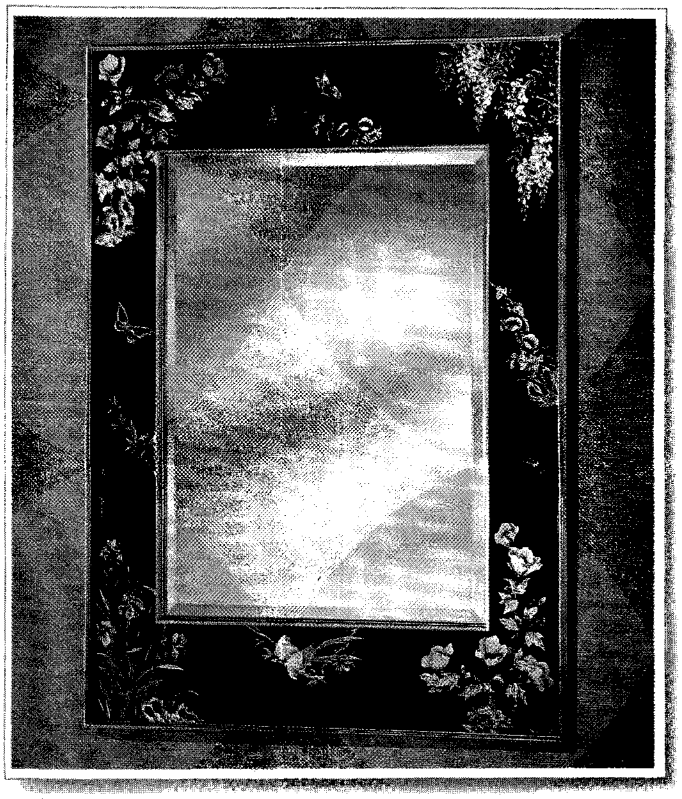

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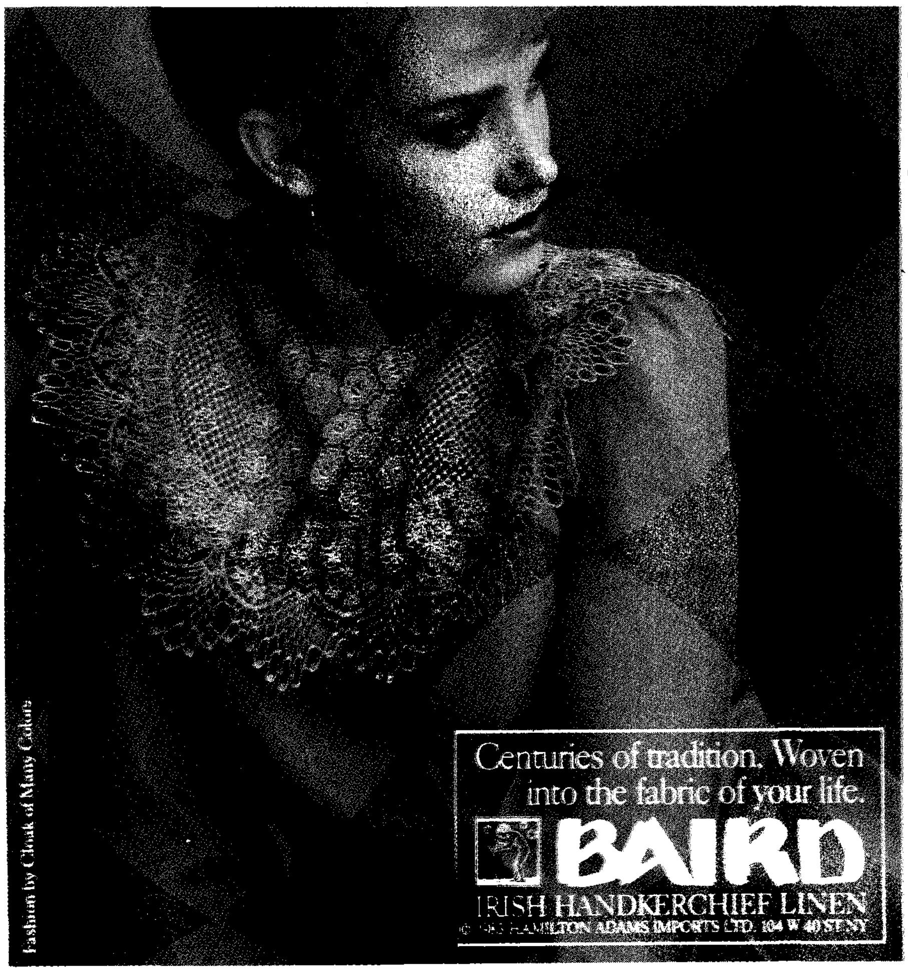

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and technological backwardness of the Soviet nuclear arsenal. Now two successive American Administrations—Johnson's and Nixon's—had signalled in not so subtle ways an intention to disengage from the defense of Europe. The United States had unilaterally pulled thousands of troops out of Europe and sent them to fight a war that most Europeans opposed. The increasingly strident nationalist rhetoric from Washington, particularly Secretary of the Treasury John Connally's pronouncements on economics, dispelled whatever was left of the magnificent myth on which the NATO alliance was founded—that, spiritually speaking, all the territory it embraced was equally precious: Bavarian villages and Sun Belt cities, Edinburgh, Dallas, Florence, Mainz, Tallahassee, Lille, Cleveland. The mirror image of the European fear of "decoupling"—the abandonment of Europe by an America no longer able to defend it or especially interested in doing so—was the American fear of "Finlandization." In the face of the two contradictory developments of the new decade—a lowering of tensions, and the emergence of the Soviet Union as an equally formidable nuclear power—the nations of Europe could be expected to make their accommodation with Moscow. From the early nineteen-seventies on, under four different Administrations, American policy toward Europe—and especially Germany—was preoccupied with preserving the traditional Atlantic connection in the face of mounting evidence that the illusions that gave the alliance its original vitality no longer compelled belief.

IN the early-morning hours of October 25, 1973, almost exactly four months after the signing of the Agreement on the Prevention of Nuclear War—the new Yalta, Jobert had called it—Henry Kissinger ordered a worldwide alert of American nuclear forces to keep the Russians out of the Middle East. The event that had triggered the strong American reaction was the receipt of a letter from Chairman Leonid Brezhnev. A war in the Middle East that had started with Egypt and Syria's attack on Israel on Yom Kippur, nineteen days earlier, was now in a critical phase. In his letter, Brezhnev proposed to Nixon that Soviet and American military contingents be dispatched to the Middle East to impose a superpower peace. "I will say it straight, that if you find

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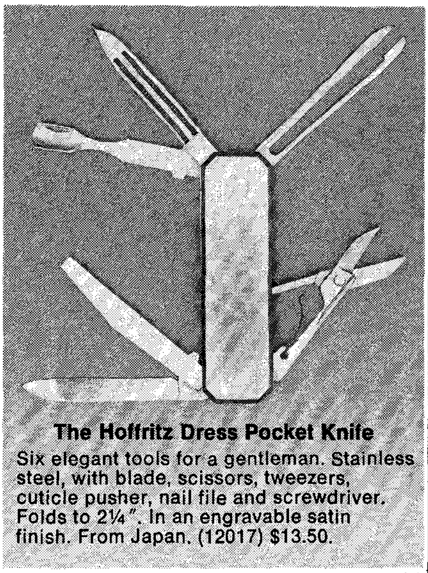
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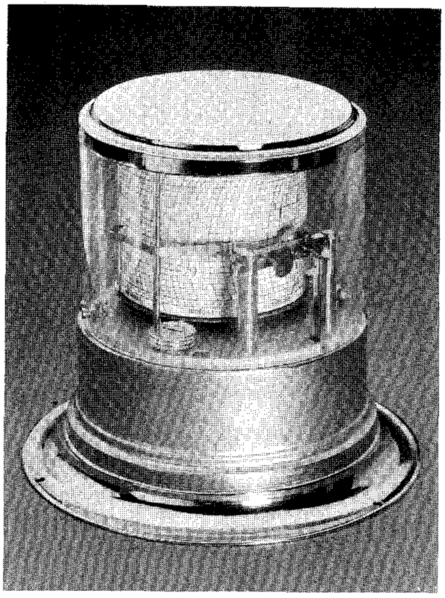
it impossible to act jointly with us in this matter, we should be faced with the necessity urgently to consider the question of taking appropriate steps unilaterally," Brezhnev declared. That was the sentence, read against a background of sketchy intelligence reports of Soviet military preparations, that prompted Kissinger to make a dramatic show of nuclear might.

The crisis subsided later that day: the Russians made it clear that they had no intention of going into the Middle East alone with their military forces. But the political fallout was considerable. It did not take an especially malicious mind to conclude that the confrontation had been staged by the Administration to divert attention from the gathering cries for the President's impeachment. Four days before, Nixon had fired Archibald Cox, the respected Harvard Law School professor he had appointed to investigate the Watergate scandal, and had at a single stroke created the very political coalition that would destroy him. "They are doing it because of their desire to kill the President. And they may succeed. I may physically die," Nixon cried out to Kissinger a few hours before the alert was ordered, and Kissinger recorded in his "Years of Upheaval" that the President was "as agitated and emotional as I had ever heard him."

For Prime Minister Edward Heath, Chancellor Willy Brandt, and President Georges Pompidou, the projection of Nixon's torment into a Middle East war spelled enormous trouble. While the gossip of Watergate provided entertainment for newspaper readers and the television audience, the constitutional crisis in the United States was a black comedy of a dangerous sort. Too worldly wise to permit themselves the luxury of moral outrage over the famous "third-rate burglary," the wiretaps, and the coverup, much less the gutter language immortalized on the White House tapes, the statesmen of Europe worried that the United States was now rudderless. "After so many months of Watergate," the English historian J. H. Plumb wrote in the New York *Times*, "the credibility of the Administration is at total risk." The alert of the nuclear forces, he suggested, belonged to the venerable tradition of absolutist monarchs who used foreign affairs to distract attention from domestic problems, but now, unfortunately, the rest of the world shared the risk. "What is wrecking America's image," Plumb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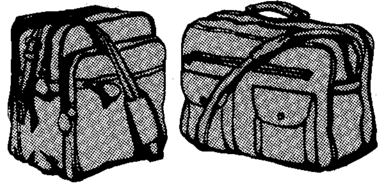
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noted, "is not whether the President has technically broken or not broken the law but that a man so self-confessed in misjudgment of other men and their actions should still be in control of the world's most powerful nation."

Watergate called into question two of the unstated premises of American leadership. Writhing in a constitutional crisis that they seemed unable to terminate, the managers of the American political system could no longer be counted on as the rock of the alliance. Nor, with the relentless exposure of their own political underbelly, were the Americans any longer especially credible spokesmen for the "common values" inevitably celebrated in toasts, communiqués, and solemn speeches at NATO get-togethers. Of Nixon's "enemies list," the conservative British commentator Peregrine Worsthorne wrote, "This is not the language of civilization. It is the language of barbarism." Beyond a certain aesthetic revulsion, European politicians had more practical concerns. The Presidency and the NATO bureaucracy that served it were the only points in the American system with an abiding sympathy for the European connection; now Nixon seemed to be destroying the Presidency, and the free-trader in the White House was losing control of the government to a Congress eager to show its power by curtailing the Chief Executive's ability to act abroad.

The October war had posed a dramatic test for the NATO partners, who were already somewhat testy toward Washington even before the alert. "The alliance is not just an instrument of American foreign policy," a German spokesman burst out. German officials who could observe American troops on their soil moving to alert status had been accorded "no prior consultation," as Kissinger admitted. Yet that unilateral American decision raised the risk of war, and since American forces in Europe were used to convey the nuclear threat to the Russians, the confrontation risked a Soviet attack on Europe. Kissinger's strategy for maintaining the balance of power in the Middle East depended critically upon a huge airlift of supplies to the Israeli forces, which had suffered heavy losses in absorbing the original surprise attack from Egypt and Syria. With the exception of the Netherlands and Portugal, one ally after another refused to allow its territory to be used as a loading depot for

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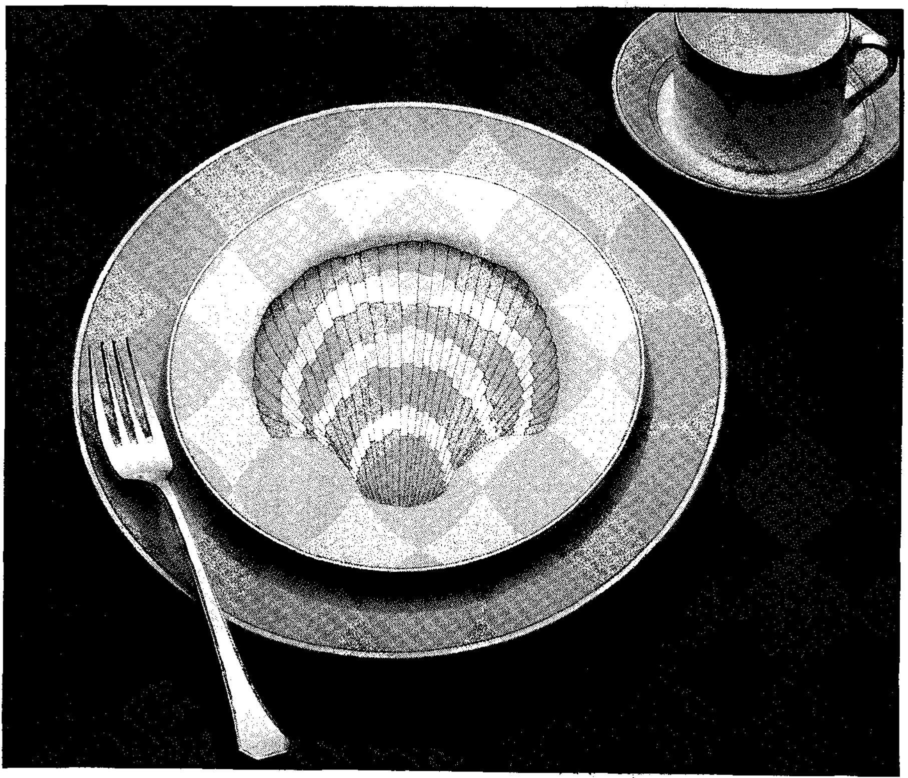

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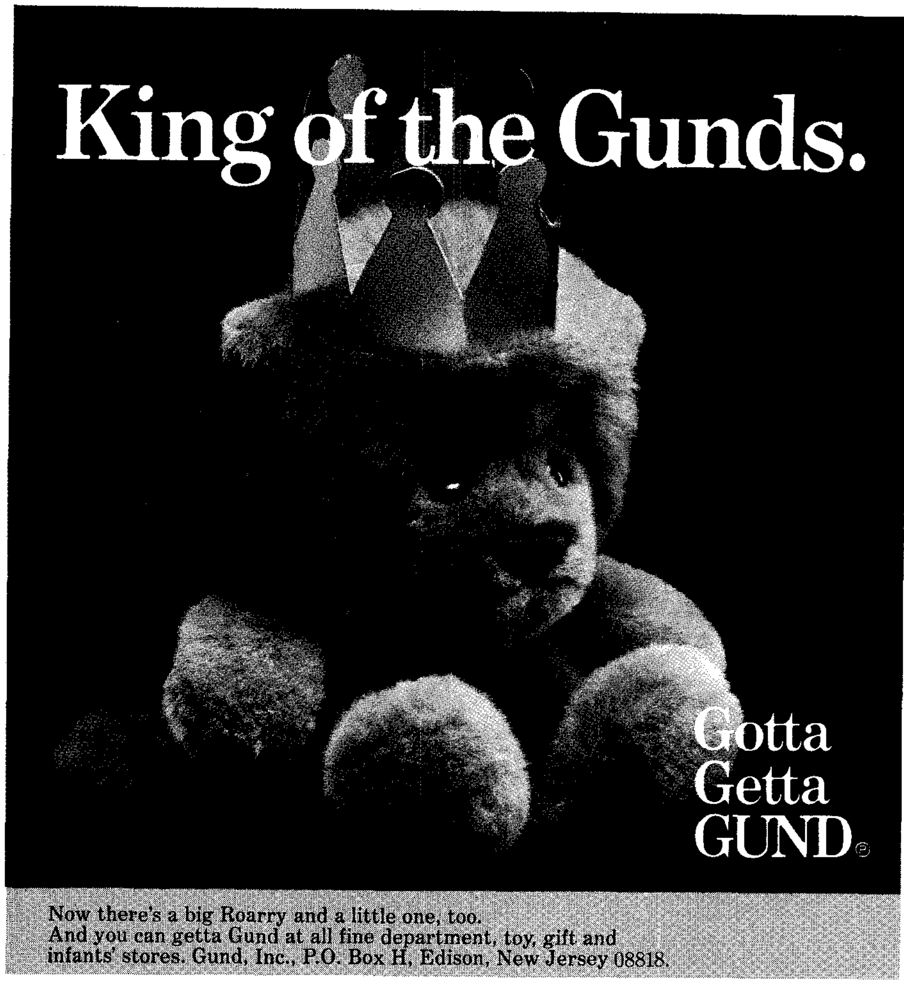

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the American airlift. In Washington, great bitterness was felt over Brandt's refusal to let Israeli freighters pick up American arms at Bremerhaven (that would have been a clear violation of German neutrality) or to permit American planes to fly over German territory on the way to the Middle East (this refusal required American pilots to fly a detour of nearly two thousand miles). Kissinger, according to one congressman present, completed his testimony before the House Foreign Affairs Committee with an unofficial aside: "I don't care what happens to NATO, I'm so disgusted."

ON May 6, 1974, Willy Brandt announced his resignation as Bundeskanzler, about two weeks after learning that Günter Guillaume, a trusted subordinate with access to secret documents, was an East German spy. Helmut Schmidt, the man who became chancellor, was acutely aware that with the prospect of diminishing natural resources, dramatized by the sudden energy crisis that began in late 1973; slackening economic growth; and escalating popular demands the times called for political magic. Already celebrated for intimidating displays of self-confidence, Schmidt now seemed to relish the chance to be a world leader. Sensitive to the perils of the new age, he delighted in Germany's comparative strength. It was time, he felt, to use the country's economic power to obtain a stronger political role. When Harold Wilson, reinstalled as England's Prime Minister, joked at a European Economic Community summit meeting in December of 1975 that Britain would soon have so much oil from the North Sea that it could join OPEC, Schmidt reminded him that he was utterly dependent on German loans: "Dear Harold, you still have two or three difficult years ahead of you. . . . Germany could survive without the community, but I am not sure any other country here could." A few months earlier, Schmidt had told President Gerald Ford that he had better not let New York City default on its notes: it was an international financial center, and the "domino effect" would threaten other centers, like Frankfurt and Zurich. And Schmidt lectured François Mitterrand, the French Socialist leader, on the dangers of making political coalitions with the Communists.

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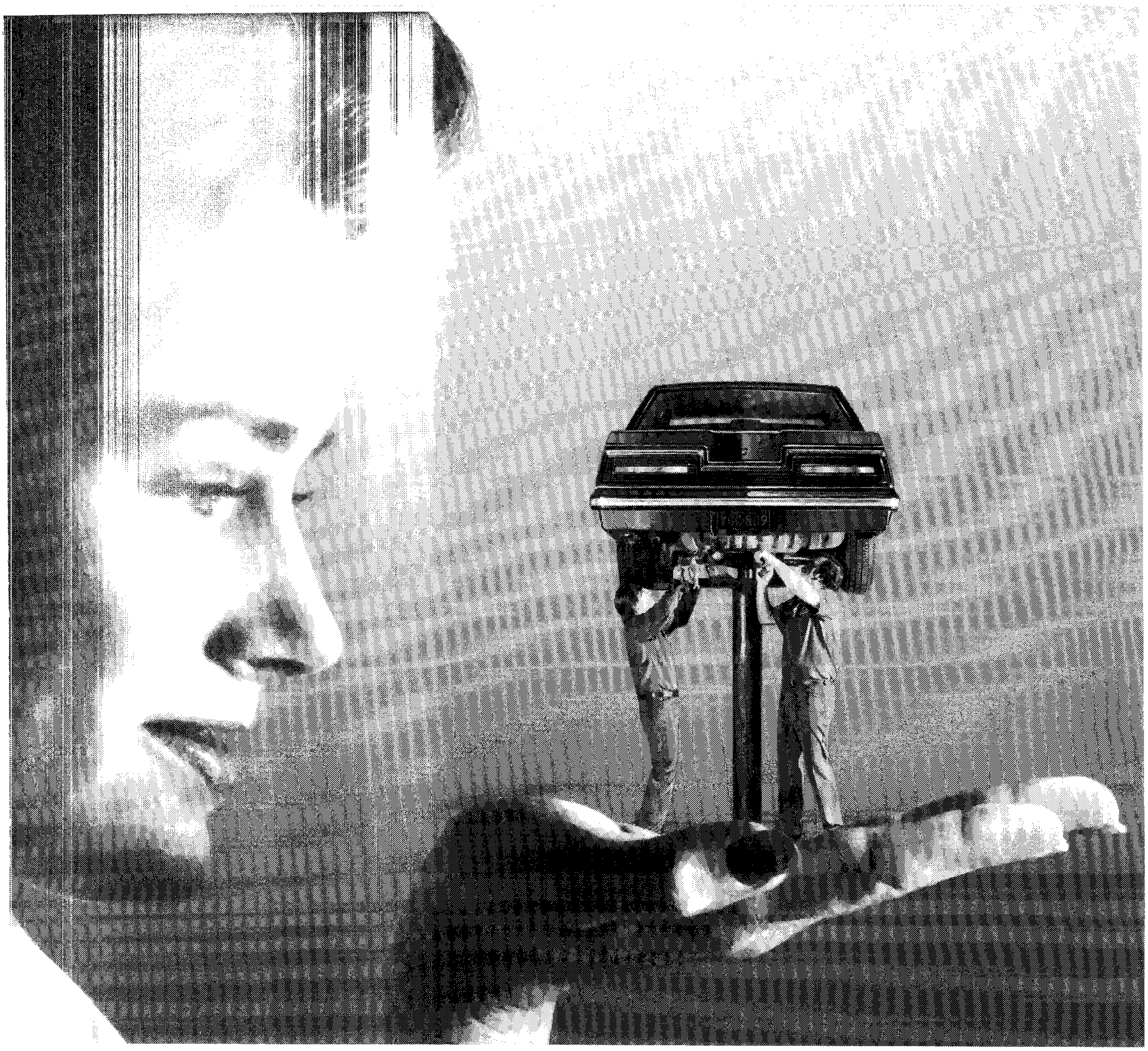

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thousands of homes, and Schmidt, then a young right-wing Social Democratic senator, aggressively took charge of the rescue operation, elbowing the ineffectual mayor out of the way, he had been a well-known public figure. Because of his confrontational style, the press gave him the tag of Schmidt-Schnauze (Schmidt the Bigmouth). Cooler and more disciplined than Brandt, more accomplished at striking a pose, he struggled no less with the anger and despair that welled up within him. His socialism, the Social Democrats' Party Whip Herbert Wehner once quipped, was learned at the officers' club. Though Schmidt could claim a grandfather who had worked the Hamburg docks, and as chancellor appeared in the press in an Elbe bargeman's cap, he came from a solid middle-class suburb. He once casually revealed in an interview that his father, a schoolteacher in the Prussian mold, did not tolerate talking back or crying or any show of feelings. Kissinger's judgment was that Schmidt's "somewhat overbearing manner was the defense mechanism of a gentle, even sentimental, man who had to stress his intellect and analytical power lest his emotions run away with him."

The new chancellor shared neither the early radicalism of his predecessor nor his anti-Nazi credentials. Schmidt had joined the Hitler Youth, and even become a pack leader, but had been suspended, he explained, for being a complainer. An anti-aircraft lieutenant in the war, he served on the Russian front and in the Battle of the Bulge. In 1944, he attended the show trial following the plot to assassinate Hitler—against his will, he assured his British captors at the end of the war, and they believed him. He emerged from a British prisoner-of-war camp with an excellent working knowledge of English and a clean record from the de-Nazification authorities. His first love before the war had been drawing, and he had wanted to be an architect or a city planner, but now there was a whole society to redesign. He decided to study economics in Hamburg. At the university, he became a Social Democratic student leader, his socialism cool, theoretical, and moderate. Hamburg was the traditional center of Social Democratic politics, and the Party was the most promising vehicle for a political career in the city he loved. By the age of thirty-three, he was in the Bundestag, and by the mid-nineteen-sixties he was

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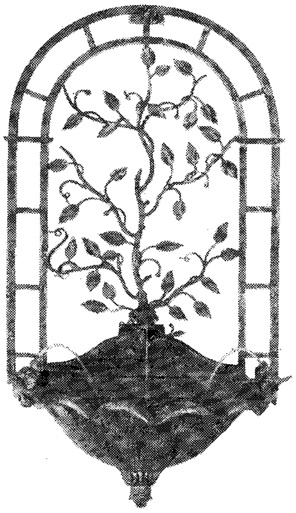

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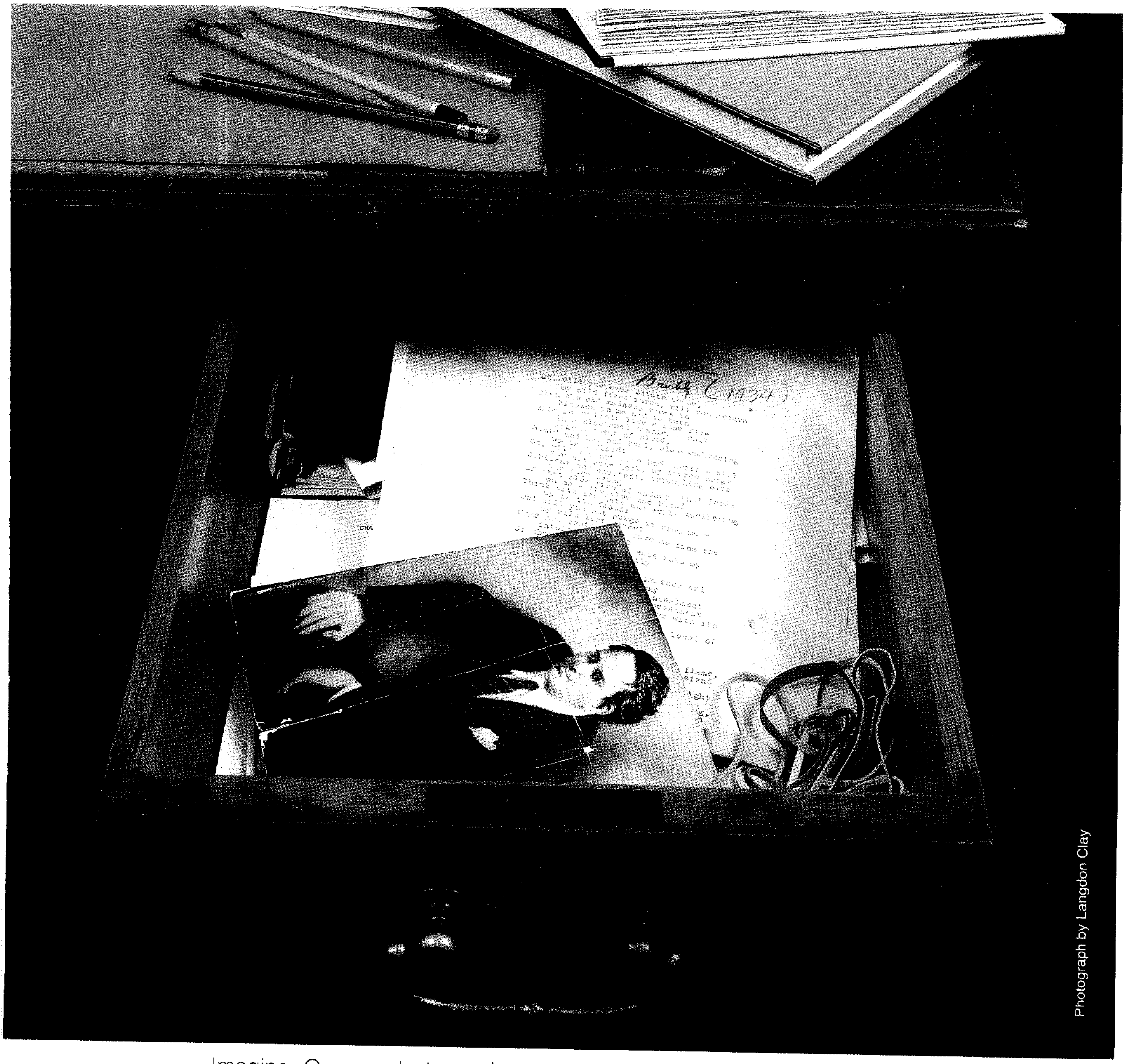

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Imagine. Open a dusty, ancient desk and unearth a lost poem by Thomas Wolfe. In fact, Wolfe's last poem. The poem and Charles Scribner's account of its discovery are revealed in the October issue.

VANITY FAIR

OCTOBER 1983

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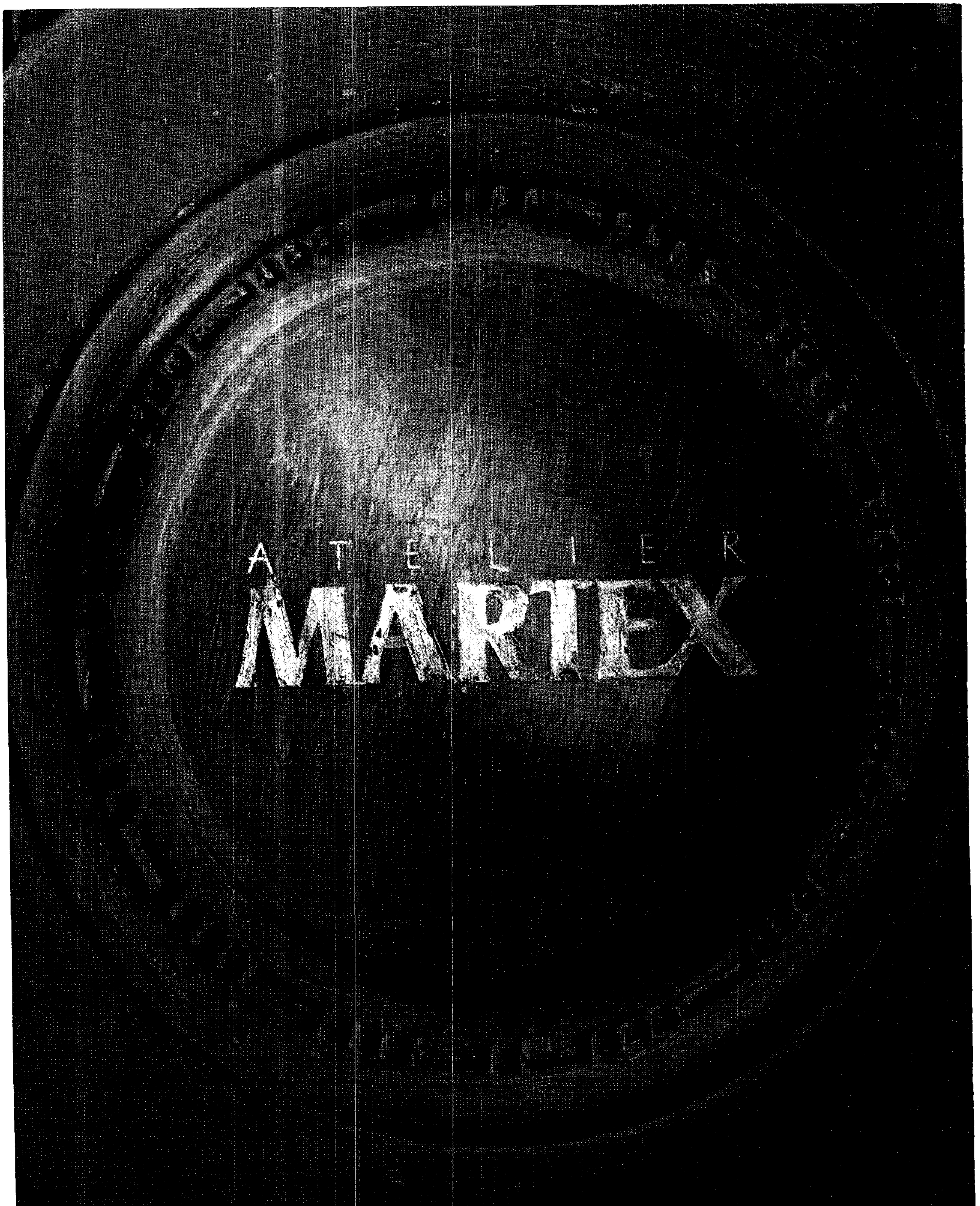

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known in the international NATO establishment as Germany's leading "defense intellectual," for he had written two well-received works on military matters. Like Kissinger, he knew how to challenge the prevailing orthodoxy on the margins in such a way as to reinforce the impression of being completely reliable. Impatient with Brandt's dreamy idealism, positively repelled by the young leftists of the Party who called for nationalization ("Your preaching is emptying the church," he taunted), Schmidt cultivated the image of a pragmatic miracle worker. "I'm not a visionary, and I'm skeptical of all the visionaries," he once said. "Germans have an enormous capacity for idealism and the perversion of it." This was a view that had long been held in Paris and Washington, and it was reassuring to hear a German chancellor express it.

Schmidt saw the logic of *Ostpolitik* and strongly supported it, but his real interest was *Westpolitik*. The challenge was to build a new relationship between Western Europe and the United States—one that would allow Europe to play a more active role in world affairs yet avoid a paralyzing conflict with the United States. He based his claim to be the leader of the new Europe on Germany's relative economic strength. While he shared none of the mystical notions of the German Gaullists about a common destiny of France and Germany, much less Adenauer's fleeting enthusiasm for merging the two nations, he held the view that the policies of the two economic giants of Europe needed to be harmonized before either could play the international role to which its industry and culture entitled it.

In the early nineteen-seventies, Nixon and Brandt, each for his own reason, played down the "Soviet threat," and they did so at the very moment when Soviet military power became exceedingly formidable. At the same time, the American military shield was looking less impressive. "The Seventh Army here in Europe is still suffering today as a result of Vietnam," General Michael S. Davison, Commander-in-Chief of United States Army forces in Europe, had told the Washington *Post* in September of 1971, "because we had to wreck the Seventh Army in order to keep Vietnam going." Long before the final collapse, in 1975, of the protracted American effort in Indo-China, many Europeans saw it as a historic betrayal. While Brandt and Schmidt resented

"It's nice to have you back again!"

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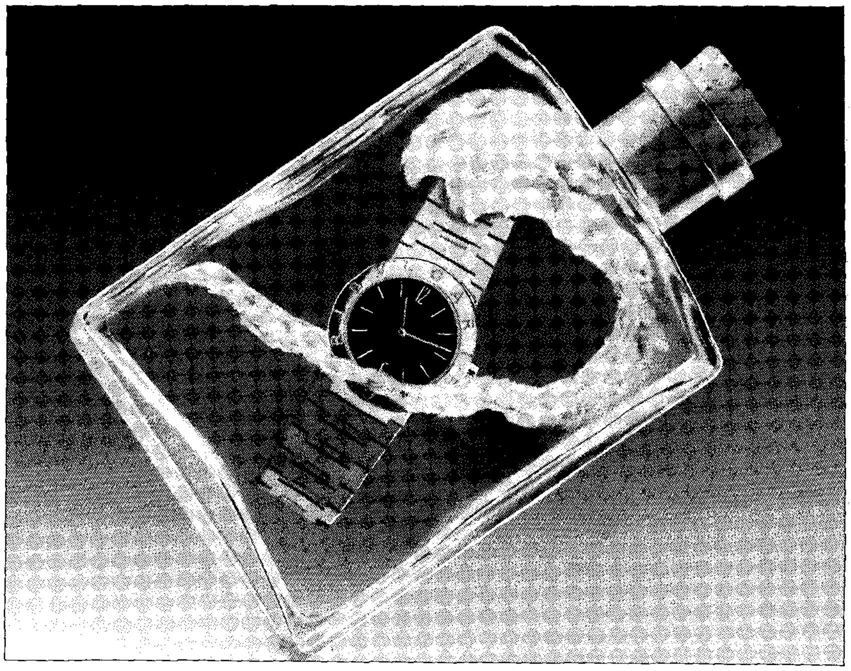

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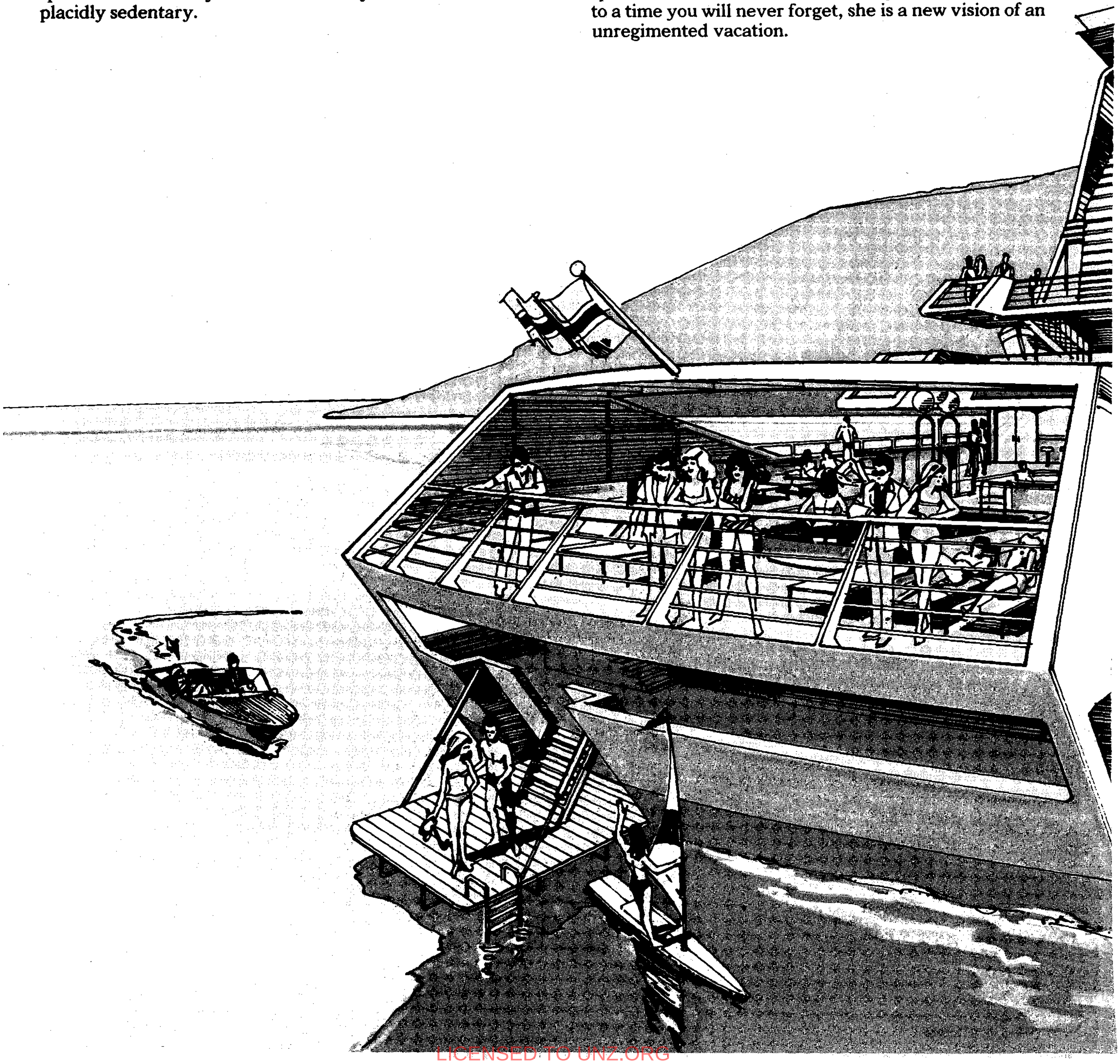

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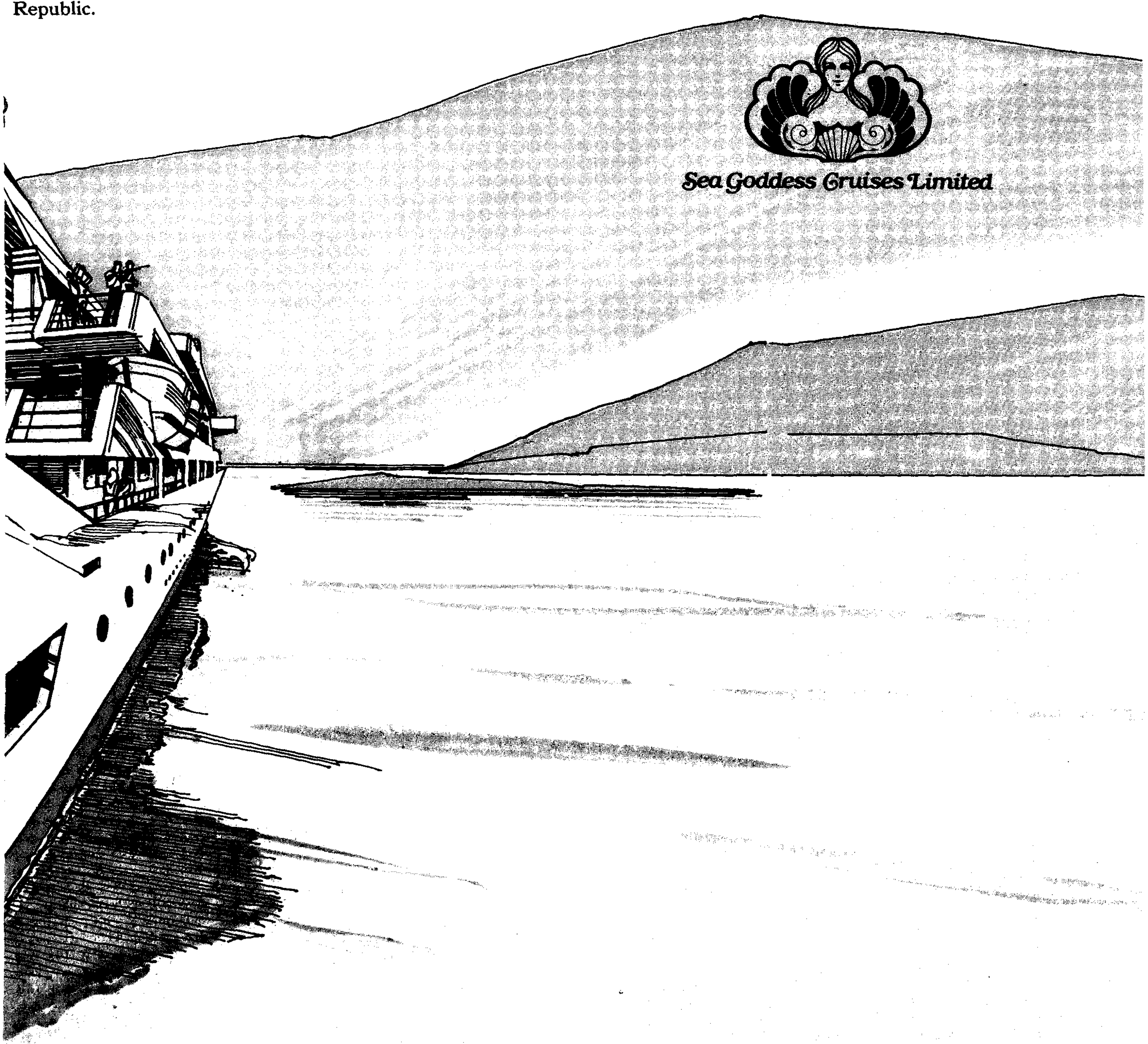

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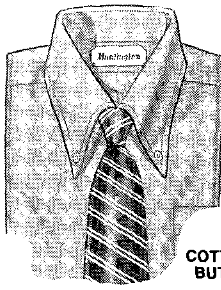

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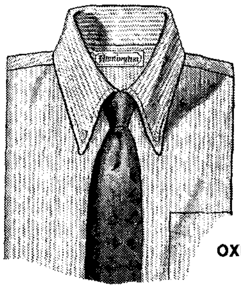

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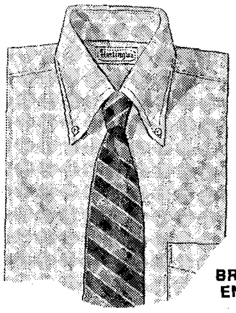

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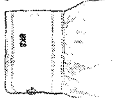

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the fact that the United States had crippled its ability to provide for the common defense in Europe by pursuing a hopeless military adventure in Asia, ordinary German citizens could see the corrosive consequences in their midst. About forty-six per cent of the American soldiers used drugs occasionally, according to official estimates, and sixteen per cent were habitual users. The drug culture of American ghettos was re-created in and around the American bases. In Kaiserslautern, G.I.s made up almost half the population—a highly visible half. With few exceptions, the protectors of Germany spoke no German, and were always astounded and frequently annoyed by the failure of the local population to understand their mother tongue. At the level of national policy, every G.I. withdrawn from Germany was a symbol of America's weakening resolve, but as far as local administrators were concerned their presence, even when they behaved themselves, was a mixed blessing. The unpopular war had alienated and demoralized the professional Army. "Fragging" (assaulting or killing one's superior), heroin addiction, and other symptoms of the troubled military were imported from Vietnam into Germany. By 1973, the Vietnam War was so unpopular that the Nixon Administration saw no alternative to ending the draft and accepting the extra expense of a volunteer Army, though this Army brought with it the sour mood, druggy habits, and racial bitterness of the American underclass, from which it was heavily recruited.

At the dawn of the nuclear age, Albert Einstein remarked that with the unleashing of the atom everything had changed but our way of thinking. And the notion that a balance of power could be achieved by the careful arrangement of military forces on two sides of a disputed line was an idea inherited from the Newtonian world of mechanics. The military task was like a physics problem—how to prevent an "imbalance" that would suck power from the stronger half of Europe into the weaker. Political physics failed when anybody tried to quantify the balance. What did you count? The Warsaw Pact nations had more men under arms than NATO, but on whose side in time of war did you count the Polish and Hungarian Armies? Indeed, did not the very existence of the sullen satellite armies help to deter a Soviet attack on the West? In 1975, according to the Defense Department, the Russians had three times as many tanks deployed as the NATO forces, but the attacker normally needs a greater superiority than that, and the NATO forces had superior anti-tank weapons. And so the argument proceeded. The balance could be defined and characterized in many different ways, depending upon where one looked, what one counted, and what assumptions one made about what the Third World War would look like.

In 1967, the European allies had accepted Defense Secretary Robert S. McNamara's notion of "flexible response"—the option of postponing the immediate resort to nuclear weapons in favor of a conventional defense lasting as long as several weeks. They had had little choice. Increased American unhappiness with the endless strategic debate would have increased domestic pressures in the United States for bringing the troops home, and that would have been even more of a diminution of American commitment than "flexible response" was thought to be. Having banked so heavily on the notion of an automatic nuclear response to make deterrence "credible," European politicians had been doubly unhappy about McNamara's attitude toward nuclear weapons. If the Russians had reason to believe that the Americans might wriggle out of their commitment to drop the bomb, the Kremlin might become more adventurous. The protracted conventional war across the German plain which the American planners offered as the alternative to reducing Germany to a radioactive wasteland on the first day of the war was regarded by many German generals as an expensive fiction. A conventional war was more likely to occur than a nuclear war, it would be almost as destructive, and it could never be won. After days or weeks of fighting, the decision would still be between accommodation and nuclear annihilation.

By the mid-nineteen-seventies, the *Bundeswehr* was not only the largest army in Europe but the most modern. The lessening of tensions with the East had made it possible to take measures to strengthen Germany's forces which would previously have been greeted with great suspicion by its neighbor across the Elbe. But *Ostpoli-*

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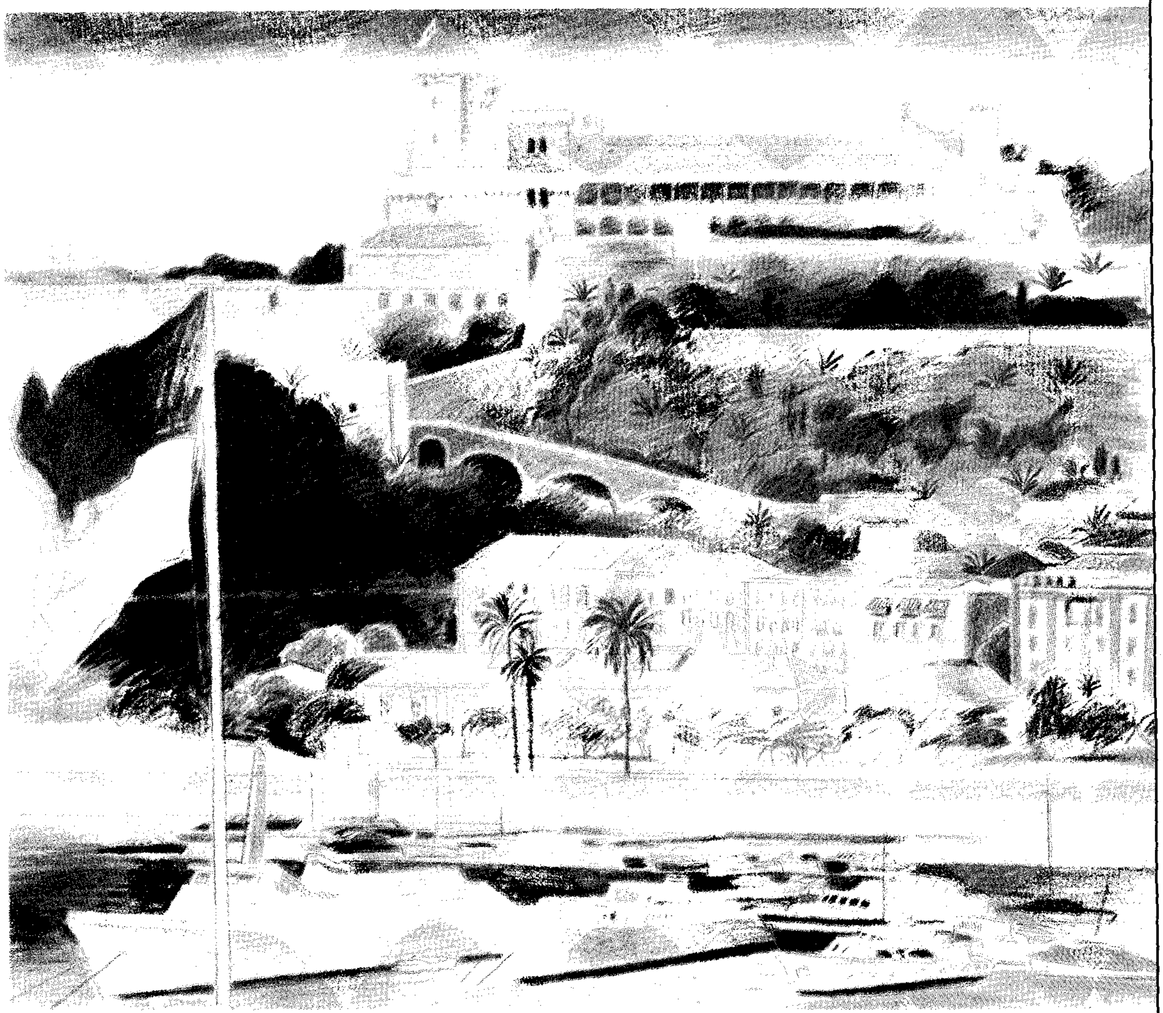

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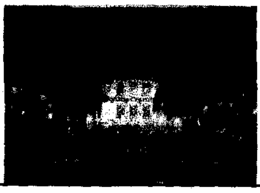

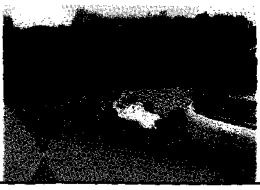

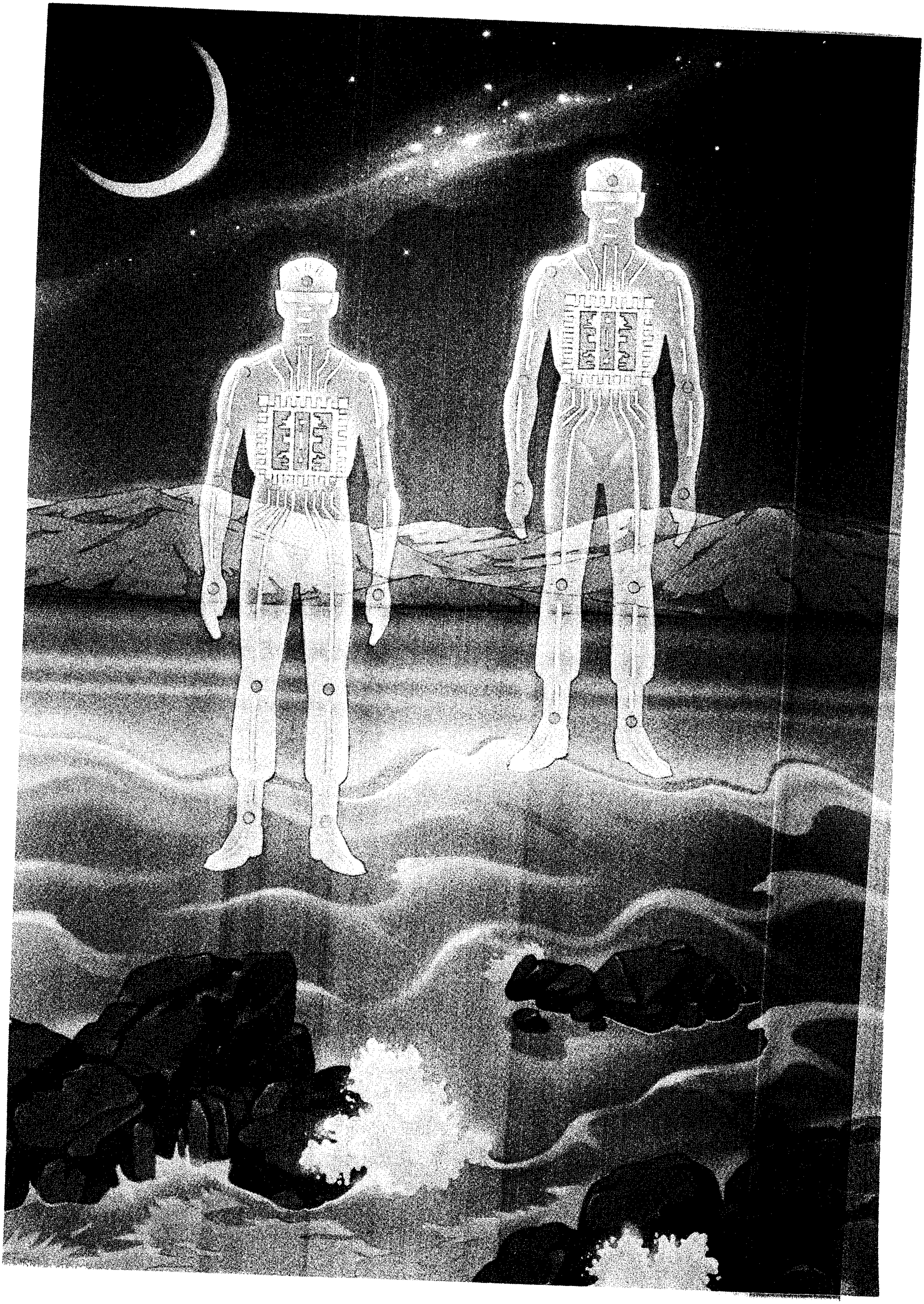

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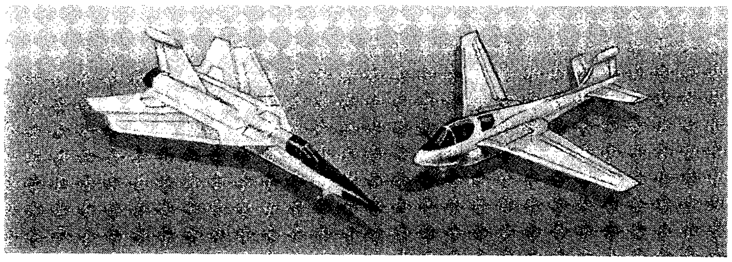

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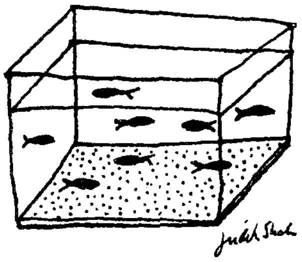
tik had been designed to provide reassurance in order to achieve a positive political purpose—opening up a greater role for the Federal Republic. That required a formidable capacity for self-defense—especially since the nation was forever bound by treaty not to make or acquire its own nuclear weapons. Moreover, a strong *Bundeswehr* could be an effective counter to Brandt's domestic political opponents, who argued that *Ostpolitik* was a policy of capitulation. Two ideas were behind the new German defense policy of 1970. One was a stated belief that the Soviet Union was now thought of as essentially "a conservative power defending the status quo." The other was that the modernized forces would be unmistakably defensive in character.

Since the beginning of the NATO alliance, there had been a gap between the political consensus of the national leaders and the daily working assumptions of their military planners: the task of the latter was to prepare for the war that the former assumed could not and would not happen. In the nineteen-seventies, this gap widened. Political relations between Western Europe and the Soviet Union improved dramatically as a consequence of *Ostpolitik* and détente. But in purely military terms "the Soviet threat" loomed larger than ever. As the politicians in the United States and Europe warily extended the hand of friendship to the Russians along with technology, credit, and expanded contacts of all sorts, generals pored over intelligence reports and maps of the hypothetical battlefield they were supposed to defend, and became increasingly disturbed by what they saw.



In February of 1974, Senator Sam Nunn, of Georgia, a Democratic member of the Senate Armed Services Committee, made an inspection tour of NATO facilities, and he made another at the end of 1976. Four days after Jimmy Carter's Inauguration, Nunn and Senator Dewey F. Bartlett, of Oklahoma, issued a report called "NATO and the New Soviet Threat." The Russians and their Eastern European allies were "moving toward a decisive conventional military superiority over NATO" as a consequence of a series of changes in the military balance, the report said. After the Czechoslovak invasion in 1968, the Russians had increased their forces in Eastern Europe by five divisions. They had modernized their tanks and brought in more of them. Their tactical aircraft were improved to the point where they were no longer limited to defending the territory embraced by the Warsaw Pact but represented "a powerful offensive force." All these developments, the Senators contended, added up to an entirely new threat: "Soviet forces deployed in Eastern Europe now possess the ability to launch a potentially devastating conventional attack in Central Europe with little warning." Since the planning of the Department of Defense assumed over three weeks' warning time, strategy would have to be revised and forces modernized.

Carter, in his campaign for the Presidency, had from time to time advertised his plans to cut the American military budget by anything from five to seven billion dollars. But within six months of taking office he was making increased military spending the major item of his national-security policy. The NATO alliance was already spending a hundred billion dollars a year to keep the Russians out of Western Europe, and the United States was paying forty-five per cent of this bill. At a meeting in May of 1977, the NATO Defense Planning Committee agreed, at American urging, that all member nations should make annual real increases in defense spending "in the region of three per cent." Unless the Europeans were prepared to sacrifice more for defense, Pentagon officials warned, the Kremlin would conclude that NATO did not take the Russian threat seriously, and the whole deterrent purpose of the very expensive army that had been manning battle stations for a generation and a half would be weakened.

While American military planners were worrying about the conventional military balance, however, German politicians were becoming concerned about nuclear weapons. Here, again, the anxiety was prompted by a combination of political and military considerations. There had never been such a thing as a European nuclear balance. Since the late nineteen-fifties, the Russians had targeted all the large cities of Western Europe with their intermediate-range missiles. In Soviet strategy, Europe was a hostage; be-

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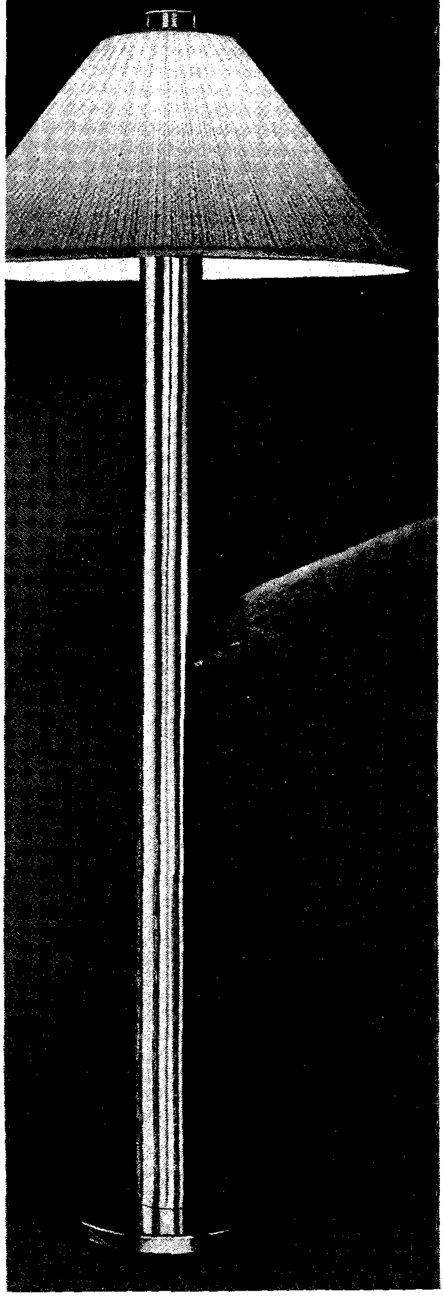

cause the Russians had not yet developed a nuclear force capable of destroying the United States, their threat to Europe was designed to deter an American attack on Russia. With the exception of the small French and British forces, the Europeans had no means of carrying out nuclear retaliation against the Soviet Union on their own. The Americans, it will be recalled, had tried out various ideas for enhancing the European sense of security, including the installation of some intermediate-range missiles on the Continent and the prolonged but futile negotiation for a Multilateral Force. These innovations served to exacerbate rather than assuage the European allies' tensions. Either they were bad weapons in a technical sense, such as the first generation of Euromissiles, which took so long to launch that the Russians were virtually certain to stage a preëmptive attack on them if the attempt should ever be made to fire them, or they were political monstrosities, like the Multilateral Force, which was proposed at the end of the Eisenhower Administration, and which called for a small flotilla armed with American missiles but manned by a polyglot crew of Germans, British, Belgians, Greeks, and Turks. In the end, a bookkeeping solution was adopted. Five nuclear submarines were "assigned" to NATO. They carried out their missions as before. The missiles could be fired only by the Americans, but the paper rearrangement was a symbol of America's restated commitment to use its nuclear arsenal in the defense of Europe.

As the steady buildup of Soviet nuclear forces proceeded, it was increasingly evident to European leaders that the American "nuclear umbrella" was becoming less credible. What had seemed shockingly disloyal when de Gaulle said it in the early nineteen-sixties suddenly appeared self-evident: now that the United States could be annihilated by Soviet hydrogen bombs, an American President was unlikely to respond to Soviet aggression in Europe with a nuclear strike on the Soviet homeland. No matter how sincerely suicidal the Americans sounded, it was not a good bet that they would sacrifice New York and Washington for Munich and Paris.

European military planners wrestled with the gaping hole in deterrence theory. From 1956 to 1967, the answer had been to place large numbers of so-called tactical nuclear weapons in Germany. Since 1962, at a cost of

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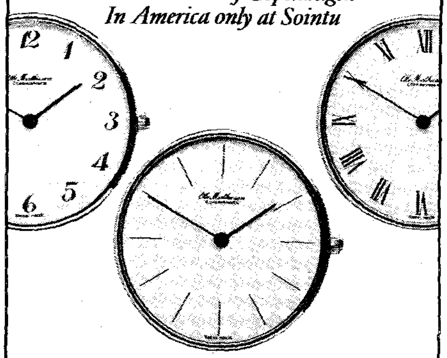

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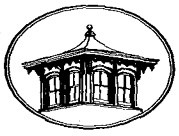

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about two billion dollars a year, the United States had maintained as many as seven thousand nuclear warheads in Europe, with several thousand more in the United States and elsewhere, which could be brought in quickly. Some of the weapons were designed to be fired from artillery, airplanes, and short-range rockets, and their yield ranged from one to one hundred kilotons. (The Hiroshima bomb was thirteen kilotons.) As far as the United States Army was concerned, a weapon like the Lance missile, first deployed in 1974, was a war-fighting instrument. Such weapons were to be targeted on mobile command posts, ammunition-supply points, and troop-assembly areas. Special commando units were assigned the task of emplacing some three hundred nuclear land mines, including small ones that a single soldier could carry, on bridges, dams, and tunnels, or at airfields and command posts behind enemy lines, but the growing realization that the use of these weapons would destroy that which was to be defended undercut their deterrent effect. Nevertheless, the sheer numbers of these weapons and their wide dispersal throughout the NATO forces were designed to create the impression that they would be used in a war, despite their implausibility as weapons of defense in the classic sense of the word. The use of the nuclear weapons would produce an automatic chain reaction leading rapidly to the explosion of nuclear weapons on the Soviet Union itself. Thus, the physical presence of vast numbers of nuclear weapons on European soil was an essential part of "the madman theory," on which deterrence still rested.

Weapons systems designed to cement the alliance had from time to time had the opposite effect. In the late nineteen-seventies, exceptionally sharp controversies arose over three new systems—the cruise missile, the Pershing II intermediate-range missile, and the neutron bomb. European military planners were fascinated by the cruise missile. Invented by the Germans in the Second World War, this slow guided missile had been in the arsenals of the major military powers, in various versions, for a long time. But in the nineteen-seventies technologies that had been successfully applied in civilian life were combined with the latest advances in radar technology to produce a much longer-range, much more accurate, significantly less vulnerable nuclear cruise missile that—best of all, from the European standpoint—would be cheap.

Every weapons system comes off the drawing board with a built-in political coalition behind it. The cruise missile engendered more enthusiasm than most other systems, because it was a classic application of what Robert Oppenheimer once called "sweet" technology. In January of 1977, Malcolm R. Currie, the Defense Department's director of defense research and engineering, called it "perhaps the most significant weapon development of the decade." The cruise missile was at the frontier of lethal science—a virtuoso technological hybrid. Because it was supposedly cheap—in that it required no expensive launching pads—it appealed not only to finance ministers but also to the new breed of strategists, who regarded the arms race not as a competition in destructive power but as a competition to make destruction ever more cost-effective. If, in the eerie game the arms race had become, you could force the adversary to overspend merely to keep up, perhaps someday he might give up.

In the SALT negotiations, the Russians expressed concern about cruise missiles, which could cause great damage to their territory if they should be placed in Europe in considerable numbers. Kissinger had proposed putting limits on the range of the cruise missile as an element of his bargain with the Russians. Now, in mid-1977, Helmut Schmidt and his advisers—already concerned that the superpowers were deciding the question of European security behind the backs of the Europeans, as a by-product of détente—were especially concerned that the cruise-missile negotiations infringed on European prerogatives; after all, the weapons were of concern to the Russians because they would be placed within striking distance of the Soviet Union. In the negotiations, therefore, the distinction between "strategic"

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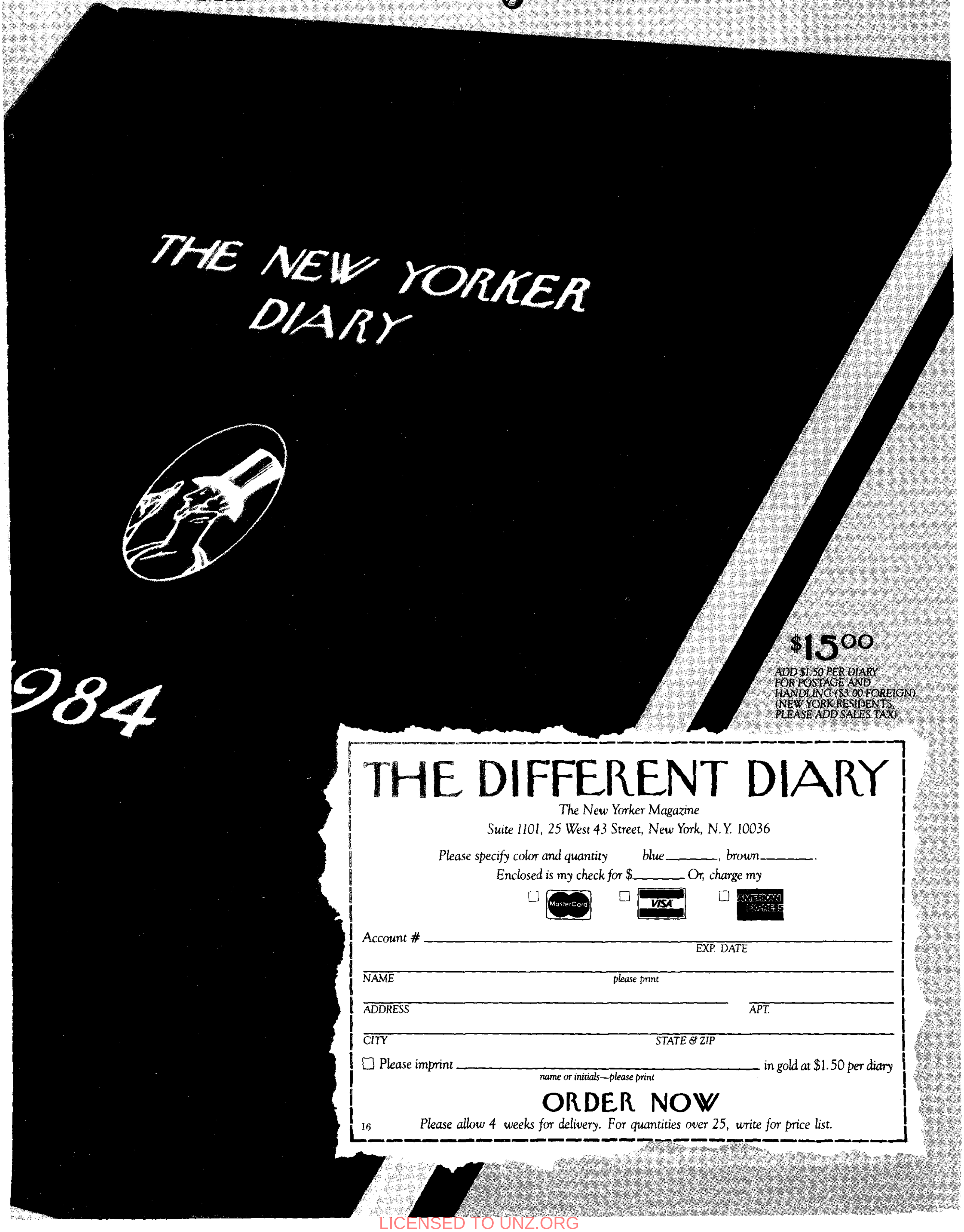

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and "intermediate-range" meant nothing to the Russians, since the two types of weapons were equally capable of devastating Soviet cities and incinerating Russians.

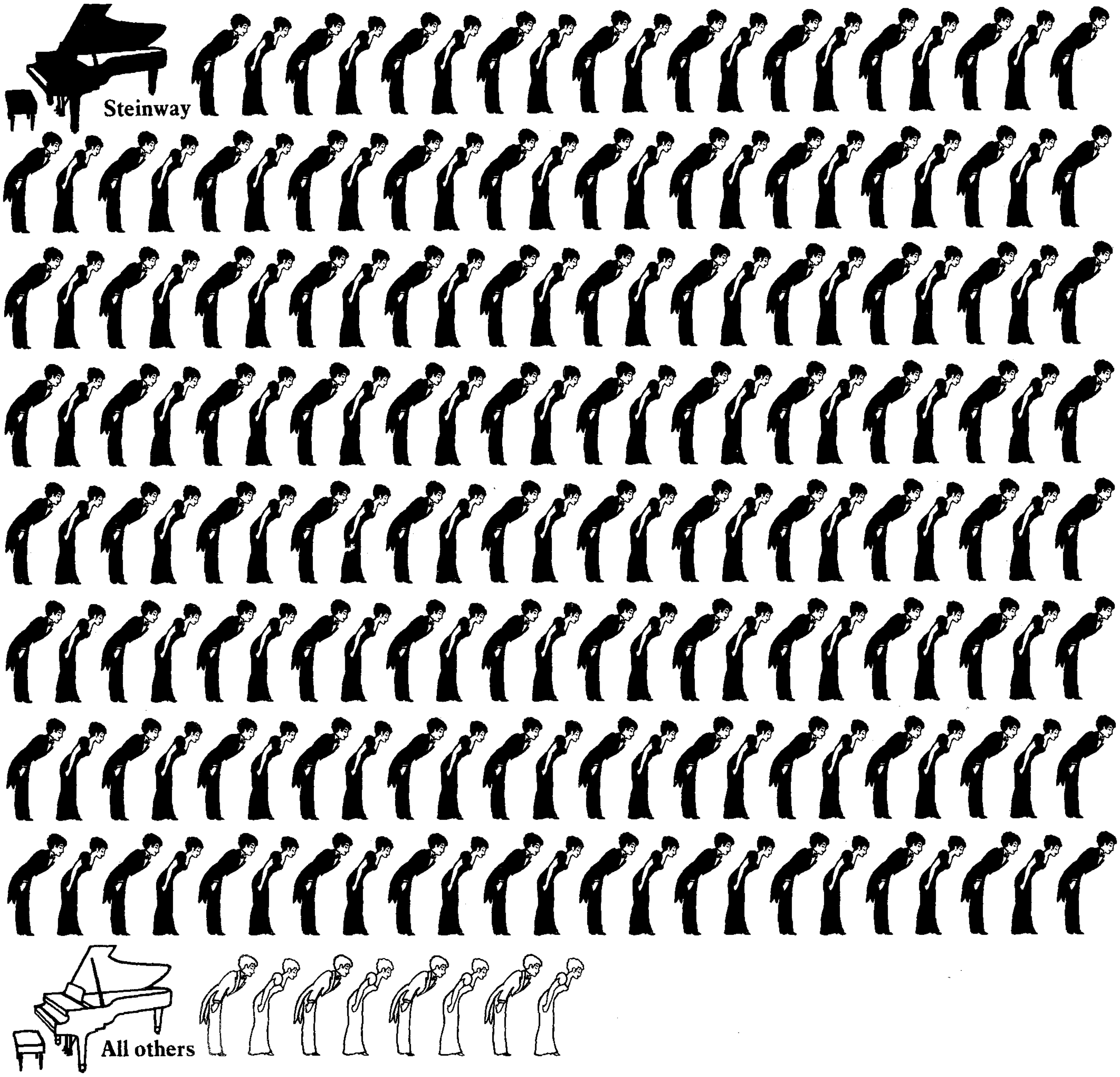
The Carter Administration had come to the conclusion that the enthusiasm of NATO generals and finance ministers for the cruise missile was misplaced. It was not as cheap as it first appeared. The weapon would complicate arms negotiations, because it was so small and portable that its presence—or, more important, its absence—was hard to verify. The Schmidt government was alarmed that the weapon was to be bargained away by the Americans without the participation of the nations for whose sake the European "military balance" presumably existed. The new Administration had already given cause for concern by adopting a top-secret but well-leaked memorandum known as PRM-10, which proposed to abandon large areas of Germany in the event of war in order to execute a better conventional defense of the rest.

On October 28, 1977, Schmidt vented his annoyance at the Americans in a speech to the International Institute for Strategic Studies, in London. "Strategic-arms limitations confined to the United States and the Soviet Union will inevitably impair the security of the West European members of the Alliance vis-à-vis Soviet military superiority in Europe," the Chancellor declared. The main purpose of his speech was—as Simon Lunn, director of the Military Committee of the North Atlantic Assembly, pointed out—"to make public his concern that under the bilateralism of the SALT process, certain aspects of European security were being ignored." Schmidt did not explicitly mention the need to build up "theatre nuclear forces." Taken literally, the speech was a criticism of American negotiating policy and, seemingly, a bid for Germany to participate in some way in the negotiations.

Such blunt criticism was not uncommon from Schmidt; the Chancellor had made his career as a defense expert. As early as 1970, he had pointed out that "Soviet superiority in the Central Sector"—NATO jargon for Germany—"is further reinforced by about seven hundred and fifty medium-range ballistic missiles that have no NATO counterpart." He had warned the North Atlantic Council, the political directorate of NATO, in June of 1977 that "the SALT process may lead to a paralyzation of the Soviet and American central strategic forces" and that "the strategic nuclear component will become increasingly regarded as an instrument of last resort, to serve the national interest and protect the survival of those who possess these weapons of last resort." America's and Europe's strategic interests were now in the process of being "decoupled;" SALT symbolized a balance of terror at the level of intercontinental missiles, but the immunity now enjoyed by the superpowers made the imbalance in Europe all the more serious.

Normally, speeches by leaders of NATO governments are restatements of prevailing strategic orthodoxy or ritualistic expressions of enthusiasm for the alliance. Schmidt's London speech was neither. That speech, which he came to regret, turned out to be the most important of his career. Like Winston Churchill's speech at Fulton, Missouri, in 1946, which proclaimed the existence of the Iron Curtain, or George Marshall's speech at Harvard a year later, on European recovery, the Schmidt speech had unforeseen momentous consequences. The chain of circumstances that Schmidt seemingly triggered in a few sentences included serious new strains in the alliance, the rise of a huge peace movement, and the mortal wounding of his own government.

The speech was immediately seized upon by bureaucratic interests in Washington and Europe that wanted to see the development of so-called theatre-range nuclear missiles. True, the top officials of the Carter Administration were cool to the idea of a buildup in Europe to balance the Russians'. Zbigniew Brzezinski, Carter's national-security adviser, pointed out that there had never been such a thing as a "Euro-strategic balance." If Europe had survived years of Soviet superiority in intermediate-range rockets, why worry about it now, in the context of détente, shaky though that might be? To put easily targeted land-based ballistic missiles in Europe, opponents of the new deployments pointed out, would give the Europeans no new options, for the control buttons would still be in American hands. The Russians would be more nervous, because the flight times would be consid-



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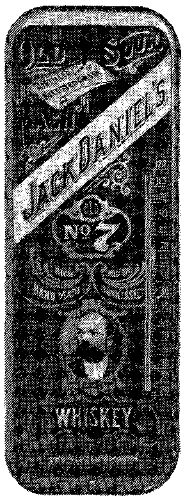
erably shorter than those of the missiles fired from the "NATO-assigned" submarines in the North Sea, and the new generation of missiles was far more accurate.

But while Brzezinski and Secretary of Defense Harold Brown concluded that there was no military necessity for emplacing the new intermediate-range missiles in Europe, a rising chorus of weapons experts took a different view. The Russians deployed the Backfire bomber in 1974 and, three years later, the SS-20 missile. "The spectre of such weapons grows like a towering cloud over Europe and Asia," Fred Iklé, the director of the United States Arms Control and Disarmament Agency, declared in the closing months of the Ford Administration. The Backfire was supposed to be able to reach the United States with refuelling, and it thus became a thorny issue in the SALT negotiations, because the Russians refused to count it as a "strategic" weapon. The SS-20s, mobile missiles, more accurate than the earlier SS-4 and SS-5 missiles, were being deployed at the rate of one a week. By the end of the Carter Presidency, some hundred and eighty had been deployed inside the Soviet Union, all but twenty-three of them aimed at Western Europe.

Consequently, a coalition made up of more than the usual contractors and Pentagon weaponeers was bent on promoting the cruise missile and the deployment of new intermediate-range missiles in Europe. There had not been a new generation of nuclear weapons capable of hitting the Soviet Union since the nineteen-sixties, for deployment had been sidetracked by the Vietnam War. But development had continued. Joining the coalition in 1979 was General Alexander Haig, the Supreme Allied Commander. The Pershing missile, which had first been deployed in 1962 to provide "battlefield support" (with some warheads thirty times the strength of the Hiroshima bomb), had been modernized in the years 1969-71. Now, Haig believed, the missile should be replaced altogether by a Pershing II; the new one, unlike the earlier generation, which had a maximum range of four hundred miles, would have a range of a thousand miles. Very fast and very accurate, the new missile could hit deep in western Russia.

For Helmut Schmidt, the missiles were important to his political survival. The Free Democrats, part of his ruling coalition, were strongly for



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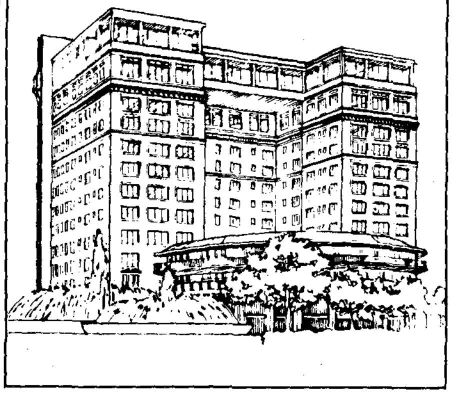

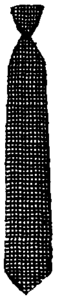

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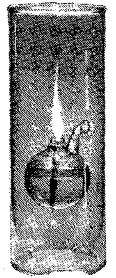

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"modernization," because—as their leader, Foreign Minister Hans-Dietrich Genscher, put it in 1979—"the Soviet arms lead with regard to medium-range arms is endangering the balance." Pressing the issue appeared to be the road to greater power within the coalition for the Free Democrats. Schmidt's professed concern about the military balance placed him at odds with a substantial number in his own party who were against rearmament and strongly for arms negotiations with the Russians. All during 1979, Schmidt played to both audiences. Speaking to the Social Democrats' Bundestag faction in November of 1979, he claimed that the NATO proposal to remove a thousand tactical nuclear warheads from Europe as a unilateral initiative was his idea. But he strongly opposed delaying the deployment of new missiles until negotiations with the Russians had been tried. "In private conversations, he was very tough in dealing with the Soviet threat, often the leader among Europeans in proposing strong action," Jimmy Carter later noted in his memoir, "Keeping Faith." "But in German political debates he employed the opposite facet of the same question and seemed reluctant to do anything which might be interpreted as anti-Soviet." At the Social Democratic Party congress in December, Schmidt was overwhelmingly reëlected the Party leader.

The personal relations between the American President and the Bundeskanzler worsened steadily from their first meeting, in early 1977. Schmidt found it distinctly unsettling to have the American leader suddenly suggest that "you and I have to get the Russians out of Berlin." Here is a man, Schmidt told his friend Theo Sommer, the editor of the Hamburg weekly *Die Zeit*, "who knows everything and understands nothing." Brzezinski assured the President that Schmidt's unconcealed hostility was a simple product of jealousy. After all, the London *Times* had just called Carter the first real leader of the West since Kennedy. German leaders tended to be unstable psychologically, Brzezinski explained to the President. Perhaps the Chancellor was angry at having been rebuffed by Carter when, in the early months of the new Administration, he had offered to act as an intermediary with Brezhnev. "Helmut is strong, somewhat unstable . . . postures, and drones on, giving economic lessons when others are well aware of what he is

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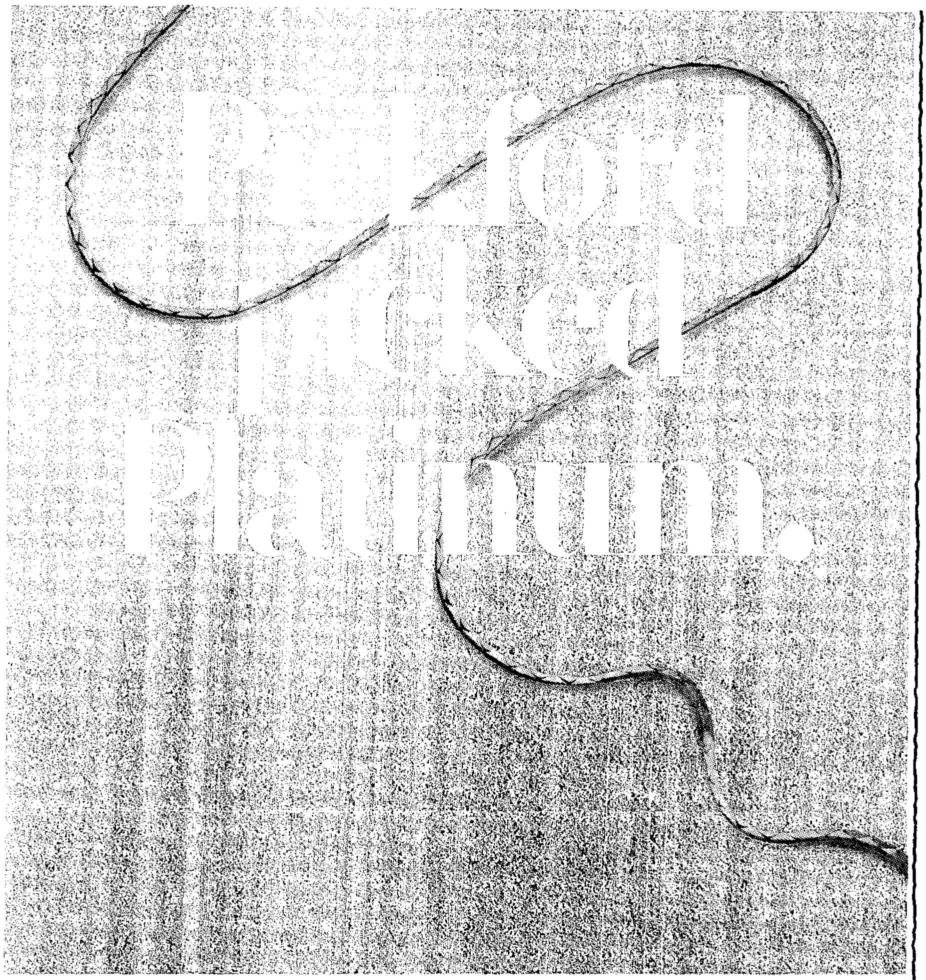

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saying," Carter confided to his diary in June of 1979.

Into this nettlesome relationship came crashing the neutron bomb. The enhanced-radiation weapon, as it is officially known, had been a favored project of a few enthusiastic weaponeers at the Lawrence Livermore Laboratory, in California, since the late nineteen-fifties, but had been ignored by political leaders and was unknown to the public. A small hydrogen bomb designed to reduce blast effect, the neutron bomb was advertised as an ideal anti-tank weapon because its lethal power was concentrated. It could be used safely in populated areas near the frontier, for it would not cause undue damage to buildings and the surrounding population. Apparently unknown to either President Carter or Secretary of Defense Brown, several million dollars for the deployment of the neutron warhead had been inserted in the last Ford military budget, and this item, which appeared only in disguised form, survived the change of Administration. In mid-1977, a Washington *Post* reporter uncovered the story, and the weapon quickly became a public issue. Under pressure from the new Committee on the Present Danger for being "soft" on defense, President Carter, in the summer of 1977, decided that a modest sum for neutron-bomb development was a good political investment.

The neutron bomb soon became the perfect symbol of the bankruptcy of the arms race. The proponents exaggerated its military advantages. Though it would indeed reduce collateral property damage, no one knew with certainty that its lethal effects could be limited to the battlefield. Moreover, as George Kistiakowsky, who had been chief of the Explosives Division at Los Alamos at the time of the Manhattan Project, and a leading adviser on nuclear weapons for twenty-five years thereafter, put it, tank crews exposed to radiation would not die immediately but "would know that they are the walking dead" and might be expected to fight all the more fiercely for hours, and even days, before they dropped. The opponents noted that the neutron bomb was another weapon that—by making nuclear war seem fightable and winnable, and by blurring the distinction between conventional and nuclear armaments—made nuclear war more likely. Besides, the Russians had "dirty" tactical nuclear weapons, too, and would use them in retaliation. But beyond these rational objections was a powerful aesthetic revulsion against a weapon designed to kill people and spare property. Egon Bahr, now Executive Secretary of the Social Democratic Party, pronounced the weapon "a symbol of mental perversion." A weapon that destroyed people but left property intact was the ultimate capitalist weapon, Soviet propagandists charged, sensing the unease with which the European public greeted news of the neutron bomb. In Holland, more than a million signatures against its development were quickly collected.

The Pentagon now argued that it was all the more essential to deploy the neutron bomb. Soviet propagandists must not be allowed to dictate decisions on NATO weapons. Though Helmut Schmidt had never been enthusiastic about tactical nuclear weapons, he was prepared to lobby the left wing of the Social Democrats in favor of the neutron bomb if Carter wanted it, but he told the President that he would deploy the controversial weapon in Germany only if arms-control talks with the Soviet Union were unsuccessful and, even then, only if another European ally would also take it. As the public clamor over the weapon mounted, Carter became increasingly uncomfortable. He told his top advisers, as Brzezinski noted in his diary in mid-August of 1977, that "he did not wish the world to think of him as an ogre, and we agreed that we will press the Europeans to show greater interest in having the bomb and therefore willingness to absorb some of the political flak or we will use European disinterest as a basis for a negative decision." After the Chancellor had expended considerable political capital in obtaining German acquiescence under this condition, and an elaborate "scenario" had been initiated to defend production of the weapon as a bargaining chip in arms-control negotiations with the Russians, Carter suddenly changed his mind, and in late March of 1978 decided not to produce the weapon. He had a "queasy" feeling, he told Brzezinski, that "his Administration would be stamped forever as the Administration which introduced bombs that kill people but leave buildings intact," and he wanted a "graceful" way out. But none existed, for the political drama was in its second act, and Schmidt and the other principal performers had already delivered their lines. Carter compounded the confusion by delaying his public pronouncement for almost two weeks

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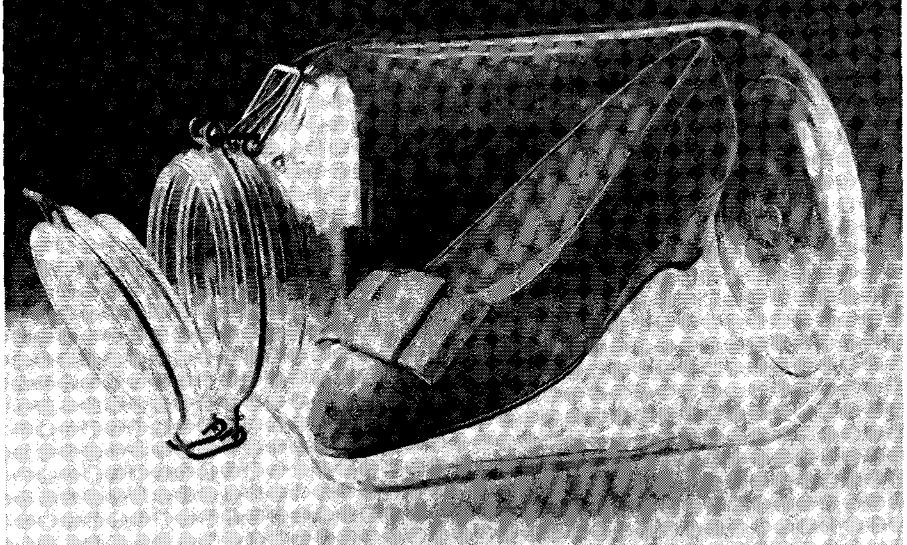

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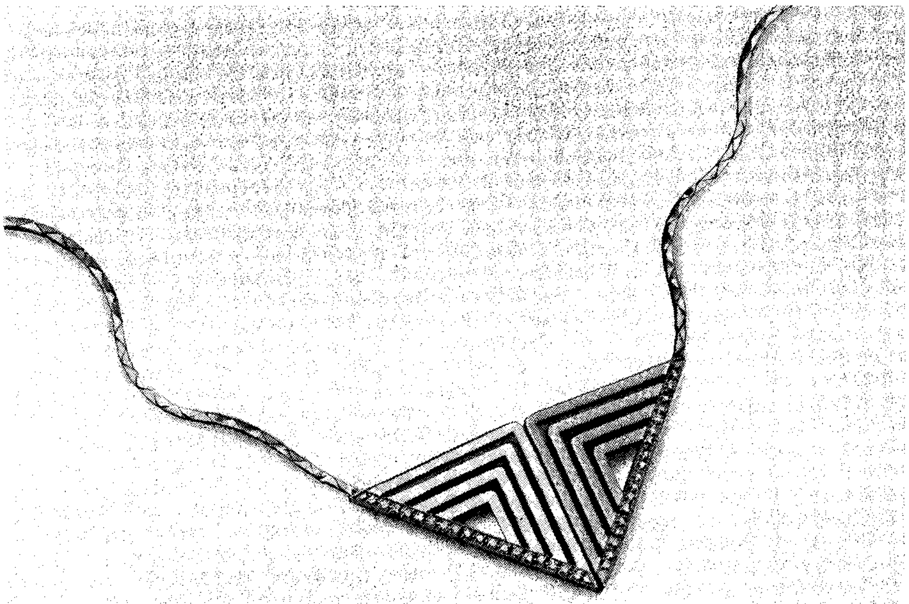

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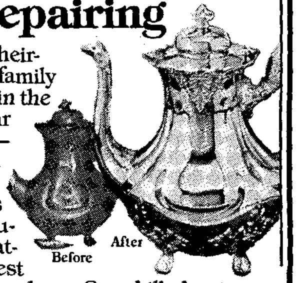
after he had decided to bring the curtain down on the affair. Secretary of State Cyrus Vance later wrote, "Politically, the costs were extremely high. The President's standing in the alliance received a strong blow." The fiasco made it essential, as Vance put it, for the Americans to redouble their efforts to restore the unity of the alliance by dealing "firmly" with the issue of theatre nuclear forces.

At the Guadeloupe summit meeting, in January of 1979, French President Valéry Giscard d'Estaing was strongly for deploying the new Pershing II and cruise missiles before negotiating with the Russians on reducing their number; otherwise, they would not take the West seriously when it came time to talk. Prime Minister James Callaghan, of Great Britain, however, favored talking before spending the money. The reconciliation was the two-track notion that the United States government had favored from the beginning. Schmidt made it clear that Germany would not take the missiles unless at least one other Continental country took them. Germany could not afford to be singled out as more anti-Soviet than its neighbors. Brzezinski, present as the note-taker for the meeting, expressed annoyance at Schmidt in his diary: the Chancellor was indulging in "melancholy whining" about American nuclear strategy, at once throwing his weight around and expressing West Germany's utter impotence in looking after its own security interests. All during the remainder of the year, NATO bureaucracies churned; memos, studies, and visits followed one another in a crescendo, and meanwhile a new Soviet SS-20 was put in position in western and central Russia every few days. At NATO meetings in Brussels on December 12, 1979, the two-track decision was officially adopted. All NATO countries agreed to the modernization program if it was accompanied by arms-control negotiations. Norway and Denmark, which had an explicit national policy of refusing nuclear weapons on their own soil, acquiesced in the decision, as did Belgium and Holland, though their representatives made clear at the meeting that domestic opposition to emplacing cruise missiles in the Low Countries was strong. A Soviet campaign to derail the decision had been under way for several months. Beginning with warnings that the new missiles would jeopardize European economic relations with the Soviet Union and Eastern Europe, by October of



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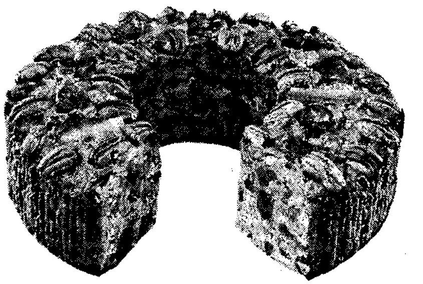
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1979 Brezhnev was offering to stop the further development of SS-20s and to negotiate a reduction in the Soviet Europe-threatening arsenal if NATO abandoned its plans to modernize its forces.

FROM the first, the Administration of Ronald Reagan, which came into power January 20, 1981, was enveloped in a fog of wishful thinking about Europe. The Soviet invasion of Afghanistan in December of 1979, and the resulting decision of President Carter not to seek ratification of the SALT II agreement, had caused a serious deterioration in American-Soviet relations. But there was little awareness in Washington of the rising war jitters in Europe caused by the collapse of détente. Six months before Reagan's accession, one poll reported that six out of ten Germans thought that a Third World War was a distinct possibility.

Administration spokesmen seemed bent on inducing panic in Europe. Eugene Rostow, the President's nominee for chief arms-control planner, was on record as believing that "we are living *in a prewar and not a postwar world.*" At his first White House press conference, Reagan showed no sign of moderating his campaign rhetoric. The Russian leaders, he said, reserved "the right to commit any crime, to lie, to cheat." Every foreign office in Europe was appalled: the new people in Washington were even more amateurish than their predecessors; more serious, they all had a taste for confrontation, and some seemed to want a war. Richard Pipes, a Harvard history professor called to service in the White House, volunteered to a Reuters correspondent his view that the Russians would have to choose between changing their system "or going to war." The professorial ultimatum was delivered with disquieting insouciance: "There is no alternative—and it could go either way."

A few months later, the President suggested in an offhand comment to a group of newspaper editors that he could see "where you could have the exchange of tactical weapons against troops in the field without it bringing either one of the major powers to pushing the button"—thus confirming suspicions in Europe that the United States regarded Europe as a battlefield for a "limited nuclear war" with Russia. The Reagan gaffe provided a magnificent propaganda opening for Brezhnev, and he took advantage of it

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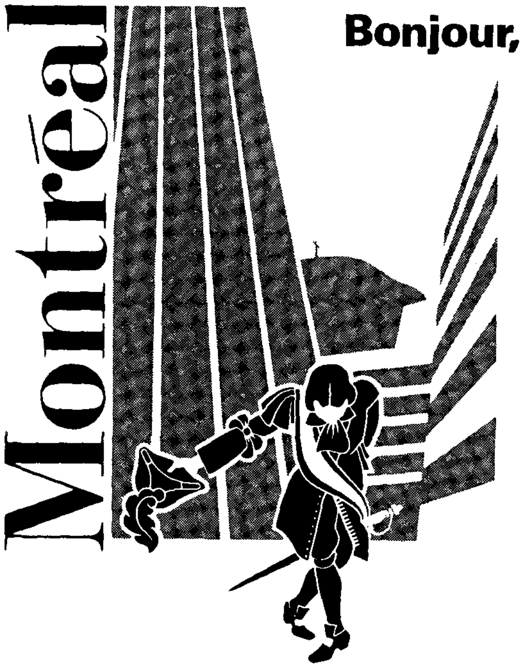

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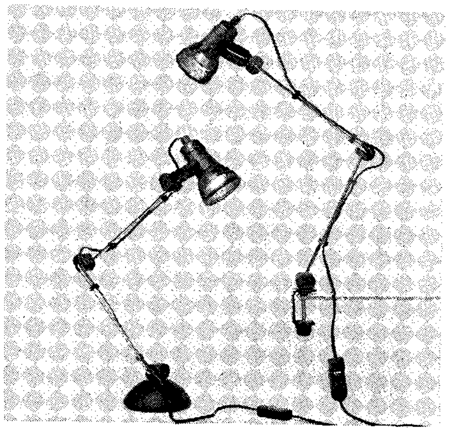
by reiterating the hopelessness of "winning" a nuclear war, and promising never to start one.

The term "theatre" now assumed a sinister connotation. Were the superpowers to be the producers of war and its audience while the people of Europe were the players in the lethal drama? The word went out from the White House that "theatre" nuclear weapons would thenceforward be called "intermediate-range" weapons.

"IT'S like what Harry Truman used to say about public opinion," a former senior NATO commander complained in the spring of 1982. "If you tell them nothing, they go fishing, and if you tell them something, they go crazy." By 1981, every politician in Europe was worried about the peace movement. There had been substantial demonstrations in Germany and elsewhere in Europe in the fall of 1980 to protest the 1979 decision to deploy the cruise missile and the Pershing II in Germany. In the early months of the Reagan era, officials in Washington dismissed the movement as a collection of malcontents "bought and paid for" by Moscow, but politicians in Germany, Holland, Britain, Belgium, and Italy—though they detected Moscow's hand in some phases of the protest activities—knew better. The fear of war was widespread among the people of Europe, and it was growing. Because of what was generally seen in Europe as imprudent and ineffective American responses to the Soviet invasion of Afghanistan, and disquieting statements by members of the new Reagan Administration, the United States, not the Soviet Union, was increasingly seen as the most immediate danger to peace.

In Europe, it was evident, the strategy of the Carter and Reagan Administrations of reasserting American leadership by dramatizing and exaggerating the Russian threat had backfired. By the end of 1981, more than two million people across Western Europe were marching in the streets of London, Bonn, Hamburg, Amsterdam, Brussels, Rome, and Madrid. Holding aloft banners with such slogans as "We Are Not America's Guinea Pigs" and "Reagan's Peace Is Our Death," the European peace marchers took Margaret Thatcher, Helmut Schmidt, and Ronald Reagan by surprise. The demonstrators were too numerous, too disparate in age and politics, too broadly based geographically, to be dismissed as a fringe element.



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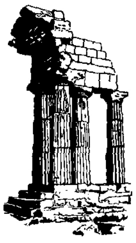

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Helmut Schmidt mused about youth that seemed to last forever, a generation “informed, disinformed, deformed” by the mass media, a generation of people who lived “in great material well-being” but showed only contempt for what they claimed as their due. There was a hopelessness that had overtaken young people in Germany and elsewhere, the chairman of the Social Democrats’ youth organization noted, and it expressed itself in mass protest. Perhaps it had to do with not having a job and not really wanting one. Yet the new generation of marchers calling for an end to the nuclear-arms race and a new relationship to the superpowers had a long lineage, largely forgotten. The Social Democratic Party under Kurt Schumacher, three decades before, had been avowedly neutralist. German reunification, it was widely believed then, could be achieved in no other way. There was also a profound anti-militarist reaction to the years of bloody Nazi rule. As Willy Brandt observed, in 1980, “there have been worse things in Germany than young people demonstrating for peace and disarmament.” Prominent political figures, such as Gustav Heinemann, the President of Germany from 1969 to 1974, had built their reputations by opposing German rearmament. Hans Apel, Schmidt’s Minister of Defense, had once joined the clenched-fisted marchers against “atomic death.” Heinrich Albertz, the mayor of West Berlin in 1967, had been driven from office for condoning the use of excessive force against student demonstrators, but he was now a leader of the peace movement. All through the nineteen-fifties and into the sixties, each of the German political parties had had its dissidents who favored various schemes for disengagement—for a “thinning out” of the forces of the superpowers on German soil, east and west, and for nuclear-free zones. The dissidents had been crushed, but to a new generation of Germans these opponents of militarism took on a heroic aspect. Their struggle suggested that history could have been different, and that, more important, an alternative future to the arms race and a superpower war in Europe was possible even now.

The peace movement of the nineteen-eighties erupted in reaction to the alarming breakdown of détente and the ever-insistent calls for rearmament. One German professor tried to explain it to *Time* by saying that young people in Germany “feel like

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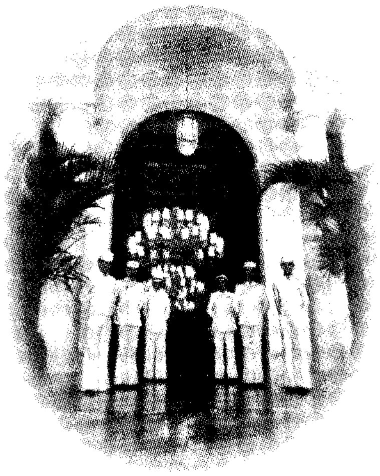

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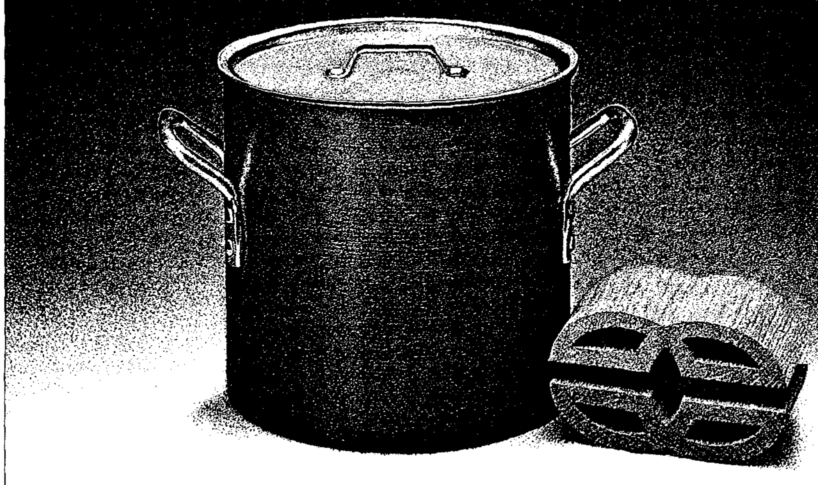

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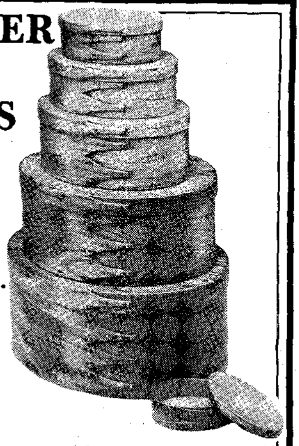

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passengers in a car racing toward an abyss," and adding, "They have a desire to grab the wheel." The seemingly endless—and, once ended, fruitless—SALT II negotiations, during which the arms race leaped ahead, suggested that the superpowers neither knew how to end the arms race nor wished to do so. Volkmar Deile, the secretary of a church-based peace group called Action for Reconciliation, which was perhaps the most influential in Germany, said, "Talking to the superpowers about disarmament is like talking to drug dealers about stopping drug deliveries." The emphasis of the new peace movement was unilateralism: not unilateral abandonment of defense, as American officials charged (for only a small, traditionally pacifist minority favored such a course), but unilateral action by the Europeans to opt out of a nuclear-arms race that no one could win. What gave the movement its unexpected force was the conjunction of two fears—fear of the weapons of extermination themselves, and fear of what Ulrich Albrecht, an influential professor in the German peace movement, called "the American grip." Significantly, the peace movement did not catch fire unless both elements were present.

In Britain, Holland, and Germany, the strongest impulse behind the movement was a long-repressed feeling that democracy was meaningless if it was Americans and Russians who decided whether these countries would live or die. In Britain, the crucial decision to deploy the cruise missile had been made by the Labour Government without public discussion. Local governments did not even know where the nuclear weapons on their territory were, and the decision about when and where to use them, which would determine Soviet retaliation, was exclusively in American hands.

In Germany, especially, the nuclear weapons stimulated nationalist feelings, for in a war the missiles of the two outside powers would explode on German soil. The opposing nuclear-armed forces confronting each other at the Elbe dramatized the dilemma of German identity. Yet the movement was not nationalist in the classic sense, for few of the marchers had any faith in traditional national defense. The crowds marching in London, Amsterdam, and Bonn were not calling for a Fortress Britain or a Fortress Germany, much less a Fortress Holland, but for a disarmed Europe united in

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peace. The German movement for the most part stressed the reunification of Europe "from Portugal to Poland," in the alliterative slogan of the European Nuclear Disarmament organization, rather than the reunification of Germany, which had been the concern of the peace-and-neutrality activists of the preceding generation.

The Reagan rhetoric, the huge increase in the American arms budget, the growing realization that the United States, and not the Soviet Union, had consistently been the pacesetter in the arms race, achieving a variety of lethal breakthroughs five to seven years before the Russians, all helped to focus European fears on the United States. The Soviet government was dangerous to its own people and to Afghans and Poles; the American government was dangerous to the people of Western Europe. The Russians talked peace while they continued to prepare for war, and even to make war in Afghanistan, but the Americans talked with frightening nonchalance about starting a nuclear war and winning it.

The strongest force behind the German movement was fear of contamination—environmental and spiritual. Hundreds of peace organizations sprang up in the Federal Republic, but the two most powerful forces were the Greens, originally an extra-parliamentary action group organized to oppose nuclear power and other assaults on the environment, and the Protestant Church. The environmental movement had been strongly influenced by political forces within the United States. Petra Kelly, a young woman who had attended a German convent school and moved on to a university in the United States, became convinced that nuclear radiation from power plants posed a mortal danger, and that if this was so nuclear weapons posed a far greater danger. Ralph Nader and the American environmental movement were strong influences, and so was a group of American women who demonstrated at the Pentagon in November of 1980. The death of Petra Kelly's younger sister from cancer helped to turn her from a full-time bureaucrat into a tireless activist. As chairperson of the Greens, she was determined to show that concern for the earth required confronting the danger of nuclear war. The Greens declared themselves to be "beyond" left and right, and indeed attracted adherents from across the political spectrum. The movement struggled to define a new political philosophy that

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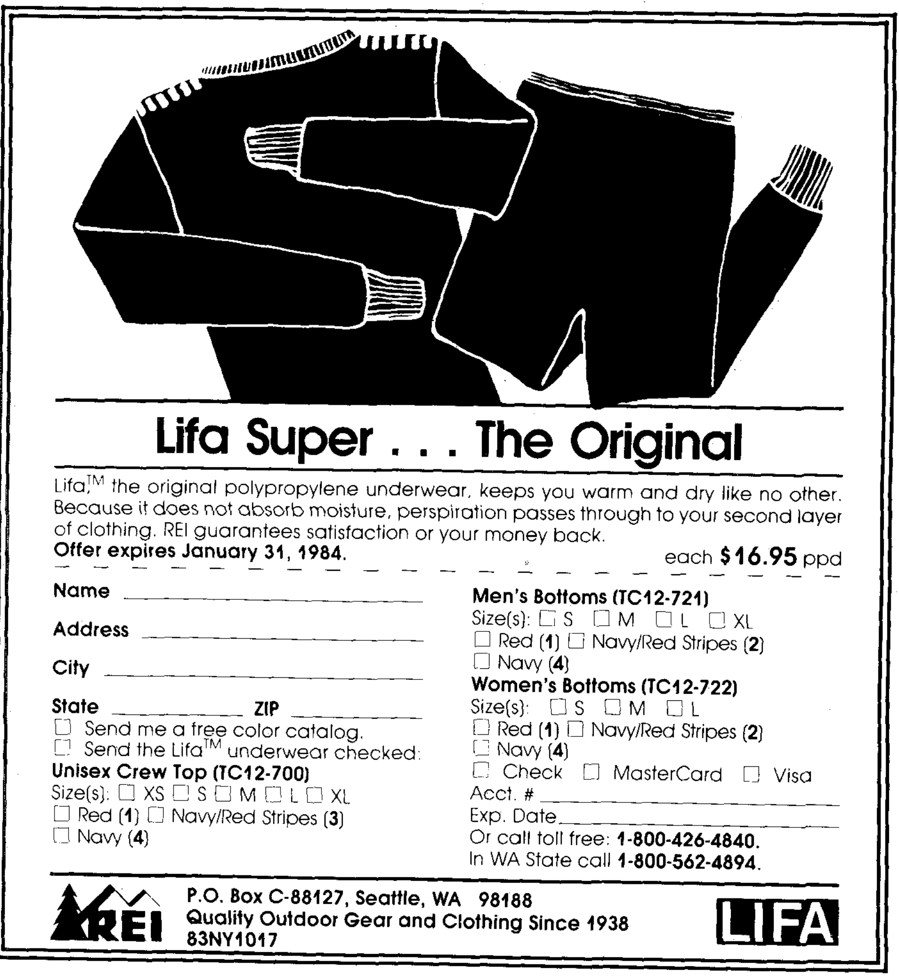

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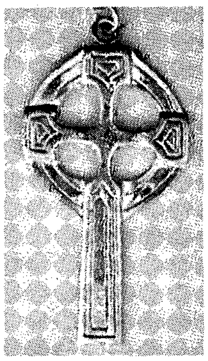

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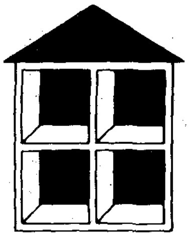

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defied the traditional ideological categories of the past.

When *Stern* published a map of all the nuclear installations in Germany, the Greens capitalized on the dramatic revelation. The map was peppered with dozens of dots, each representing at a minimum the destructive power of a Hiroshima bomb, and *Stern* said that the map made West Germany look like a child with measles. As the Social Democrats split over the nuclear issue—Schmidt continued to insist that the Euromissiles be deployed—more and more young people were attracted to the Greens. Having now transformed itself from an anti-hierarchical organization into a political party seeking power, the Greens struck at the very points where Helmut Schmidt was most vulnerable: the United States government offered "paranoia" and "nuclear holocaust," not protection; Germany as a nation had lost control of its security by tying itself to Reagan's America, and the German people had lost control over their lives by silently acquiescing in the secret preparations for their own destruction.

The other powerful anti-nuclear force was the church. Schmidt himself disclaimed a world leadership role for the Federal Republic, because, he sometimes said privately, "We are the nation of Auschwitz." The Protestant Church, deeply conscious of having in the main failed to oppose the monstrous evil of the century, was moved to resist the weapons that threatened to make an Auschwitz of the whole earth. The Reagan nuclear threats, it said, were a form of blasphemy. "In April of the Year of Our Lord 1981," the theologian Ute Ranke-Heinemann, a daughter of the former German President, cried at a huge demonstration, "Another lord pronounced the order to build the neutron bomb." Some of the moving spirits were themselves veterans of the struggle against Hitler—septuagenarian members of the Confessing Church, which in May of 1934 had called on Christians to oppose the state, because the Nazis had gone "beyond the limits of God's commandments." The anti-nuclear strain in the Protestant church went back many years. In 1958, the influential theologian Karl Barth had declared, "Not just to use these weapons but also to threaten to use these weapons is inadmissible." Pastor Martin Niemöller, the First World War U-boat commander, who was imprisoned for seven years under the Nazis

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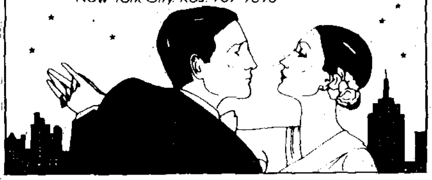

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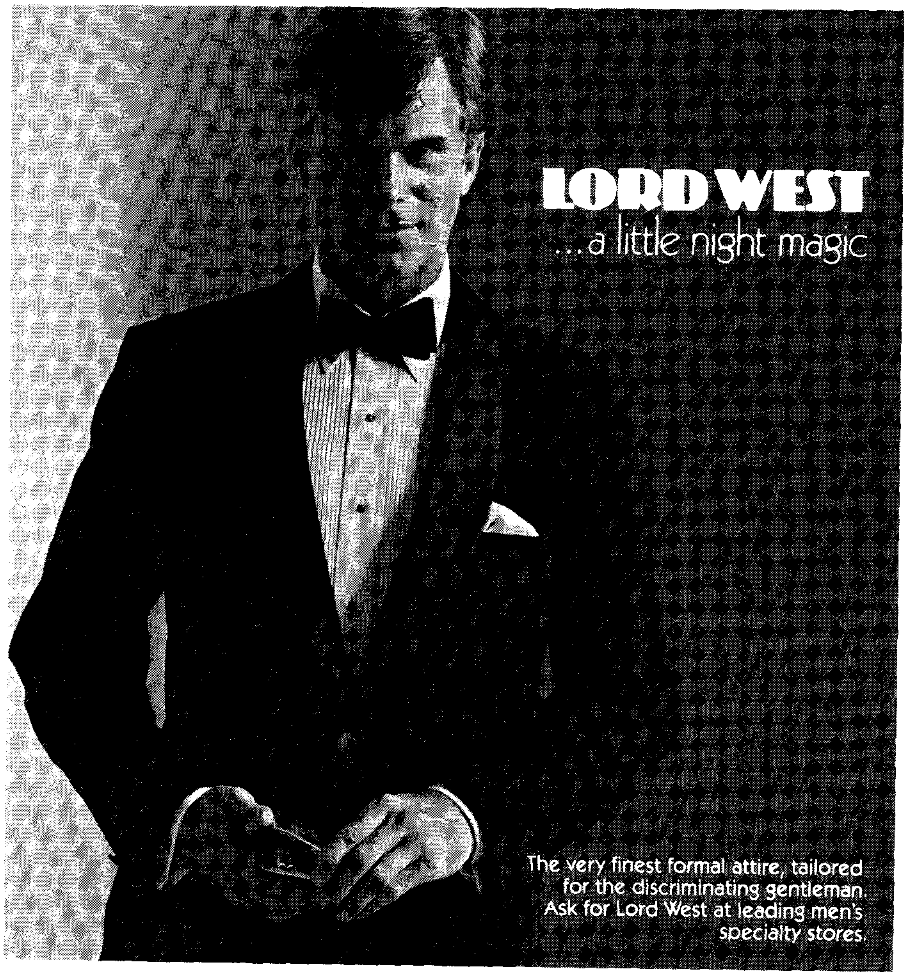
and was now almost ninety, denounced the Americans in terms he had once reserved for Hitler. The United States, he said, was using the arms race to ruin the European and Japanese economies. "Then there will be no obstacle to its extending its empire across the whole world," he said. Although German Protestants were not churchgoers, by and large, the church's message concerning the irrationality, the danger, and the immorality of the bomb reached them and began to break through the psychological resistance to confronting the weapon that could theoretically bring the death of everything.

Let us throw off "this unconditional subordination of the interests of our people to foreign interests," the theologian Helmut Gollwitzer cried at a Bonn peace rally. American correspondents in Germany began noting the reassertion of German identity—"the new patriotism," it was called—and reported straws in the wind that stirred up old suspicions. Egon Bahr, the *Times* reported, now liked to refer to the United States as "the former occupation power." After more than a hundred years, the insistent questions remained. What is Germany? What are its true borders? These questions had, of course, helped to provoke two world wars. In ordinary conversation, Germans talked of "the Germans" instead of "we." (In Moscow, visiting professors were surprised to hear Soviet officials speak of East Germany as "our Germans" and the Federal Republic as "the Germans.") The Second World War had compounded the old identity problem.

Public-opinion polls throughout Europe, American Embassies confidently reported to Washington, showed large majorities still in favor of NATO, the American connection, and the prevailing military strategy. But the Reagan Administration knew that the peace movement, large in itself, reflected much wider anxieties. All during the nineteen-sixties, the major political parties of West Germany had been united in their strong support of NATO and the American connection. The Social Democrats had been, if anything, more Atlanticist than their opponents, for they saw Atlanticism and *Ostpolitik* as two sides of a single coin. But by 1981 a radical shift seemed under way. "Stop behaving as if the Americans were your enemies and the Soviets your friends!" Schmidt shouted at those within his own party who increasingly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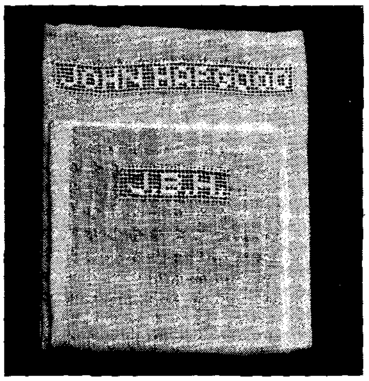

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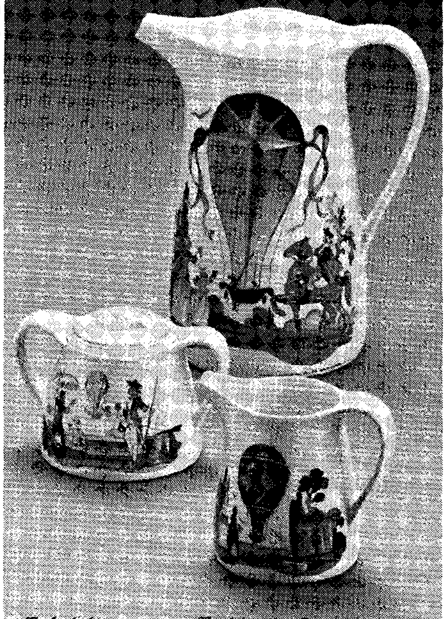
feared that the American pressure on Germany to take the new missiles in the midst of a redoubled arms race would lead to war. Schmidt had badly miscalculated on the Euromissiles decision, but he had staked the prestige of his government on it and could not back down. His only avenue of escape was a successful negotiation between the United States and the Soviet Union. In the fall of 1981, Ronald Reagan bowed to the pressure of the Atlanticists in the State Department and the entreaties of every Western politician. The United States proposed a version of the "zero option" advocated in Europe: the new missiles would not be deployed if the Russians agreed to remove all their SS-20s and other missiles threatening Western Europe. The measure was designed to deflate the European peace movement, but it had the opposite effect. So unlikely was it that the Russians would give up hundreds of missiles already deployed, and so far apart were the superpowers, that it seemed all the more necessary for Europeans to take their fate into their own hands.

Thirty-five years of the American alliance had not solved "the German question." For almost twenty years, Konrad Adenauer's answer to the question "What will become of us?" had been accepted: the more powerful and united the West became, the sooner the Soviet grip on the Germans across the Elbe would be loosened. With *Ostpolitik*, a completely different strategy was envisaged: eventually, the systems would converge, and through expanded human contacts a common German identity would once again be shared by all Germans. "I will not live long enough to see a solution," Schmidt assured the viewers of "60 Minutes." The United States government, which had gone to war twice in the century to combat German nationalism, was in no hurry to see Germany reunited. NATO itself had been sold and resold in the United States and Western Europe as a leash on the Germans.

SHORTLY before dawn on December 13, 1981, the Polish General Wojciech Jaruzelski executed a lightning-swift military crackdown. Ronald Reagan was interrupted with the first reports of the arrests while he was watching a movie at Camp David, and he immediately ordered the preparation of a range of punishments to administer to the Russians. Schmidt was sleeping in a hunting lodge in East



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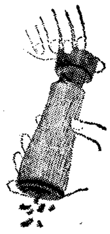

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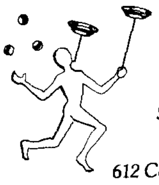

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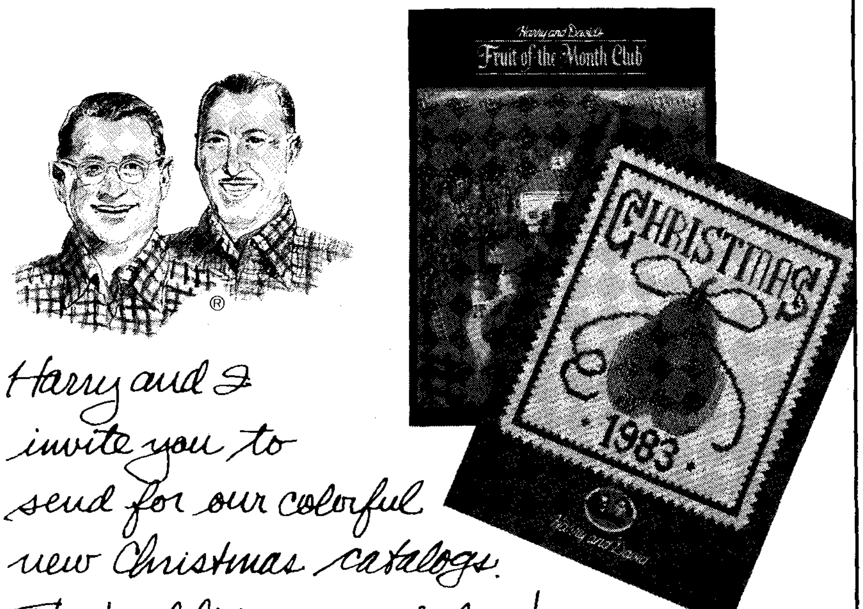
Germany, as a guest of Erich Honecker, the head of the Communist Party. He continued his talks that day as if the brutal events in Poland had not occurred. From the first hours of the Polish crisis, it was evident that the European and American leaders saw it differently.

All across Western Europe, there was shock at the speed with which Solidarity had been extinguished, relief that the Russians had not marched, and compassion for the people of Poland. Millions of food parcels were shipped to Poland, in an outpouring of spontaneous humanitarian sentiment. At the same time, there were mixed feelings about the victims who had precipitated the crisis. Solidarity had gone too fast, attempted too much. Now perhaps the Poles would go back to work and pay off the staggering debts to German, French, and Italian banks—some of which faced severe difficulties in the event of a Polish default.

From the very beginning, the Reagan Administration treated the Polish crisis in a manner quite different from that of any Western European government. Ronald Reagan spoke of what the Russians had done, but Schmidt preferred to act on appearances: the Russians had not done anything that anyone could see, and what they had done covertly no one knew for sure. When a high State Department official flew to Bonn in the aftermath of the crackdown with a list of possible sanctions, Foreign Minister Genscher would not even discuss them.

When Polish martial law was a little more than two weeks old, the United States announced an embargo on shipments of all technology to the Soviet Union relating to the production or transportation of oil and gas. From the first, it was evident that West Germany and France would not follow suit. As a philosophical matter, neither believed in economic warfare of this sort. And for the Federal Republic, with four hundred and fifty thousand German jobs depending upon trade with the East amid the worst unemployment crisis in more than a generation, and more than seven hundred companies engaged in various production arrangements in Eastern Europe, economic sanctions made no sense. The jobs, the trade surplus with the East, and, above all, the Germans living under Soviet control were hostages to the continuation of normal relations. The particular issue of sanctions that increasingly



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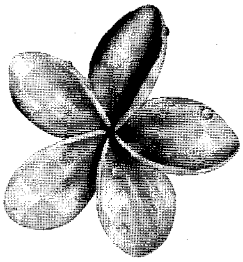

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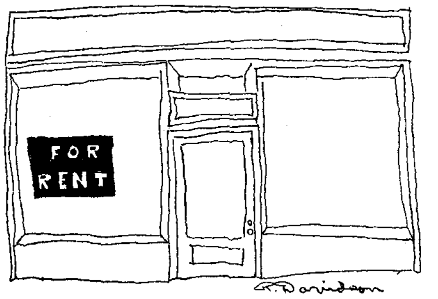
brought the United States into conflict with its allies centered on a fifteen-billion-dollar pipeline project to carry natural gas from the Yamal Peninsula, northeast of the Urals and above the Arctic Circle, to West Germany, France, and Italy. In the summer of 1982, the dispute over the Soviet pipeline erupted, producing an atmosphere of crisis as serious as any in the history of the alliance.

Ever since the Kennedy Administration, when the idea of building oil pipelines connecting the two halves of Europe had first been proposed and become an issue, American officials had been worried about Europe's growing dependence upon gas and oil from the East. In July of 1980, the West German government had approved the pipeline deal, which included an agreement to lend the Russians four billion seven hundred and fifty thousand dollars. The Reagan Administration had two reasons for wanting to break up the arrangement: the Federal Republic, American officials believed, would be even less willing to resist disturbing moves by Moscow if it became more dependent upon Soviet gas; moreover, the Russians would earn billions in foreign exchange, which would ease their economic difficulties and make them more formidable military competitors.

The strategic planners in Washington were swayed, it seemed to West German officials, by ideological passion, not logic. No one believed that the sanctions would cause the Russians to order the end of martial law in Poland. The argument about German dependency was exaggerated. Count Otto Graf Lambsdorff, the West German Minister of Economic Affairs, pointed out that when the Soviet gas deliveries reached their peak they would represent about thirty per cent of the country's gas consumption, or five to six per cent of total energy needs. The most telling response to the Administration in Washington was to point out that to stop the deal would hurt the West far more than it would the Soviet Union. The Russians depended little on trade. It was simply not credible that a few billion dollars in foreign exchange would cause them to change their military priorities—especially since most of the raw materials for military production were procured within the Soviet Union.

For all practical purposes, Schmidt declared, "U.S. policy . . . has taken on a form that suggests an end to friendship and partnership." The Europeans ordered the pipeline project to continue, and the Reagan Administration began proceedings to blacklist the leading firms of its allies. Despite the achievement of a compromise agreement among the NATO nations on the issue of Soviet sanctions, the divisions between West Germany and the United States continued to deepen. A joint report on the state of the alliance by the Council on Foreign Relations and the most influential foreign-policy institutes in London, Bonn, and Paris solemnly concluded that "the days of the old 'Atlantic' system, based on U.S. predominance and its corollary, European reluctance to take wider responsibilities, are over." The French Foreign Minister, Claude Cheysson, spoke of a "progressive divorce" that was taking place between America and Europe. "We no longer speak the same language," he said.

The military reality had changed, and the public understanding of that reality had changed even more. The American protection against the theoretical but unlikely prospect of Soviet military aggression was no longer a relatively cost-free insurance policy. Whatever credibility the American promise to sacrifice New York for Frankfurt had ever had since the end of America's own brief period of invulnerability rested on Soviet fear of American irrationality. The Americans just might proceed step by step into a war that would destroy their own two-hundred-year experiment, and perhaps the whole world. But, increasingly, the nuclear strategy for keeping Europe free appeared to be based on absurdity and gamble—the absurdity that the American President would precipitate the destruction of the United States to "save" Europe, and the gamble that the solemn pledge to commit suicide would never be tested. As long as the arms race was relatively stable, Europeans simply repressed the danger. But the very process of deterrence seemed to require periodic escalation in the development of lethal technology, and the selling of



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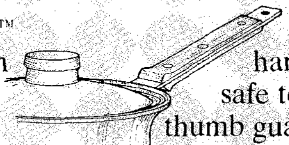

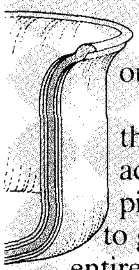

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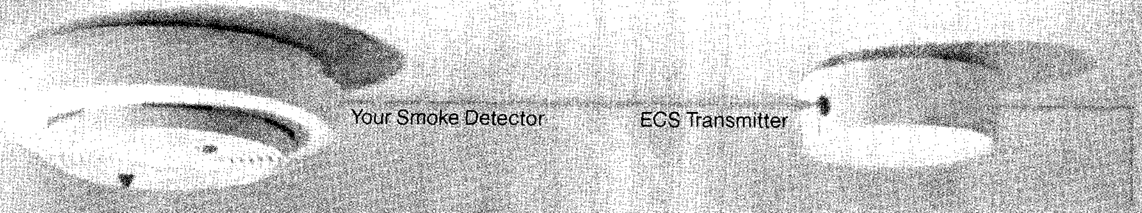
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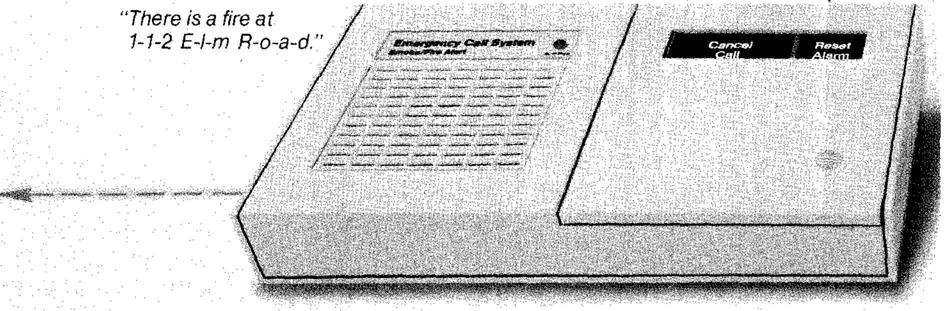
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astronomical military appropriations seemed to demand periodic campaigns to scare the public. America's belligerence and frustration, it appeared to growing numbers in Europe, endangered their ancient civilization but offered no real promise of defending them. With all its emphasis on military power as the basis of its leadership, the United States managed to demonstrate the limits of military power by its withdrawal in Vietnam and its show of impotence in Iran.

Junior membership in an American alliance struck the moderate or conservative politicians of Europe in the nineteen-fifties and sixties as a price well worth paying to secure the benefits of American power in dealing with the Soviet Union. Identification with America's global objectives proved to be an important source of domestic political support, because of the widespread fear of Communism and the Soviet Union among the voters. But while Europe remained distrustful of the Soviet Union, the analysis of the Soviet colossus had changed. Local left-wing forces no longer appeared to be Soviet agents. The theoretical danger of a Soviet military attack remained, but it was more dubious than ever.

The Americans lacked a winning military strategy to deal with the crude threat to which their preparations were addressed; neither the nuclear arsenals nor the Rapid Deployment Force deterred the Russians in Afghanistan, and nothing suggested that an American military establishment twice as big would have been more successful. In European capitals, the Soviet Union was thought of as a nation for which a strategy of coexistence had to be devised, not as a power to be defeated or a pariah to be quarantined. The more the Americans looked at the Soviet threat in apocalyptic or ideological terms, the more attractive it became for Europeans to reclaim responsibility for their own defense. What the Americans asked of them was something quite different: not independent defense planning but greater contributions to a common defense strategy orchestrated in Washington. But the more the Americans seemed fixed on a hopeless military competition with the Soviet Union, the less effective they seemed as managers of the common cause that had brought the alliance into being.

By the beginning of the nineteen-eighties, members of the Vietnam War generation had come to positions of

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prominence in politics and in television, magazines, and newspapers in Germany, and they did not regard the United States government in the same positive light that prevailed in their parents' generation. (Symbols of wounded pride or moral outrage stick in the national memory; occasions for gratitude are easily forgotten.) High-technology culture was now international: America was no longer its unique source. Other industrial countries (with the exception of unwanted "guests") looked after their workers and the poor and helpless with greater compassion than the United States did. In no other industrial country were the centers of major cities such wastelands.

The history of diplomacy is a story of shifting alliances. George Washington and Charles de Gaulle understood better than most contemporary politicians who missed the great surprises of our age—such as the Sino-Soviet dispute or the Iranian revolution—that nations do not have and cannot have permanent attachments. The anarchic international system is always in motion. Times change, and so do allies. The postwar alliance of victors and vanquished was itself proof of that.

By the early nineteen-eighties, both the United States and the Soviet Union were seeking to reassert greater control over their respective allies and clients, and in the process tensions within both blocs increased. The arms race—the lethal game that absorbed both superpowers—struck their respective allies as suicidal. Increasing numbers in Western Europe and in the Soviet client states of the East found themselves more absorbed with the problems posed by their protector than by their adversary. Détente nourished a spirit of independence and diversity in both halves of Europe, which made it more difficult to revive Cold War confrontation or to reëstablish superpower discipline over the partners of the West and the satellites of the East.

The domestic political consensus behind the alliance was eroding on both sides of the Atlantic. What Europeans complained of as "hegemony" Americans considered unappreciated sacrifice. The restiveness of allies elicited impatience and resentment in America, for the costs of alliance rose even as the benefits became harder to define.

Since the age of empires was over, and vainglorious rhetoric was no

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longer in fashion. Presidents had built domestic support for the alliance by talking about responsibilities, burdens, and sacrifice. President Reagan put it most starkly: America was great because America was good. The self-serving rationale that had impelled the original architects of the alliance—that the United States must play the hegemonic power in Europe or face a Continent dominated by either Russia or Germany—had scarcely ever been mentioned in public discourse. As far as most Americans understood it, NATO was a modern-day Maginot Line to keep the Russians out of Berlin, Frankfurt, and Paris. Why then, more and more of them now asked, should they devote a hundred billion dollars a year to defend people who did not appreciate the sacrifice? In Europe, on the other hand, America's faltering leadership raised new doubts in people about the wisdom of entrusting their defense to a distant superpower in evident confusion over its very identity as a world leader. Yet the fear of the Soviet Union and the lingering suspicion of a Germany cut off from the American alliance—a sentiment shared even by some Germans—kept the partnership from unravelling altogether. The United States and the Federal Republic needed each other no less than before: after more than thirty years their extraordinary alliance had helped create a new world, in which the common security required a birth of innovation even more effective than that which evolved almost two generations before.

—RICHARD J. BARNET

(This is the second part of a two-part article.)

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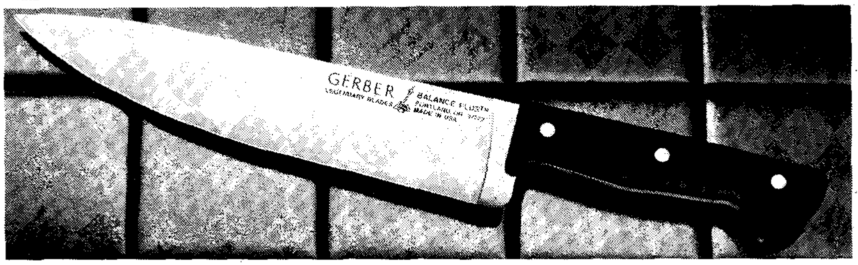

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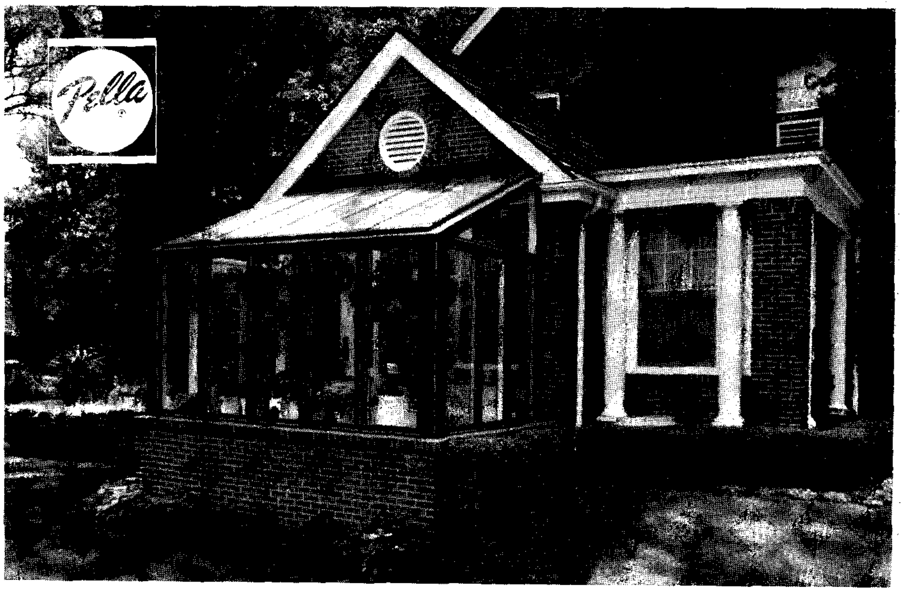

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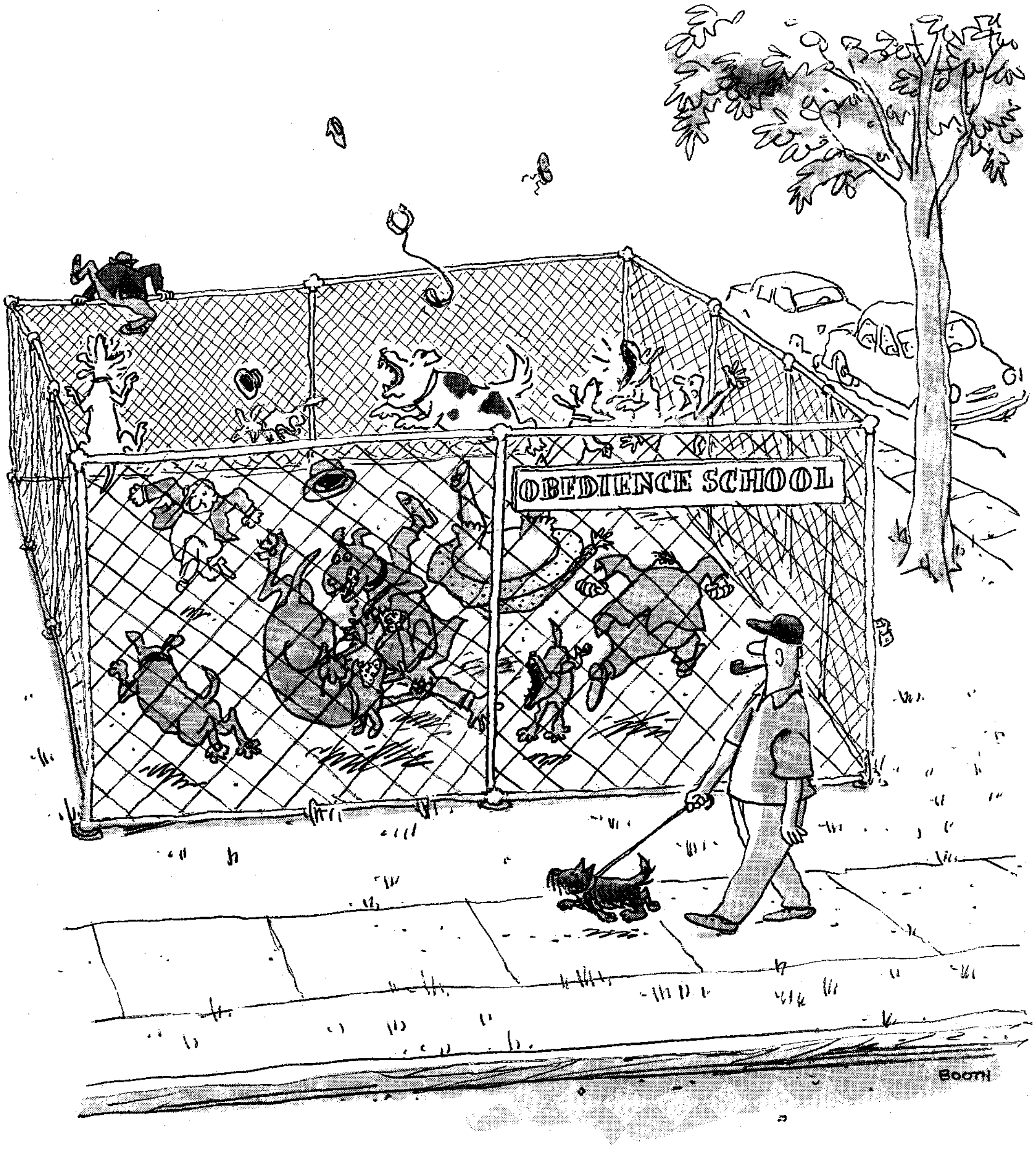
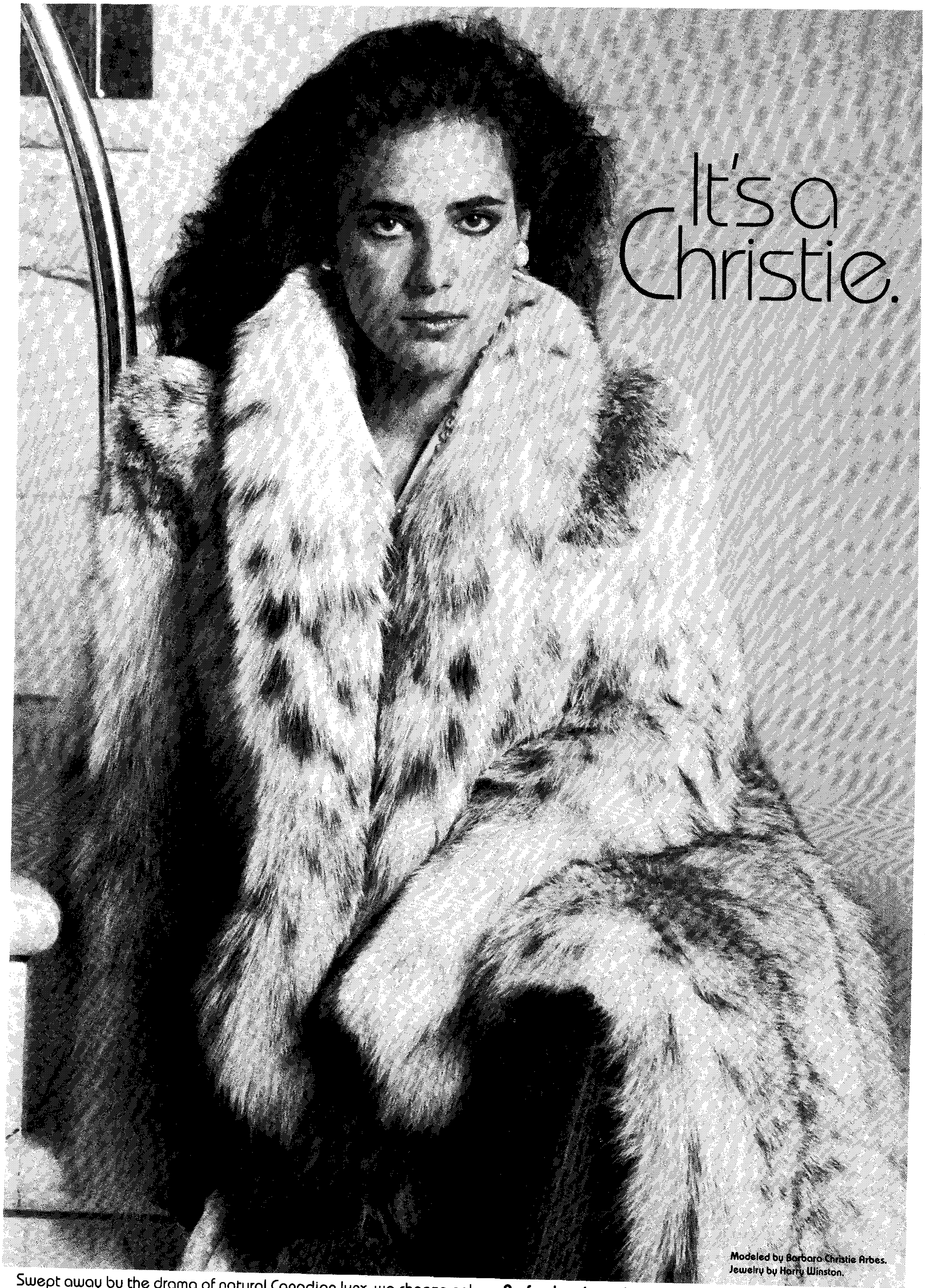
MUSICAL EVENTS

Not Magic But the Human Heart

THE City Opera's presentation of Puccini's "Turandot"—the second production of a season reduced to eight weeks by the orchestra strike—was noisy, coarse, and brutal, but it was not ineffective. Judith Telep-Ehrlich, the Turandot, has a powerful and vigorous soprano. The night I went (the third performance), it was announced that she was suffering from the flu but would sing all the same. She did not, in the usual phrase, crave the audience's indulgence; nor did she need to. The role seemed to hold no terrors for her. Her tone wobbled at the start but grew firmer during the aria. Her singing was strong and unflagging. It was a performance without subtlety, without delicacy, without the charm and fascination that some performers have brought to the part. It was straightforward, loud, and assured. Jon Fredric West's Calaf can be described in similar terms. There was nothing romantic or aristocratic about this prince; he was a thickset tenor crying the music with the full force of his lungs, lustily and accurately. Joseph Kerman tells us, in "Opera as Drama," that "Turandot" is a depraved opera whose music is "consistently, throughout, of café-music banality." I've often thought otherwise, beguiled by the chinoiserie glint and attractiveness of the score, and moved, too, by the urgent lyricism with which Reginald Goodall and Rudolf Kempe used to conduct it at Covent Garden. The moral of the opera is blunt and unpleasing: that a frigid, domineering woman becomes, once raped, submissive and loving. The matching bluntness of characterization can to some extent be concealed by a chivalrous Calaf who makes lust seem a metaphor for poetic quest and by a Turandot who suggests unconscious fears and repressed sensuality beneath her icy, man-hating sadism. The myth of the apparently impregnable yet irresistible woman and the hero who must win her or perish in the attempt takes many forms, has wide applicability, and underlies some good works of art. As Kerman says, "nobody would deny that dramatic potential can be found in this tale." But, he continues, Puccini did not find it, and "there is simply no insight into any emotions that might possibly be imagined in any of the situations, to say nothing of an imaginative binding conception." The City Opera artists—students of "Opera as Drama," perhaps—evidently abjured as dishonest the usual attempts to present "Turandot" as a serious work of art, to cast visual and tonal glamour over it, and to enrich the characters with psychological nuances. Beni Montresor's scenery and costumes, retained from the company's 1975 production, are gaudy. (His sets are oddly shallow, with cruelly steep staircases; the painted front gauze has a rent and a darn in it.) Jack Eddleman's new staging is commonplace, except when pepped up with shows of somersaults and cartwheels from a team of tumbler-acrobats. Christopher Keene's conducting is energetic, unsentimental, and unmagical, and little attention is paid to such indications as *pp* and *più piano possibile*. But, in its plain, loud way, the performance is a success. The chorus (which has a new chorusmaster, Joseph Colaneri) sings admirably.

Some Puccini biographers make much of the fact that the composer himself "perished in the attempt," unable to melt his ice-girt princess. He died in Brussels, in 1924, with the final duet of "Turandot" unwritten. Three years earlier, he had already begun to quail

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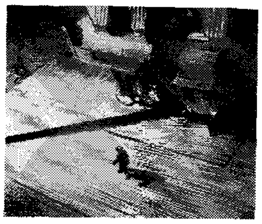

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before this scene on which, he said in a letter to Giuseppe Adami, one of the two librettists, "all that is decisive, vivid, and dramatic in the opera must converge." A new "Götterdämmerung" finale, crossed with "Die Frau ohne Schatten," seems to have been his aim:

> It must be a great duet. These two almost superhuman beings are transformed by love into human beings, and love takes possession of all on the stage in a great orchestral peroration.

But a simpler reading of the evidence is that "Turandot" remained unfinished chiefly because Puccini's librettists were tardy. (Throughout musical history, librettists have lagged behind the composers they should be serving.) Not until a few days before he entered the Brussels clinic were the lines for the final duet completed to his satisfaction. He looked forward to composing them as soon as his treatment was done.

Franco Alfano, with Puccini's sketches to guide him, completed "Turandot," and the opera was published with his ending. At the first performance, in 1926, Toscanini laid down his baton where Puccini had laid down his pen. In subsequent performances, he conducted an abridged and revised version of the Alfano scene—the familiar text of the second and subsequent "Turandot" scores. Sometimes—but unhappily—it is still further abridged in performance by the omission of Turandot's "Del primo pianto," an aria within the duet. The City Opera, however, performs what is billed as the world stage première of the original ending. There are early recordings of "Del primo pianto" by the first German Turandots—Lotte Lehmann, Anna Roselle, Mafalda Salvatini—which include passages of the original version and suggest that at least in Germany and Austria it was once sung. With this ending, the roles become even more taxing. In the space of three measures (at the phrase "Più grande vittoria non volere"), the fuller "Del primo pianto" elicits two more high B-flats, one pianissimo and one fortissimo, and a long fortissimo high C from the soprano. When the Turandot is up to them (as Miss Telep-Ehrlich was), they add excitement and passion to the piece. Further (but ad-libitum) B-flats, B's, and C's for the lovers ring out in octaves over the final chorus.

If modern Turandots sang as lyrically as Lehmann, Roselle, and Salvatini did, in full, shining, unforced tones, and if modern Calafs took, say, the mellifluous Beniamino Gigli,

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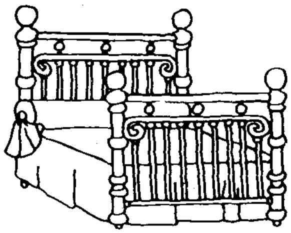

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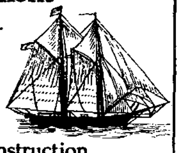

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whom Puccini asked for as his interpreter, as a model (Gigli recorded "Nessun dorma" but never sang the role), and if all concentrated on pronouncing the words so that listeners could follow and respond emotionally to every one of them, modern audiences might gain a different idea of Puccini's opera.

MASSENET'S "Cendrillon," which opened the City Opera season, is given in a production, by Brian Macdonald, that opened in Ottawa in 1979 and has since then been played in Washington, Paris, and San Francisco. It is a charming show. It ran more smoothly and elegantly here than it had in Ottawa. Henry Bardon's painted scenery is both apt and pretty. Mario Bernardi's conducting is deft. Faith Esham, who also did the role in Paris, is a delightful heroine, pure, sweet, and shining of face, limpid of voice. Prince Charming is again Delia Wallis; she has the *physique du costume* that the composer called for, but her timbre has grown rather narrow. Mme. de la Haltière, Cinderella's stepmother, is again Maureen Forrester; she has toned down—though not quite enough—what was originally too boisterous a performance, and is both funny and incisive. (She has also regained her fourth-act aria, one of the catchiest tunes in the score, and makes much of it.) Erie Mills is a slightly edgy Fairy Godmother. William Parker's Pandolfe, Cinderella's father, is warmly done. The stepsisters, Lisbeth Lloyd and Judith Christin, are good. The chorus is excellent.

The piece is sung in French, and English "supertitles" are projected on a narrow screen beneath the proscenium arch. They are legible, undistracting, and useful. One can glance at them as in the old days, before auditorium lights were dimmed during the performance, people used to glance at their librettos. Audiences will surely now be demanding them at all dramas enacted in foreign languages.

OF "Alcina," the last and richest of Handel's five "magic" operas, Charles Burney wrote, in 1788, "Upon the whole, if any one of Handel's dramatic works should be brought on the stage, *entire*, without a change or mixture of airs from his other operas, it seems as if this would well sustain such a revival." And, after "Giulio Cesare," "Alcina" has probably been the Handel opera most often performed in our day. London

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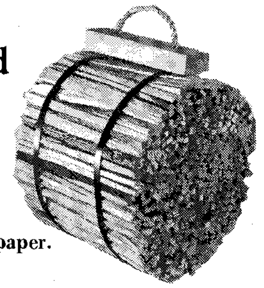

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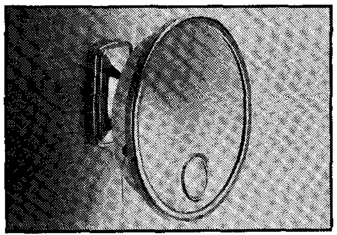

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has seen four modern productions, two of them with Joan Sutherland as the heroine, and two of them in Covent Garden, where "Alcina" was first performed, in 1735. Dallas staged it in 1960, with Miss Sutherland. There was a concert performance in Carnegie Hall in 1974, with Cristina Deutekom. And now the City Opera has put on a production—a production of sorts, but one that shows little understanding of Handelian opera in general or of the particular qualities of "Alcina." None of these revivals used the *entire* score. At the City Opera, seven of the twenty-six arias are omitted, and four more are abridged to their first sections only. But a Handelian's quarrel is less with the edition—by comparison with the City Opera's travesty of "Giulio Cesare" or with the "Rinaldo" that threatens at the Met, it is a marvel of rectitude—than with the failure to reveal the dramatic merits of the piece.

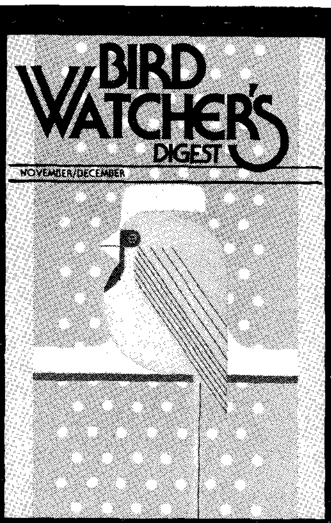
A quarter century ago, the failure could have been forgiven. Those dramatic merits have been a discovery of our day, and increasing experience of Handel's operas in the theatre has changed the common view of them. In 1957, when "Alcina" was about to have its first London production in more than two centuries, Winton Dean wrote, in a program note:

> "Alcina" is still a singer's opera, depending both musically and dramatically on the treatment of the solo voice and scarcely at all on the plot. . . . To us these disguised identities, jealousies and amorous cross-currents may appear absurdly stilted, if not incomprehensible. They are best regarded as pure fantasy. "Alcina" makes no claim to be anything else.

But nine years—and three productions—later, Dean wrote, in his "Handel and the Opera Seria," of "music of exceptional psychological subtlety." "Alcina," he says,

> is not an opera in which various characters happen to fall in love; it is an opera about the nature of love itself, as revealed in their actions. Its theme is not magic but the human heart. The music and the drama interlock throughout.

An opera about the nature of love itself, something to set beside "Poppea," "Figaro's Wedding," "Così," "Tristan"! I doubt whether anyone encountering "Alcina" for the first time in the City Opera staging could have perceived that. The director, Andrei Serban, and his designer, Mr. Montresor, reduced the dramatic metaphors of Alcina's enchanted isle to a disco divertissement, in black and white and mirrors, and larded the ac-



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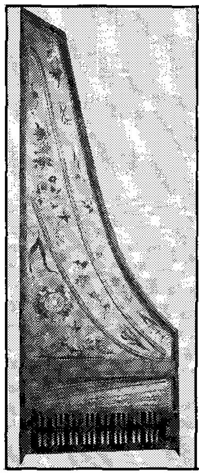

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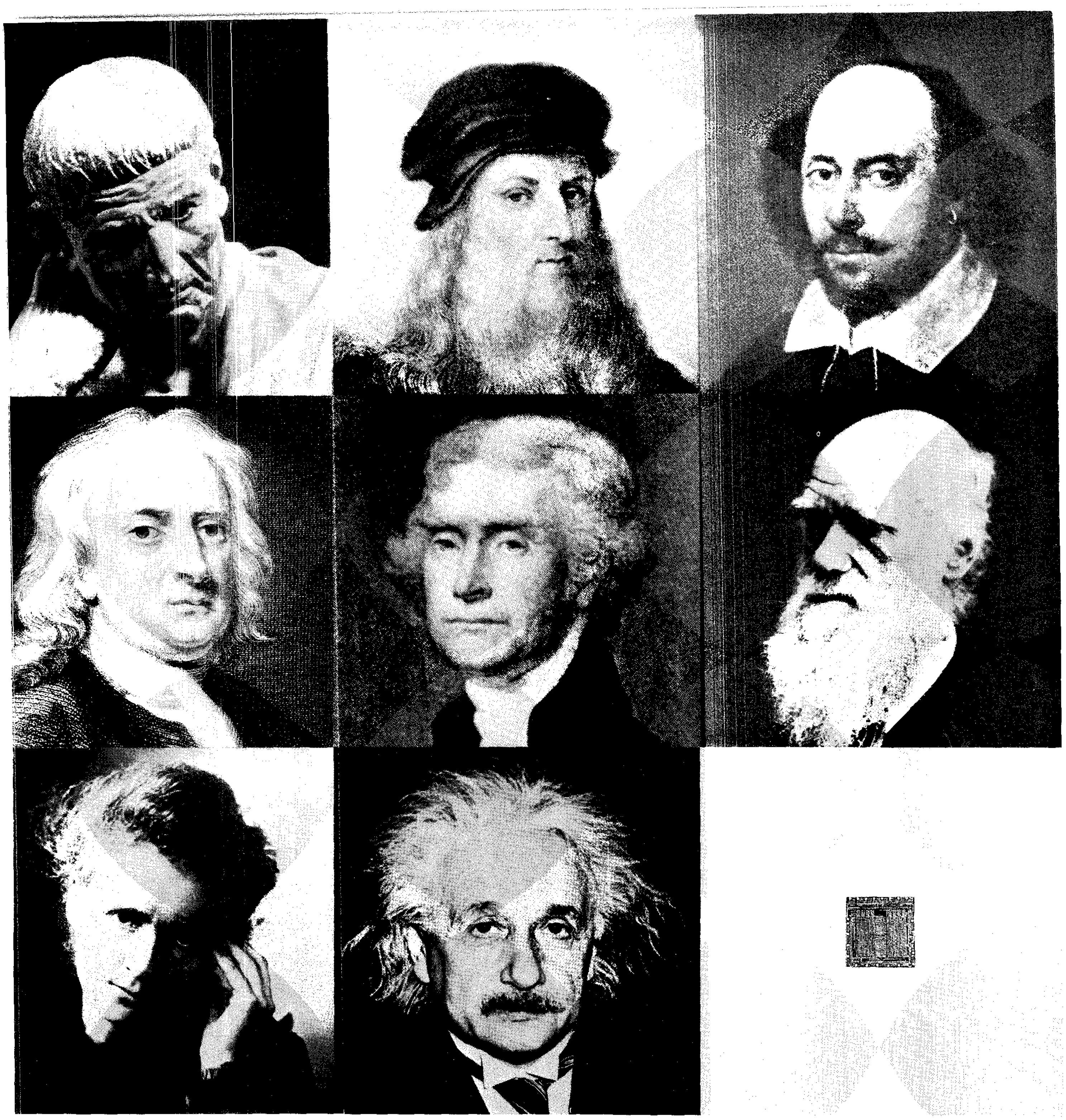

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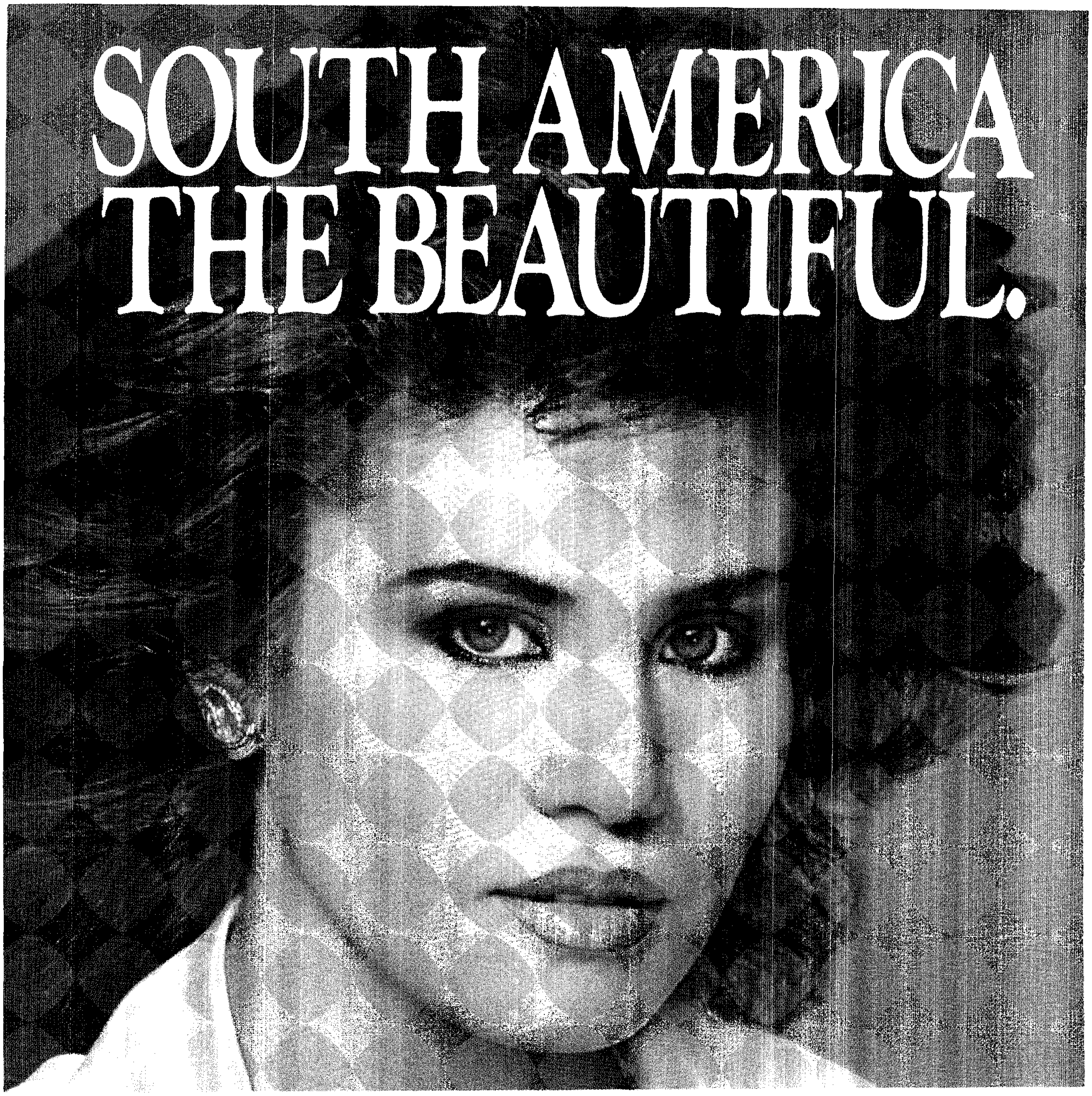

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tion with cuteness and touches of low comedy. There was no suggestion of the place where, in the words of Sir John Harington's "Orlando Furioso" translation,

> Divers groves there were, of dainty shade,
> Of palme, or orange trees, of cedars tall,
> Of sundrie fruites and flowers that never
> fade.

There was no contrast between the *luogo deserto* of the opening scene and the voluptuous paradise conjured up by Alcina's spells, no "verdant meadows," no frame for the great central portrait of a woman at first happy in her love, then incredulous when she is scorned, menacing and entreating in turn, finally heartbroken. Alcina, as Dean rightly observes, is a tragic heroine: "She has the stature of a queen, the passion of a woman in love, the evil glitter of a sorceress, and the pathos of pride brought low, for she can command everything except the love of the man she wants." Her progress is traced in six great arias, two in each act. At the City Opera, the force of the fourth of them, the second-act finale, "Ombre pallide," after Alcina has called in vain on her spirits, and been answered only with silence, was lessened by its transference to the start of Act III. Ruggiero's "Verdi prati," in E major, his tender farewell to enchantments that he can relinquish only with a pang, and Alcina's "Ombre pallide," in E minor, form a planned sequence that should not be broken. Alcina's fifth aria, "Ma quando tornerai," when, like Venus in "Tannhäuser," she rounds on her departing lover with mingled threat and entreaty, was omitted. So was Ruggiero's most interesting aria, "Mi lusinga il dolce affetto," in Act II, when his conscience begins to stir.

There is no single right way of performing Handel's operas today. "Orlando," the first of the three Ariosto operas that he brought out in 1733-35, has triumphed recently in Peter Sellars' modern production, in Cambridge, and in Nicholas McGegan's eighteenth-century production, in St. Louis. The two shows had in common that they were entire and that they observed Handel's stage directions, respected his scenic divisions, sequences, and contrasts, and showed complete faith in his dramatic genius. The Serban "Alcina" is an old-fashioned show executed in the old belief that Handel was a quaint fellow whose operas contain glorious music but are not really dramatic.

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pointment that the opera as a whole was not being taken seriously—that the Cambridge and St. Louis lessons remain unlearned in New York—was tempered by delight in hearing the score again. Carol Vaness, the heroine, looks beautiful and sings the music in full, rich tones—sometimes too vibrantly rich for stylistic comfort. D'Anna Fortunato, the Ruggiero, is a Handelian of crisp accomplishment. The others are capable. Raymond Leppard conducts. He loves the music, it is clear, but both his rhythms and the timbre and style of the orchestra are somewhat soggy. The recitatives are delivered slowly, in full voice, with pauses between phrases, and with protracted cadences. The opera is sung in Italian; the theatre sells a bilingual libretto, drawn from the booklet that accompanies a London recording of "Alcina" and adjusted to match the City Opera production.

THE Metropolitan Opera's centenary season began with a revival of "Les Troyens"—an unready, underrehearsed, but not unpromising account of Berlioz's great opera. The company's repertory system, essentially unchanged in a hundred years, precludes the single-minded attention to one opera at a time which many European houses can now afford. In opening week, revivals of "La Fille du Régiment," "La Forza del Destino," and "La Bohème" all went on as well, and an artistic price must be paid for such proliferation. In any case, opening night at the Met is as much a social as a musical event, and I'll hold a review until I have seen the production again, by which time the artists should have entered their roles more thoroughly. For the record, the principal parts were taken by Jessye Norman (Cassandra), Tatiana Troyanos (Dido), and Placido Domingo (Aeneas). James Levine conducted.

"LA FILLE DU RÉGIMENT" is a heavy-handed production—a lusty romp—that Covent Garden put on for Joan Sutherland and Luciano Pavarotti in 1966. It was not liked, and with undisguised relief the company sold the show off to the Met. Dame Joan is a jolly girl. The joke here is that she throws herself, voice, body, and soul, into a role—Marie, the pert, sparkly little vivandière of the Famous Twenty-first—to which she is ill-suited. Times are strange when sopranos whom nature seems to have meant for Marie—Renata Scotto,

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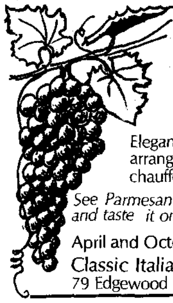

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Mirella Freni—tackle Lady Macbeth and Aida while Dame Joan, who has been our unrivalled Alcina, Semiramis, and Lucrezia Borgia, essays Donizetti's soubrette role. Her voice still functions beautifully; in the lesson scene she did astonishing, delicate, and brilliant things. Tonio was sung by Alfredo Kraus, a suave vocal stylist but no comedian. Richard Bonynge conducted.

“FORZA” was put on with a lineup of big names—Grace Bumbry, José Carreras, Renato Bruson, Nicolai Ghiaurov, Renato Capecchi—but it was an unworthy, an almost meaningless, representation of Verdi's drama. Miss Bumbry, who was in poor voice, sang in an overemphatic manner. Mr. Carreras—who could surely be a winning Tonio—belted monotonously, except in the duet “Solenne in quest'ora.” Mr. Bruson belted, too, and forced his loudest notes off pitch. Mr. Ghiaurov and Mr. Capecchi both sounded worn; the latter's Melitone had flashes of wit, but the role—composed for Achille De Bassini, a celebrated Macbeth—lies high for him. The Preziosilla, Isola Jones, was inadequate. If there was any line or purpose in John Dexter's direction, I missed it; his staging seemed limited to rough “blocking” of the chorus while the soloists wandered at will. Mr. Levine conducted. —ANDREW PORTER

•

The man was eating a fish that still had its head on and was drinking red wine in great gulps. The fish's eyes looked alive. —“*The Power Players*,” *by Arelo Sederberg*.

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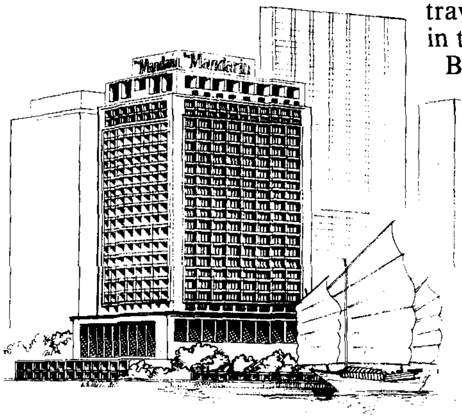

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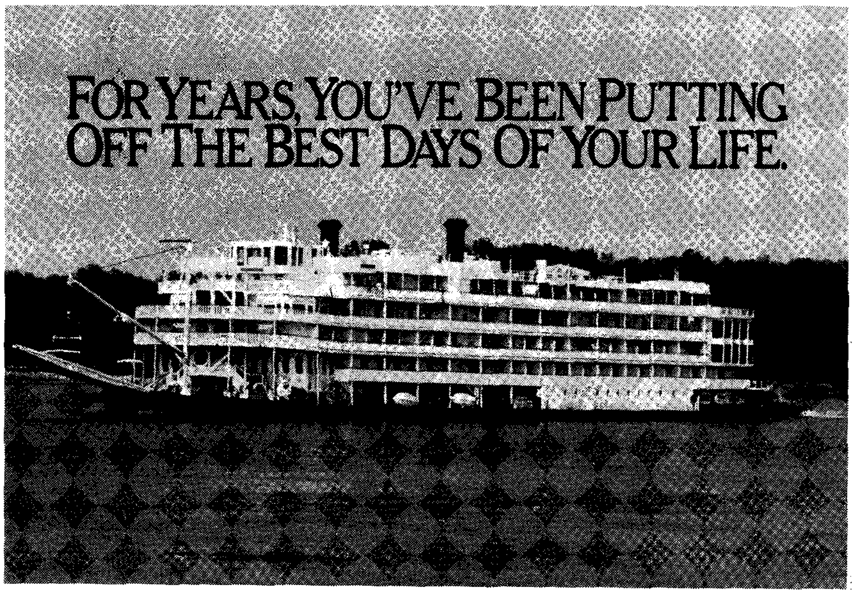
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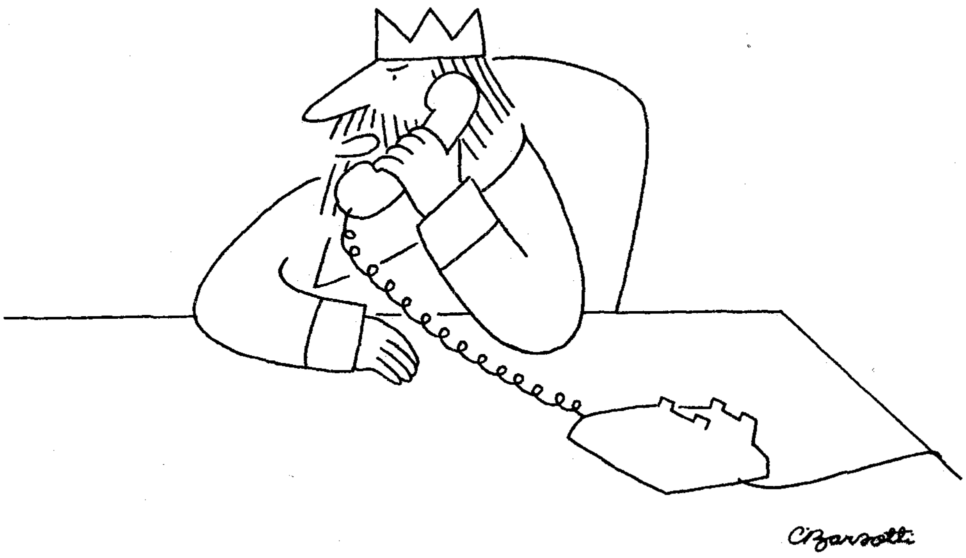
"The Right Stuff" gives off a pleasurable hum: it's the writer-director Philip Kaufman's enjoyment of the subject, the actors, and moviemaking itself. He's working on a broad canvas, and it excites him—it tickles him. Based on Tom Wolfe's 1979 book, the movie is an epic ramble—a reënactment of the early years of the space program, from breaking the sound barrier up to the end of the solo flights. It covers the years 1947 to 1963, especially the period after 1957, when government leaders, who felt they'd been put to shame by the Soviet Union's sorties into space, rushed to catch up; they initiated Project Mercury, assembled a team of official heroes—all white, married males—and began to exploit them in the mass media. Henry Luce, the founder of *Life*, which had perfected the iconography of a clean-living America during the Second World War, bought exclusive rights to all NASA coverage of the space program and put the newly selected astronauts under contract; *Life* then presented them and their wives as super-bland versions of the boys and girls next door. The movie contrasts the test pilots who risk their lives in secrecy with these seven publicly acclaimed figures, who replace the chimps that were sent up in the first American space capsules. They're synthetic heroes, men revved up to act like boys. Walking in formation in their shiny silver uniforms, the astronauts, whose crewcuts give them a bullet-headed look, are like a football team in a sci-fi fantasy. But they're not quite the square-jawed mannikins they pretend to be; creatures of publicity, they learn how to manipulate the forces that are manipulating them. They have to, in order to preserve their dignity. They're phony only on the outside. Their heroism, it turns out, is the real thing (which rather confuses the issue).

As the lanky Sam Shepard embodies him, Chuck Yeager, the "ace of aces" who broke the sound barrier in 1947, evokes the young, breathtakingly handsome Gary Cooper. And Yeager and the other test pilots have a hangout near the home base for the U.S. flight-test program: a cantina in the Mojave Desert, with a wall of photographs behind the bar—snapshots of the fliers' fallen comrades. Presided over by a woman known as Pancho (Kim Stanley), the place recalls the fliers' hangout in the Howard Hawks picture "Only Angels Have Wings" and the saloons in Westerns. Shepard's Yeager is the strong, silent hero of old movies—especially John Ford movies. On horseback in the desert, he looks at the flame-spewing rocket plane that he's going to fly the next morning, and it's like a bronco that he's got to bust. Kaufman uses Sam Shepard's cowboy Yeager as the gallant, gum-chewing individualist. He has some broken ribs and a useless injured arm when he goes up in that fiery rocket, and he doesn't let on to his superiors; he just goes up and breaks the sound barrier and then celebrates with his wife (Barbara Hershey) over a steak and drinks at Pancho's. He expresses his elation by howling like a wolf.

Even if the actual, sixtyish Chuck Yeager, now a retired Air Force brigadier general, weren't familiar to us from his recent appearances in TV commercials, where he radiates energy and affable good-fellowship, we can see him in the movie (he plays the bit part of the bartender at the cantina), and he isn't a lean, angular, solitary type—he's chunky and convivial. Sam Shepard is playing a legend that appeals to the director. He's Honest Abe Lincoln and Lucky Lindy, a passionate lover, and a man who speaks only the truth, if that. This legendary Yeager has too much symbolism piled on him, and he's posed too artfully; he looms in the desert, watching over what happens to the astronauts in the following years as if he were the Spirit of the American Past. Sam Shepard's Yeager appears in scenes that have no reason to be in the movie except, maybe, that Phil Kaufman has wanted for a long time to shoot them. (The worst idea is the black-clad death figure, played by Royal Dano, who, when he isn't bringing the fliers' widows the bad news or singing at the burial sites, sits at a table in Pancho's, waiting.) Kaufman must assume that the images of Yeager will provide a contrasting resonance throughout the astronauts' sequences. But Sam Shepard isn't merely willing to be used as an icon—he uses himself as an icon, as if he saw no need to act. And he can't resonate—he isn't alive. The movie is more than a little skewed: it's Kaufman's—and Tom Wolfe's—dreamy view of the nonchalant Yeager set against their satirical view of Henry Luce's walking apple pies. This epic has no coherence, no theme to hold it together, except the tacky idea that Americans can't be true, modest heroes anymore—that they're plasticized by the media.

Like Tom Wolfe, Phil Kaufman wants you to find everything he puts in beguilingly wonderful and ironic. That's the Tom Wolfe tone, and to a surprising degree Kaufman catches it and blends it with his own. The film's structural peculiarities and its wiseguy adolescent's caricature of space research all seem to go together to form a zany texture. It's a stirring, enjoyable mess of a movie. Kaufman plays *Mad*-magazine games, in which the woman nurse (Jane Dornaker) testing



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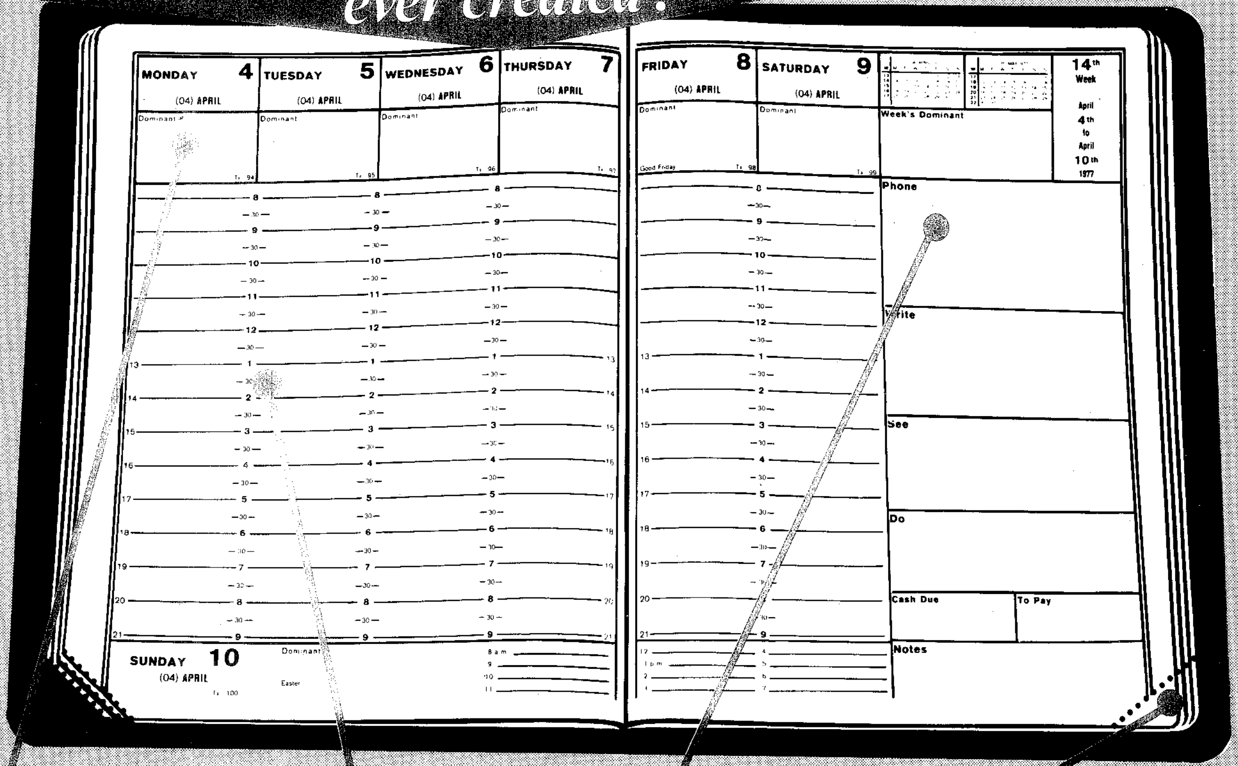

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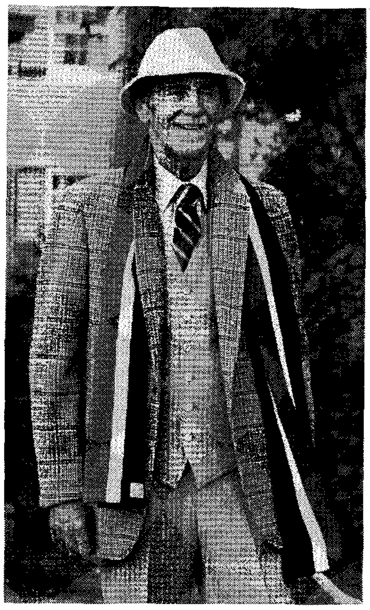
the astronauts is a comic ogre with a mustache and the space scientists are variants of Dr. Strangelove—clowns with thick German accents. (Scott Beach, who plays the Wernher von Braun figure, wears a wig that sits on his head like a furry creature that took sick and died there.) Counterculture gags are used for a sort of reverse jingoism. When the scientists get together to celebrate their victories, they sing in German. When Lyndon Johnson (Donald Moffat) can't understand what von Braun is saying, he's a Lyndon Johnson cartoon, and the dialogue has the rhythm of a routine by two old radio comics. Most of the low comedy doesn't make it up to that level; Kaufman has a healthy appetite for foolishness, but his comic touch is woozy—some scenes are very broad and very limp. (Even Jeff Goldblum, as a NASA recruiter, can't redeem all the ones he's in.) And there are coarse, obvious jokes: the astronauts come on to the press like a vaudeville act—playing dumb and giving the reporters just what they want—while the Hallelujah Chorus rises on the soundtrack. The action zigzags from old-movie romance to cockeyed buffoonery to the courage (and exaltation) of men alone in tiny capsules orbiting the earth at eighteen thousand miles an hour. Kaufman relies on the contrasts and rhythms of the incidents to produce a cumulative vision, and it doesn't happen. The picture is glued together only by Bill Conti's hodgepodge score. But a puppyish enthusiasm carries it forward, semi-triumphantly. And the nuthouse-America games do something for it that perhaps nothing else could have done: they knock out any danger of its having a worthy, official quality, and they make it O.K. for the flights themselves to be voluptuously peaceful.

The flights—a mixture of NASA footage and fictional material, with marvellous sound effects—are inescapably romantic. Working with the cinematographer Caleb Deschanel ("The Black Stallion") and with the San Francisco avant-garde filmmaker Jordan Belson, who does special visual effects, Kaufman provides unusually simple and lyrical heavenly scenes. As a scriptwriter, he may try to come in on a wing and a prayer, and as a director he may have too easygoing a style for the one-two-bang timing needed for low comedy, but he's a tremendous moviemaker, as he demonstrated in "The Great Northfield, Minnesota Raid" (1972), "The



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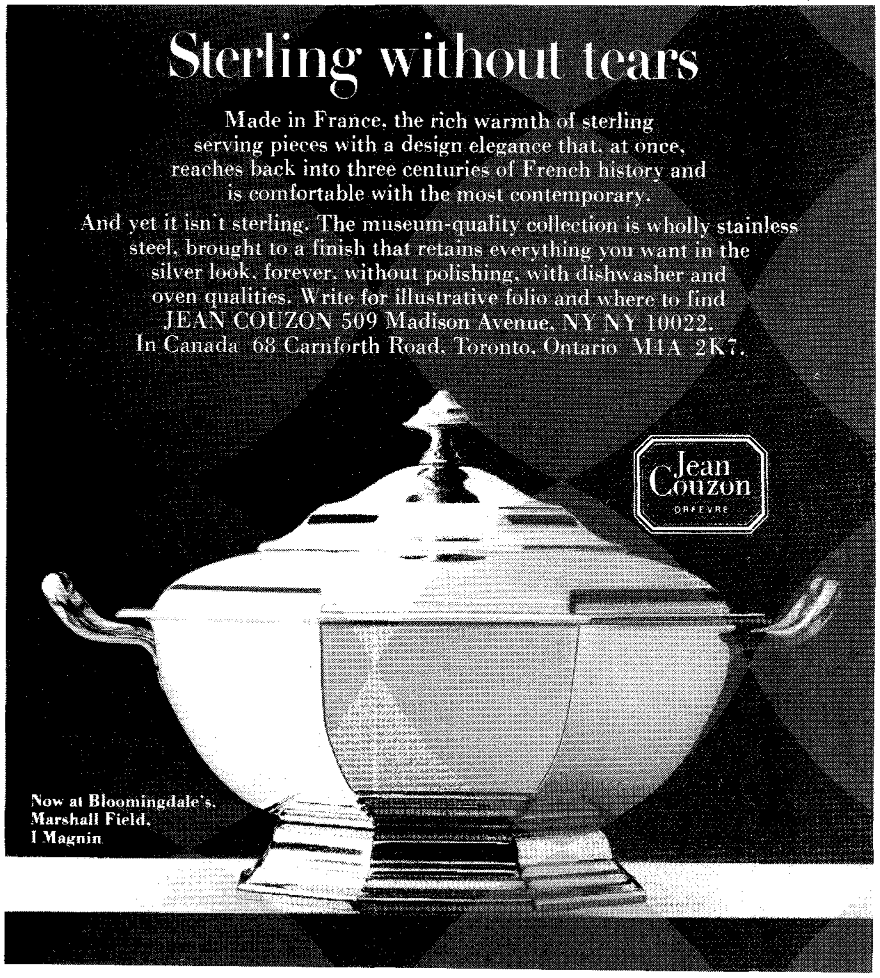
White Dawn" (1974), "Invasion of the Body Snatchers" (1978), and "The Wanderers" (1979). He has a puckish side; it comes out here in a rather unshaped deadpan joke using Australian aborigines to account for the mysterious "celestial fireflies" that Ed Harris's John Glenn reports seeing. Kaufman's re-creation of the middle and late fifties is realistic and affectionate without any great show of expense. (He was able to fake most of the locations in the San Francisco area, which doubles here for Florida, Texas, Washington, D.C., and New York, and Australia, too.) And he doesn't take the bloom off space by knocking us silly with the grandeur of it all. "The Right Stuff" has just enough of Jordan Belson's tantalizing patterns and rainbow fragments to suggest the bliss that Chuck Yeager felt high above the desert and that the astronauts experience while they're inside their spinning capsules. Strapped in and almost immobile, John Glenn is also the beneficiary of a magical effect that he himself can't see. The lights from the equipment that are reflected in the windows of all the astronauts' helmets hit him just right: we see two tiny lines of jewelled lights streaking down his face, one from each eye. "Astro tears" the movie crew called them. (They suggest Jesus in space.)

Phil Kaufman makes it possible for some of his characters to show so many sides that they keep taking us by surprise—especially Ed Harris's John Glenn, the strict Presbyterian, who probably comes the closest to fitting *Life's* image of an American hero. This Glenn, who reprimands his teammates for their willingness to oblige astronaut groupies, and is grimly humming "The Battle Hymn of the Republic" to keep himself together as he sits trussed up in his capsule, hurtling back into the earth's atmosphere, is perfectly capable of using patriotism as a put-on: at the Mercury team's first big press conference, in Washington, he assumes the role of spokesman, flashes his quick, big smile, and is real pleased with himself. Blond and blue-eyed, and, at thirty-two, considerably younger than John Glenn was at the time, Ed Harris has some of the bleached pallor of Robert Duvall, and when he's sitting out in space, loving it, his pale-eyed, staring intensity may remind you of Keir Dullea's starchild face in "2001." But Harris has a scary, unstable quality that's pretty much his own. He holds his head stiff on his neck, and he's the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kind of very still actor who can give you the willies: he often has the look of someone who's about to cry, and a flicker of a smile can make you think the character he's playing is a total psycho.

Your feelings about Harris's Glenn are likely to be unresolved, except in Glenn's scenes with his wife, Annie, (played with delicate, grinning charm and mischief by Mary Jo Deschanel, the actress wife of the cinematographer). In an early scene, Kaufman establishes that they have an understanding of each other that goes beyond words. It has to, because the enchanting Annie is a stutterer who can't get a sentence out. Her husband knows how to read every blocked syllable; the two of them are so close they communicate almost by osmosis, and even when she's making fun of his gung-ho wholesomeness he giggles happily, secure in the intimacy they share. Then, on the day of his scheduled flight, the NASA people ask him to talk to his wife on the phone and persuade her to "play ball" with the television newscasters who are outside the Glenns' house waiting to come in and interview her. Vice-President Johnson is also out there, in his limousine; he wants to come in to reassure her on TV. On the phone, she's distraught—she can barely speak her husband's name. But he intuits what she's trying to say; it's as if he could read her breathing. She faces terrible humiliation—she wants to know if she has to let them all in. Glenn has the single most winning speech of the whole three-hour-and-twelve-minute movie when he tells her that no, she doesn't have to let anybody in. And, good Presbyterian that he is, he manages to express his rage at the networks and the politicians without ever using a cussword (which is a feat comparable to her non-verbal communication—they're both handicapped). The scene is perhaps the wittiest and most deeply romantic confirmation of a marriage ever filmed. When Glenn is back on earth and the two of them are riding in a ticker-tape parade in his honor, they're a pair of secret, victorious rebels.

The movie probably has the best cast ever assembled for what is essentially a docudrama—although a twenty-seven-million-dollar docudrama, and one with an individual temperament, isn't like anything we've seen on TV. Scott Wilson appears as the test pilot Crossfield, and Levon Helm is Ridley, Yeager's mechanic. Pamela

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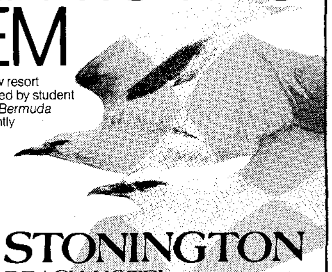

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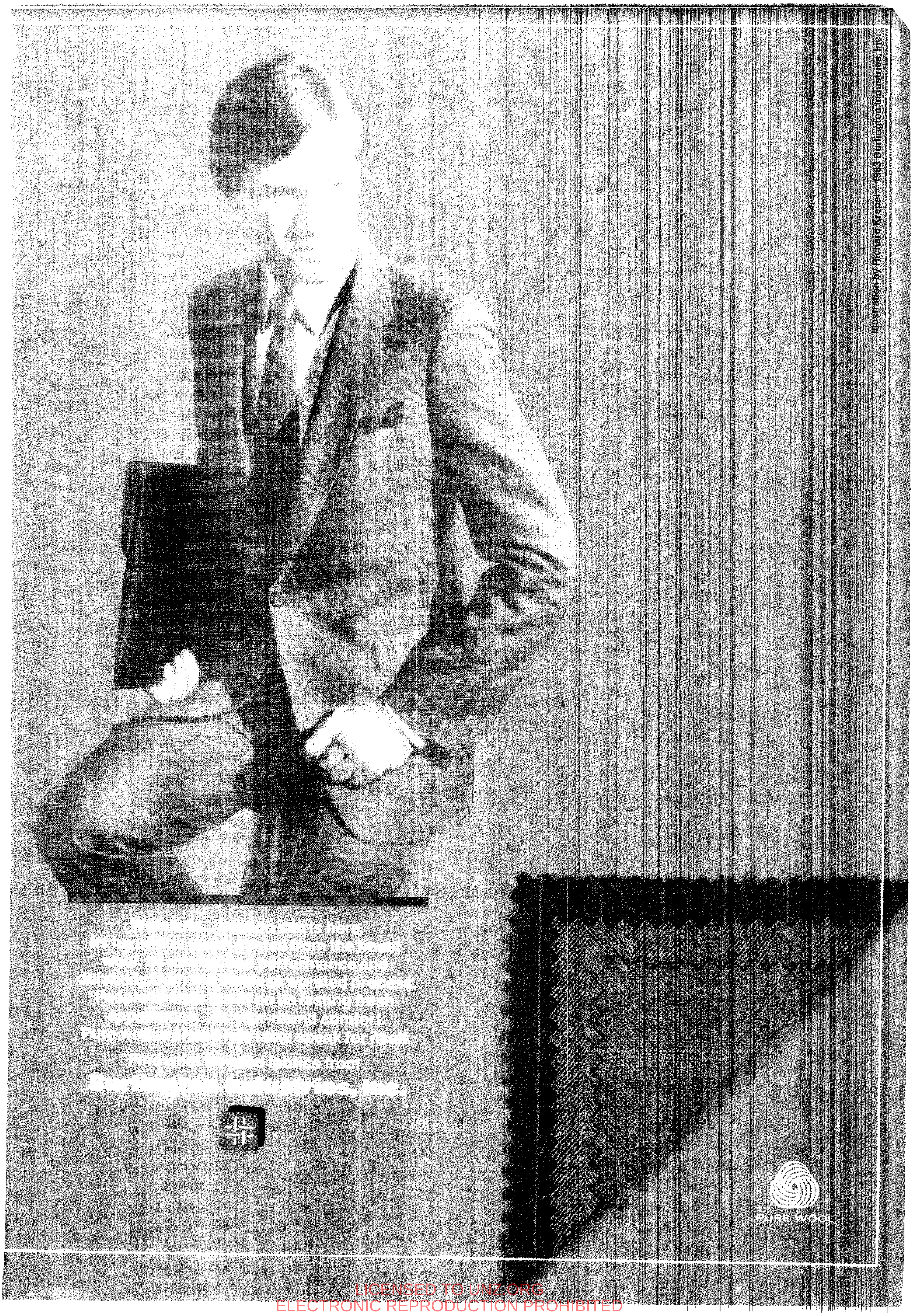

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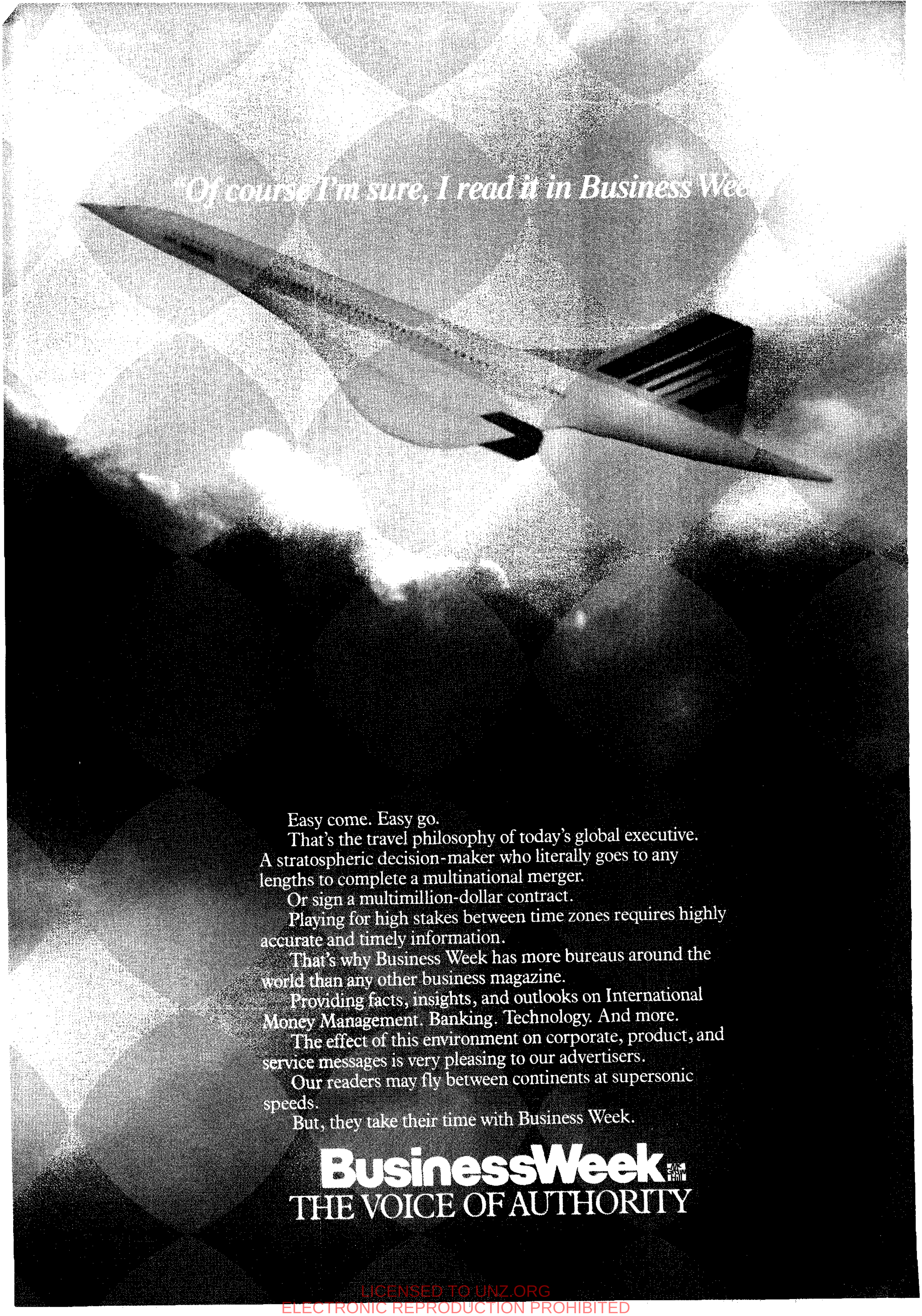

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Reed brightens up the scenes she's in; she's all eyes as Trudy, the secretly estranged wife of the astronaut Gordon Cooper. And I felt my face twitching, as if I were about to laugh, whenever Dennis Quaid's Gordo was on the screen, because he has a devilish kid's smile, with his upper lip a straight line across his face. Quaid plays Gordo as a self-reliant, tough kid—a wised-up Disney boy, the savviest Huck Finn there ever was. When he gets his turn in the heavens—Cooper makes the last solo flight into space—his split-faced grin is perhaps the standout image of the film. He's cynical and cocky—a materialist in every thought and feeling—and so when his face tells us that he's awed by what he sees, we're awed by what we see in his face. It may seem ungrateful to point out the results of realism, but most of the actors playing astronauts are martyred by their haircuts; their features look naked, their noses as big as a bald eagle's beak. Scott Glenn, who plays Alan Shepard, has gone even further than the others. He looks a little like Hoagy Carmichael, but he seems to be deforming himself; if this is meant to be an aspect of the astronaut's character, it isn't delved into. Scott Glenn has got so wiry, gaunt, and muscular that his skin appears to be pulled taut against his bones, and when he laughs his whole face crinkles, like a hyena's.

If we're often preoccupied by the men as physical specimens, this has a good deal to do with the subject, but it may also be because we're not sure how to interpret their meaningful glances at each other. Are we intended to see comradeship there, and mutual respect, or do the expressions mean "They're buying it!" or "This is the life!" or "My head is numb"? We in the audience are put in the position of being hip to what's going on even when we don't really get it. What, for example, are the astronauts thinking as they watch old Sally Rand do her feather-fan dance in their honor in Houston in 1962? (The dancer who impersonates her is, blessedly, younger and more gifted.) The jazzy hipness in the film's tone comes down to us from Tom Wolfe—it's an unearned feeling that we're on to things. Probably Kaufman thinks that he's conveying a great deal more to us than he is. Certainly he's trying to "say something" when he cuts Sally's fan dance and the expressions of the astronauts watching her right into footage of Sam Shepard's Chuck Yeager being brave

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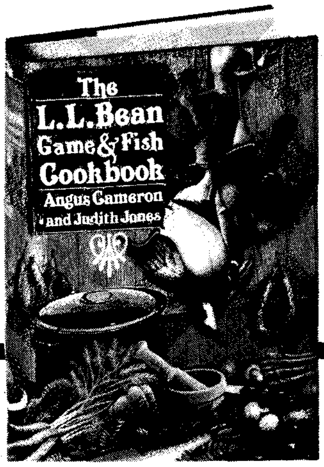

again (and still unsung). But he's making points on an epic scale rather than telling an epic story. He hasn't dramatized what he wants to get at; he has attitudinized instead—setting the modern, hype-bound world against a vision of the past that never was. Though it's a docudrama and some incidents are included simply for the record, "The Right Stuff" is drawn not from life but from Tom Wolfe's book and Kaufman's nostalgia for old-movie values.

The mishap that the astronaut Gus Grissom (that terrific actor Fred Ward) is involved in gives us, briefly, something solid that makes us feel very uncomfortable. As the film presents it, the gloomy-souled Grissom panics during the splashdown of his capsule and is desperate to get out. The helicopter that is to pick up the capsule is hovering overhead, maneuvering into position. Though the film doesn't make it absolutely clear, when the hatch blows open and Grissom climbs out (and the capsule sinks) the implication is that he opened it. He claims that it simply malfunctioned and opened by itself, but clearly the NASA people don't accept his account, because he receives considerably less than a hero's welcome, and his wife, Betty (Veronica Cartwright), feels horribly let down by the second-rateness of the ceremonies in his honor. I wish that Kaufman had followed through on the disturbing, awkward quality of this incident, which grips us at a different emotional level from the other scenes. I realize I'm asking for a different kind of movie, but if he'd taken a different approach to the Gus and Betty Grissom episode he might have opened up some of the implications of the phrase "the right stuff" that have bothered me ever since Tom Wolfe's book came out.

Yeager is, of course, the movie's archetype of "the right stuff"—the model of courage, determination, and *style*. The astronauts don't have an acceptable style, but the movie half forgives them, because, as it indicates, this isn't their fault—the times are to blame. The men themselves have the guts and the drive, and they win Kaufman's admiration. But then there's Fred Ward's Gus Grissom, who may at a crucial moment have failed to demonstrate "the right stuff." Isn't this all painfully familiar? Doesn't it take us back to the Victorian values of "The Four Feathers" and all those other cultural artifacts which poisoned the lives of little boys (and

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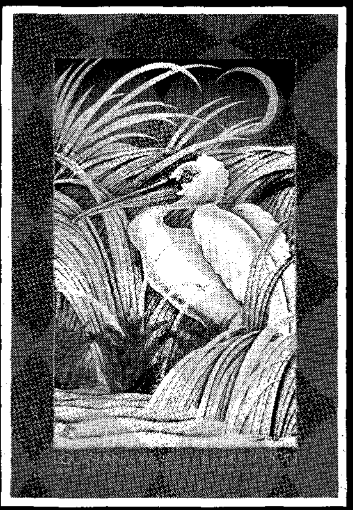

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some girls, too), filling them with terror that they might show a "yellow streak"?

Being far more of an anti-establishmentarian than Tom Wolfe, Kaufman probably felt that he had transformed the material, but he is still stuck with its reactionary cornerstone: the notion that a man's value is determined by his physical courage. You'd think that Kaufman would have got past this romantic (and perhaps monomaniacal) conception of bravery. (With this standard, whatever you fear becomes what you compulsively measure yourself by.) I assume that people who are jellyfish about some things may be very brave about others. And certainly during the counterculture period there was a widespread rejection of the idea of bravery that this film represents. According to Wolfe, "the right stuff" is "the uncritical willingness to face danger." Yet the film's comedy scenes are conceived in counterculture terms.

The movie has the happy, excited spirit of a fanfare, and it's astonishingly entertaining, considering what a screw-up it is. It satirizes the astronauts as mock pilots, and it never indicates that there's any reason for them to be rocketing into space besides the public-relations benefit to the government; then it celebrates them as heroes. As a viewer, you want the lift of watching them be heroic, but they're not in a heroic situation. More than anything else, they seem to be selected for their ability to take physical punishment and accept confinement in a tight cylinder. And about the only way they can show their mettle is by *not* panicking when they finally get into their passive, chimp positions. (If they discover that they're sick with terror, they can't do much more about it than the chimps could, anyway.) It's Yeager who pronounces the benediction on the astronauts, who tells us that yes, they *are* heroes, because they know (what the chimps didn't) that they're sitting on top of a rocket. (I imagine that the chimps had a pretty fair suspicion that they weren't frolicking high in a banana tree.) If having "the right stuff" is set up as the society's highest standard, and if a person proves that he has it by his eagerness to be locked in a can and shot into space, the only thing that distinguishes human heroes from chimps is that the heroes volunteer for the job. And if they volunteer, as they do in this film, out of personal ambition and for profit, are they different

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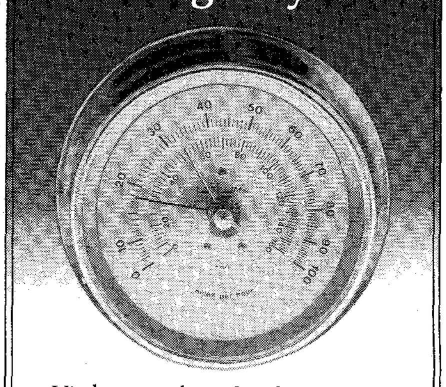

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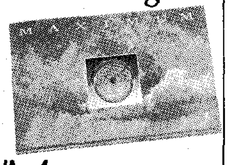

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rom the chimp who might jump into he can eagerly, too, if he saw a really ig banana there?

ANYONE who believes himself to have been a revolutionary or a leeply committed radical during his tudent-demonstration days in the late ixties is likely to find "The Big Chill," which opened the recent New York Film Festival, despicable. And if he advance publicity for the film has ed you to expect a serious, "personal" novie about how the late-sixties campus activists have adjusted to becoming he kind of people they used to insult, ou may find it pretty offensive. It's no nore than an amiable, slick comedy vith some very well-directed repartee nd skillful performances. It's over-controlled, it's shallow, it's a series of ontrivances. But there are pleasures o be had from this kind of wisecracking contemporary movie that you can't et from anything else.

Directed by Lawrence Kasdan, vho wrote the script with Barbara Benedek, it's set in South Carolina, vhere a group of seven former friends rom the University of Michigan ather for the funeral of Alex, the ampus radical who brought them together, and who has now, after years f flailing about disconsolately, slit his vrists. The movie is, nonetheless, ighthearted from the start. It may retend to be about "life," but it's eally about being clever (even the title ells you that), and about the fun of nsemble acting. It begins with a little ame-playing: glimpses of two pairs of ands—one pair with sexy long red ngernails—as they adjust a man's ery spiffy clothes. The man turns out o be the corpse being dressed. This musingly callous, slightly tawdry ag, planned so immaculately that it uggests a parody of "American Gigolo," sets the film's tone. (It's a hame that Alex's old friends don't get o admire his fancy duds, but it appears hat he was accoutred for us, not for hem—it's a closed-coffin ceremony.) After the funeral, the friends—all n their mid-thirties—feel the need o be with each other again. They ury the sixties (which Alex symbolizes) and then dredge them up to alk about. The out-of-towners stick round for the weekend, at the spacious home of the only two of the old roup who married within it; the usband, who has done well in the unning-shoes business, is played by Kevin Kline, and his wife, a doctor, by Glenn Close. These two are also the

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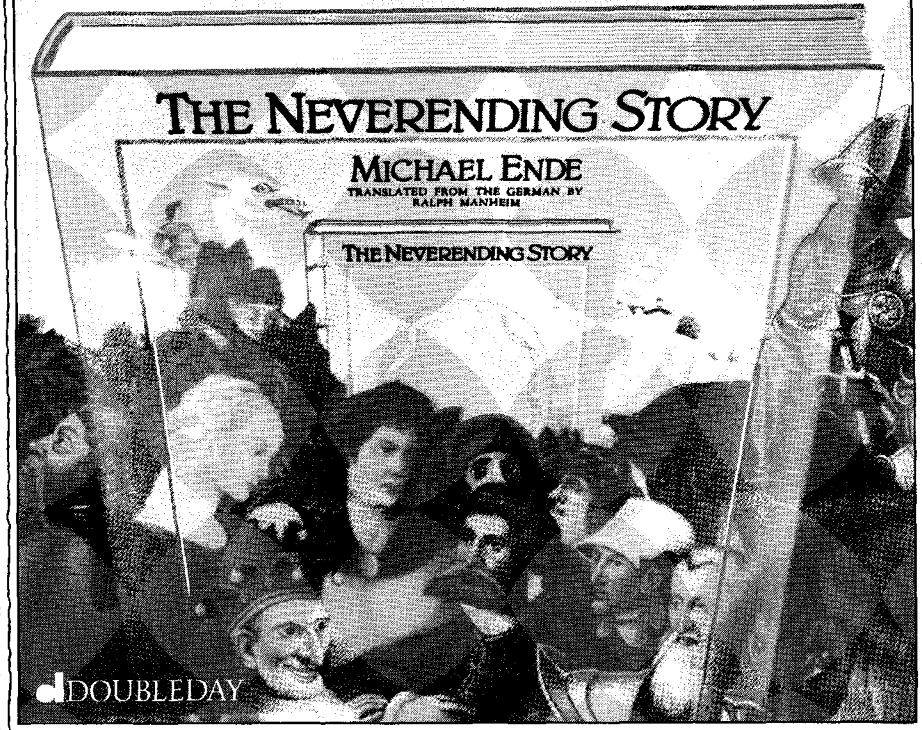

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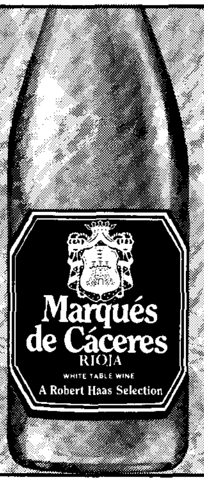

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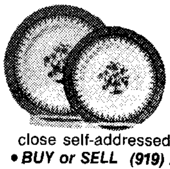

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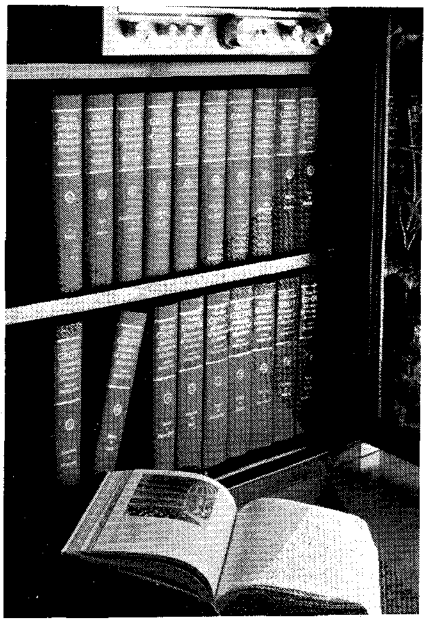

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happiest of the seven surviving friends. Kline (who, for the first time, relaxes in front of the camera and comes across as a character rather than an actor) is a man of substance here, a quick-witted fellow who adores his kids and feels no guilt about making money. He doesn't look back, except musically; the sixties for him are the rock-and-roll records he loves, which we hear throughout the movie—"Joy to the World," Aretha Franklin's "A Natural Woman," the Stones, the Band, and so on. His wife had a long emotional attachment to Alex and a brief sexual one, and she's torn up by his death, but she's a warm, nurturing woman, and will be fine.

As soon as you see how warm she is, you begin to see the film's flabby side—the seven characters are like a psych major's sexually integrated version of a forties bomber crew. The pleasures of "The Big Chill" are the pleasures of the synthetic; it's all tricks, but craftsmanlike, exemplary tricks. Glenn Close's opposite number is JoBeth Williams, the dissatisfied wife of an advertising executive, a tough bitch who means to leave him and nail the most famous of the group—Tom Berenger, a TV star, who is dissatisfied in his own way (he seems to be in a state of suspended animation) but is not about to be nailed. She's furious when, ever so gently, he turns her down. The likable Mary Kay Place has perhaps the worst role: she's a lawyer who gave up on her idealistically motivated legal-aid job and went into corporate law. Unmarried, disappointed with everything she has been involved in since her college days, she wants a child and hopes to conceive one this weekend by one of the old friends she loves and trusts. Mary Kay Place brings a soft, self-deprecating wryness to the part, but it still reeks of cheap poignancy, which is compounded when the man who is her first choice—William Hurt—turns out to have been made impotent by the wounds he suffered in Vietnam. This device should probably be marked "Property of Hemingway" and retired, but, still, working with it, Hurt gives the best performance of his young movie career. As a man who lives by dealing drugs and is his own chief customer, he looks doughy and unhealthy, as if he'd lost touch with his own life. He's quiet, and maybe because he isn't acting all over the landscape and commandeering our attention, he's very appealing. The seventh, Jeff Goldblum, a writer for *Peo-*

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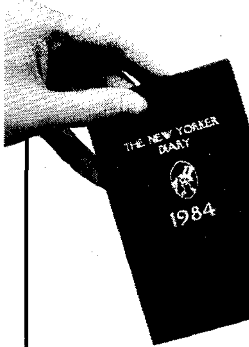

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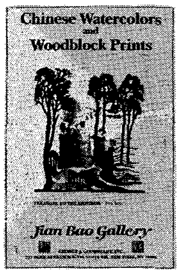

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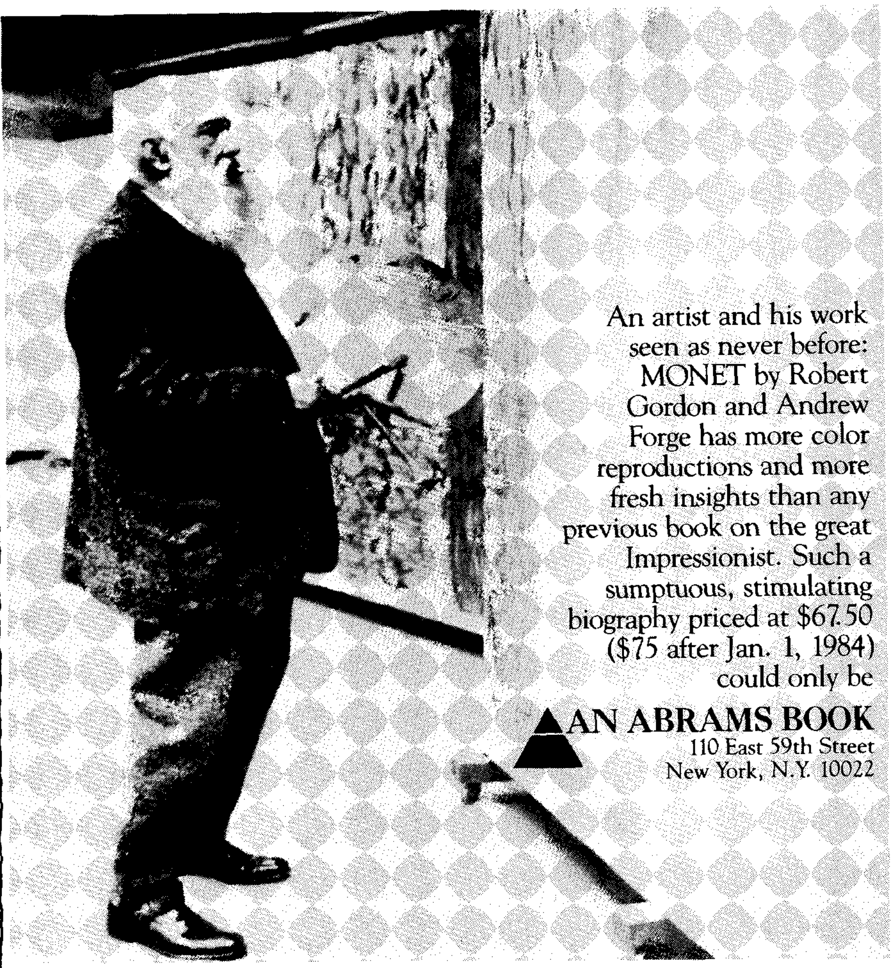
ple and a man of stunning superficiality, takes himself very seriously. His tall, gangling body, his pointed head, and his scowling face and bobbling Adam's apple are all involved in whatever he's saying; he's a living cartoon—a man who wrinkles his forehead to think. This is probably the best-written role that Goldblum has had since the 1978 "Invasion of the Body Snatchers," and he gives his fatuous remarks a huffy delivery that makes him the butt of his own lines; his huge eyes, behind specs, never let on that he knows he's funny. He's got a real comic creation here: a worrywart, a young old geezer.

There are nifty details in this movie, such as the name of the chain of running-shoe stores that Kevin Kline has built up (Running Dogs—remember the revisionists of the Chinese Revolution?), and Kline's little son's knowing the lyrics of the sixties songs. Sometimes details are punched up too mechanically: cuts to Hurt's single earring or to Mary Kay Place's young-professional outfit, for example. At times you may feel as if the cutting followed the script exactly—as if you were seeing a blueprint. And there's an early montage of the characters reacting to the news (the big chill) and packing their suitcases; it's a guerrilla tactic—to expose these people before we even meet them. A little later we get a montage of them unpacking, and even glimpses of what's on their night tables. And it's too cute, with items like an anthology of Kafka. The movie might have been inspired by a screenwriting manual that tells its purchasers to make lists for each character: What's he reading? What kind of clothes does he wear? What would he pack for a trip? Yet the film's details help you past the obviousness of most of the roles—the women's especially, and also Berenger's. He's not bad at all; his apologetic narcissism is rather touching—with his bushy blow-dried hair and thick mustache, he's a sheepish ringer for Tom Selleck. But he really has only one terrific scene: when the whole group rushes to the TV set to watch the opening credits of his hit series "J. T. Lancer"—which show him as the daredevil hero, leaping from one hazard to the next—and he's compelled to look. The film is often weak when two people go off and bare their souls, but the group scenes have snap and proficiency, and they show Kasdan's flair as a director.

Most directors are at a loss when they try to shoot ensemble scenes, and



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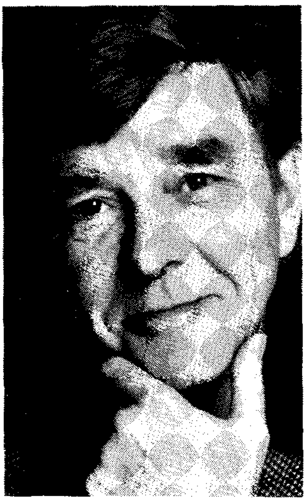

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John Sayles, when he made the 1980 "Return of the Secaucus 7"—a sixties-reunion film with a similar houseparty structure but an unslick tone—didn't seem to have any idea of how to use the camera as an active participant, pinpointing what was going on. Kasdan keeps the camera jumping for the gag (the way Sydney Pollack did in "Tootsie"), and in the ensemble scenes you can almost hear the crackle as he hits the effects he wants. There's also an eighth person—an observer—in the house with the group: Meg Tilly plays the young girl with whom Alex was living at the time of his suicide. She's ten to fifteen years younger than the others, and, with her small, delicate features and wide-apart almond eyes, she seems to stand for a generation born shell-shocked and wise—or is it stoned and empty of anything but matter-of-fact considerations? Her role is perhaps too conceptual, and there probably should be a little more going on in the character, but she's an extraordinarily lovely presence. "Secaucus 7" had an outsider in some scenes, too: the local fellow, Howie (played by Sayles himself), who hadn't gone off to college—who'd married and was raising a family. Howie had what the others, with their hipness, had lost, and he made us aware that the Secaucus 7 were all childless and unrooted. Here, Meg Tilly makes us conscious of how articulate the whole bunch is. It's easy to see why Alex turned to this restful girl—she's a refuge from ideas—and it's very pleasing when she and William Hurt find a rapport.

The remarkable thing about this movie is that the actors don't destroy themselves even in their maudlin moments. Glenn Close has an icky "generous" scene toward the end—she makes it work by the sheer silliness of her expression. Whenever Kasdan tries for depth, the movie is phony, but a lot of the time it manages to turn phoniness into fun—which is in a long if not so great Hollywood tradition.
—PAULINE KAEL

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[*Bob Adams in the St. Louis Post-Dispatch*]

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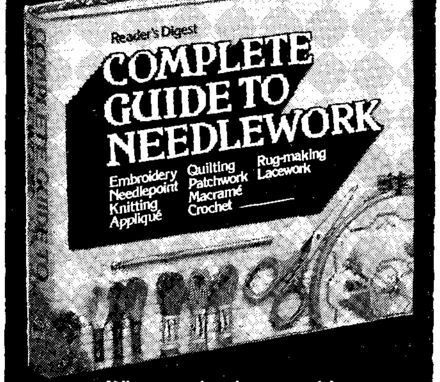

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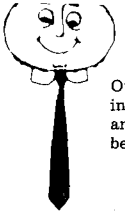

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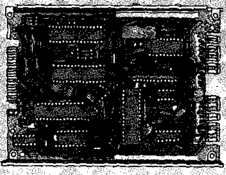

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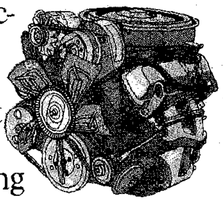

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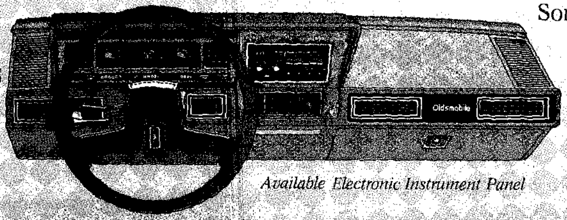

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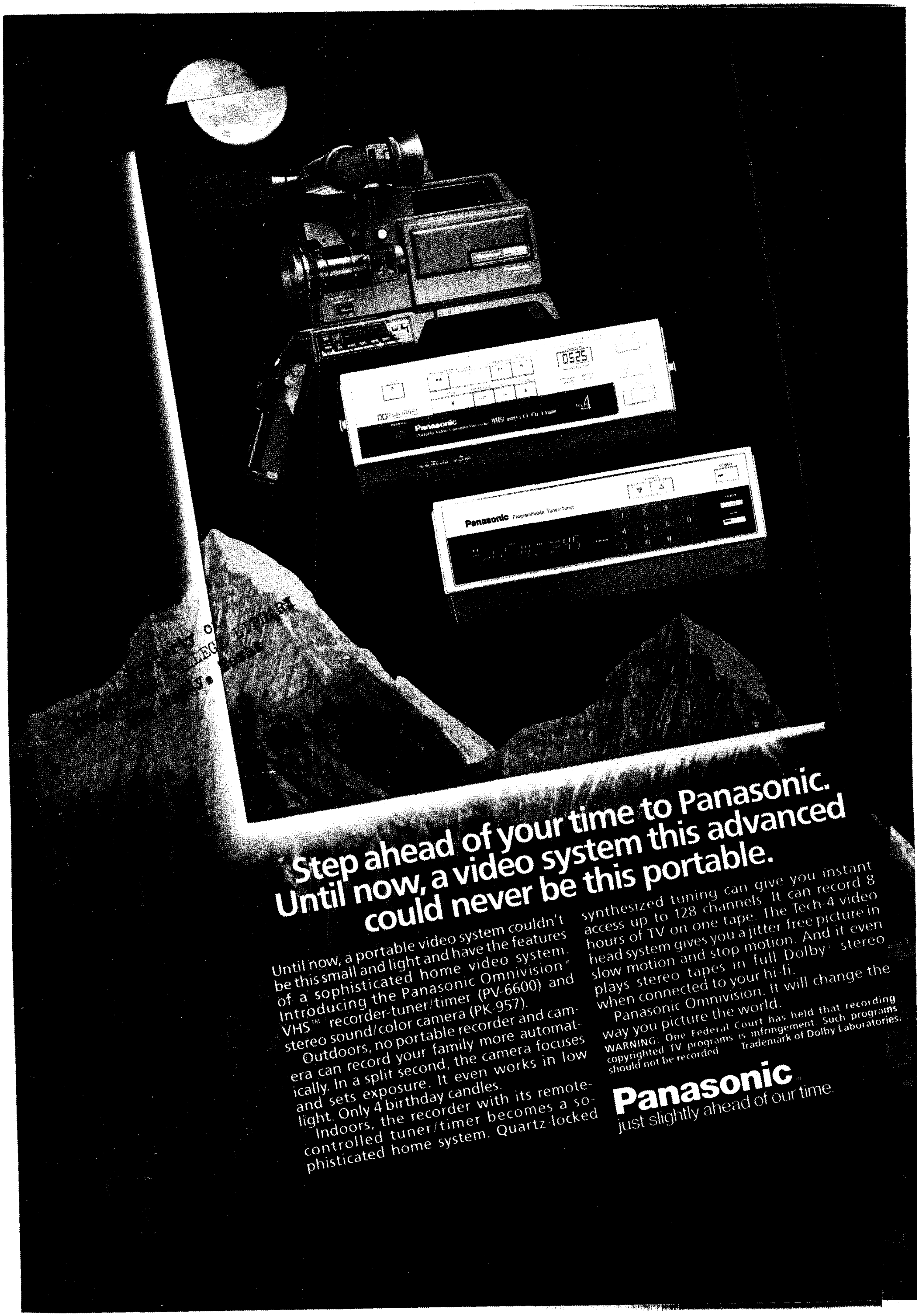

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